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Joseph Earl and
Genevieve Thornton
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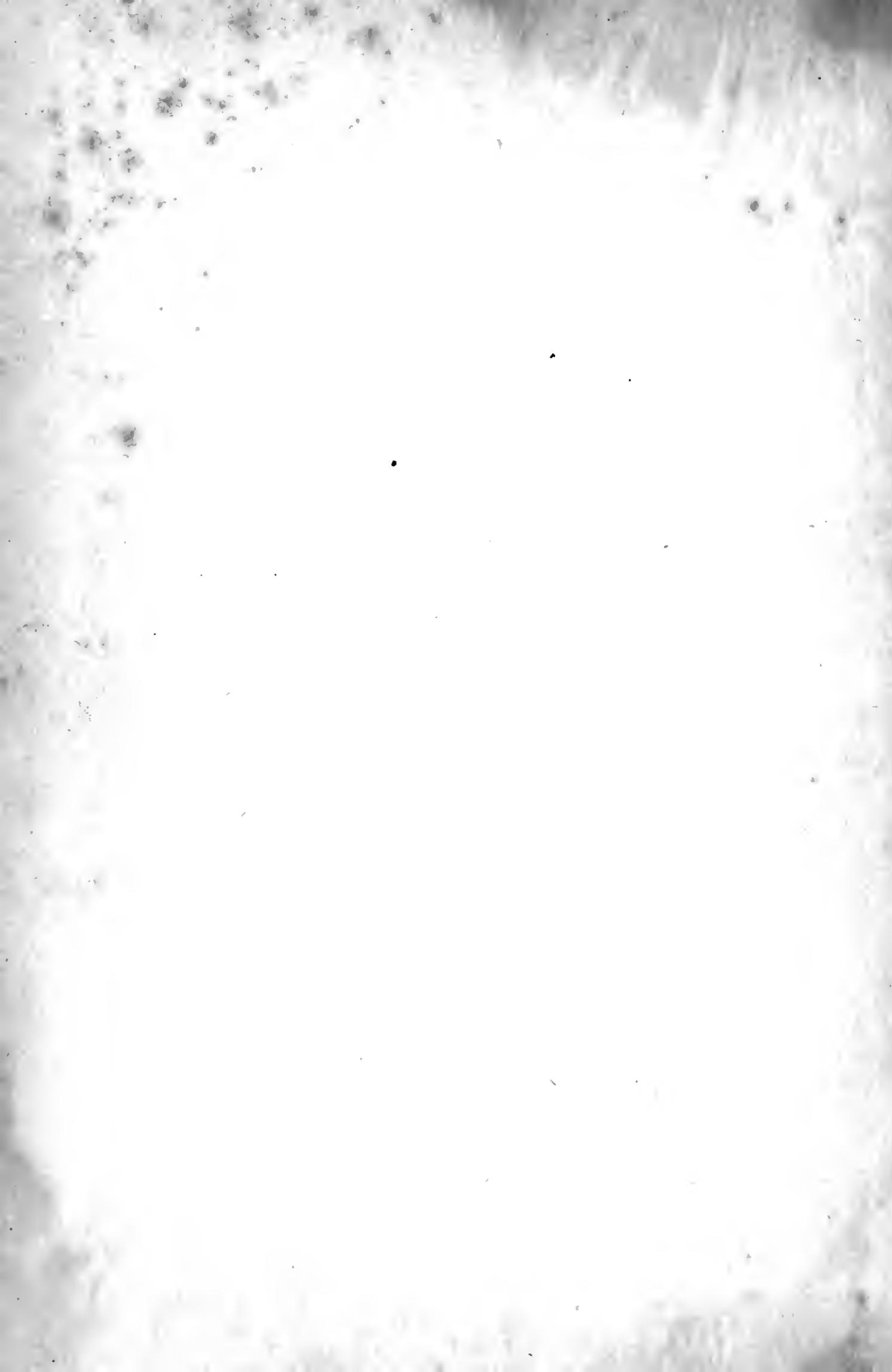
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ENGLAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

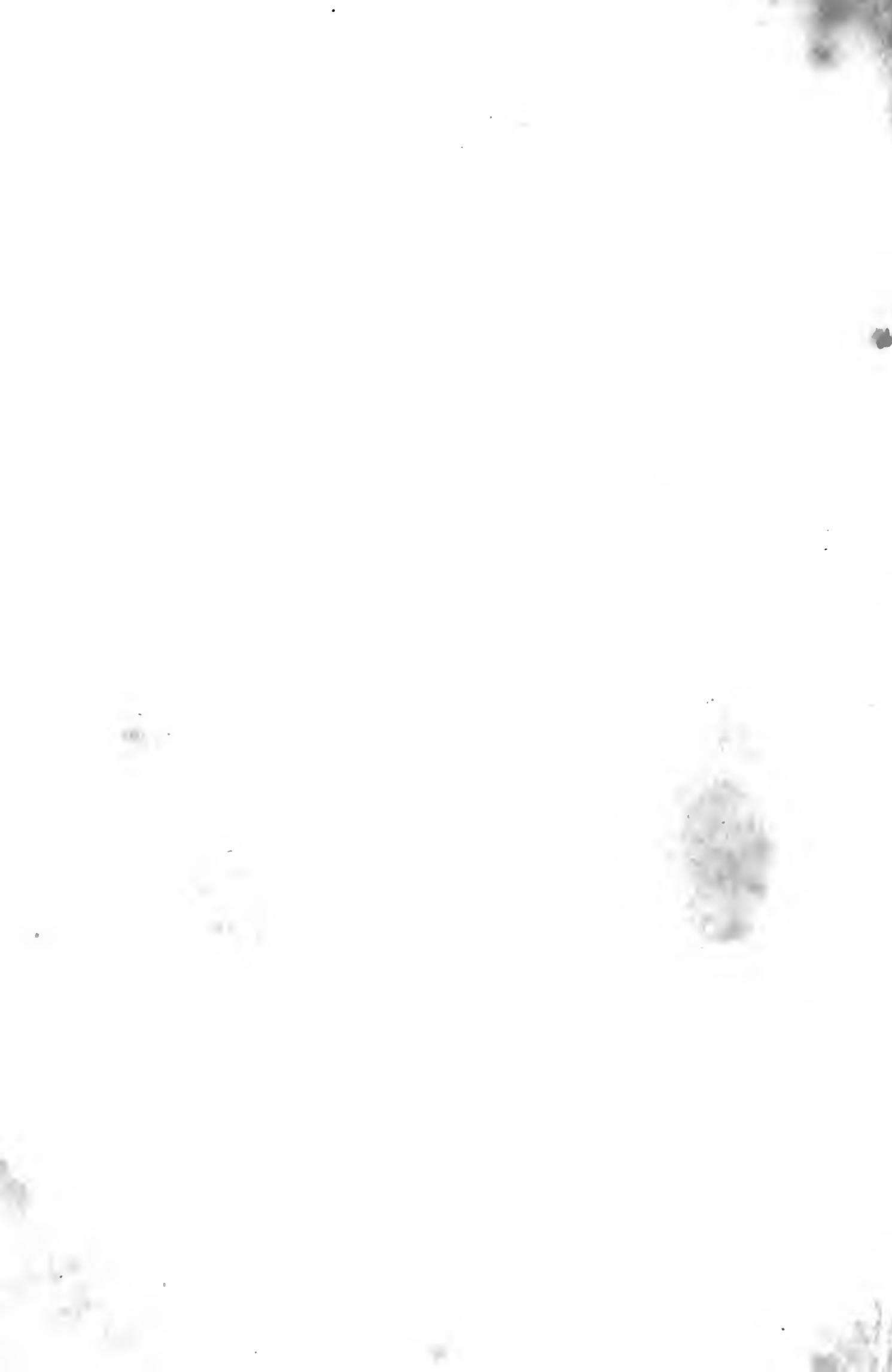
CORNWALL.

LONDON:
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J. W. JONES





A N

ILLUSTRATED ITINERARY

OF THE

COUNTY OF CORNWALL.

"THE ROCKY LAND OF STRANGERS."—NORDEN.

LONDON:
HOW AND PARSONS, 132, FLEET STREET.

M DCCC XLII.



TO

SIR CHARLES LEMON, BART. M.P.

OF CARCLEW,

THE DESCENDANT OF THE DISTINGUISHED INDIVIDUAL TO WHOM

CORNWALL WAS SO DEEPLY INDEBTED

FOR A NEW ERA IN EXPLORING ITS MINERAL TREASURES,

This Volume is Inscribed,

BY HIS OBEDIENT SERVANT,

CYRUS REDDING.



P R E F A C E.

THE Author of the Itinerary of the County of Cornwall trusts he has redeemed the pledge previously given, of combining in a moderate compass both amusement and information, adapted to all classes of readers, and elegantly illustrated.

The features of the County have been generally rather than particularly described, and a good deal of useful information has been compressed into a small compass at the end, to serve for continual reference; this it was not practicable to introduce into the preceding portion of the work without injuring the effect of the whole as an illustrated volume. In forming a judgment of the work, the Author hopes the reader will bear in mind this peculiar characteristic of his labours; for, notwithstanding a full sense of what others better qualified than himself for such a task might have accomplished, he is solicitous that the views which directed him should be present with the reader.

Not only the results of personal observation have been made available in putting together the information contained in the present volume, but the labours of other writers have been rendered serviceable to the fullest extent whenever practicable. Many of these were bulky and voluminous, making much reading necessary to cull the comparatively small portion which was adapted to the present design. The natural order has been observed in the details, in preference to any classification, not only because it was best adapted for an Itinerary, but as affording peculiar facilities for the introduction of the embellishments. It became needful to avoid as much as possible those formal disquisitions which render works of topography, in general, so

tedious: and in effecting this object it was indispensable to intermingle personal impressions and feelings with scenic description, and thus record its effects upon the mind, because they seldom fail to interest the majority of those more particularly who read principally for amusement. Fiction has been carefully avoided, unless when characterised as local tradition.

In regard to the locality chosen for commencing the series of English Counties, no opinion can afford a better justification of the present than that of Dr. Maton, who says, there is no portion of the kingdom "that exhibits such a diversity of interesting objects as the Western:—of sublime as well as decorated scenery the most striking specimens will be found. With respect to the former, some parts of Cornwall and North Devon cannot be exceeded in our island; and as to the latter, the southern coast of Devonshire and some spots in Somersetshire are perhaps unrivalled." Independently, therefore, of any claim from its peculiar geographical position, the selection of this County for commencing the present series seems to be supported by very competent authority.

Finally, the Author has to regret that the aggregate of materials, and the nature of the present work, together with the reflection that the taste of the public at large, besides that of the locality described, was to be consulted, forced him to exercise his judgment in excluding many matters of local interest, which, had the case been different, he should have felt much pleasure by introducing, and for which he is indebted to several kind correspondents.

ERRATA.

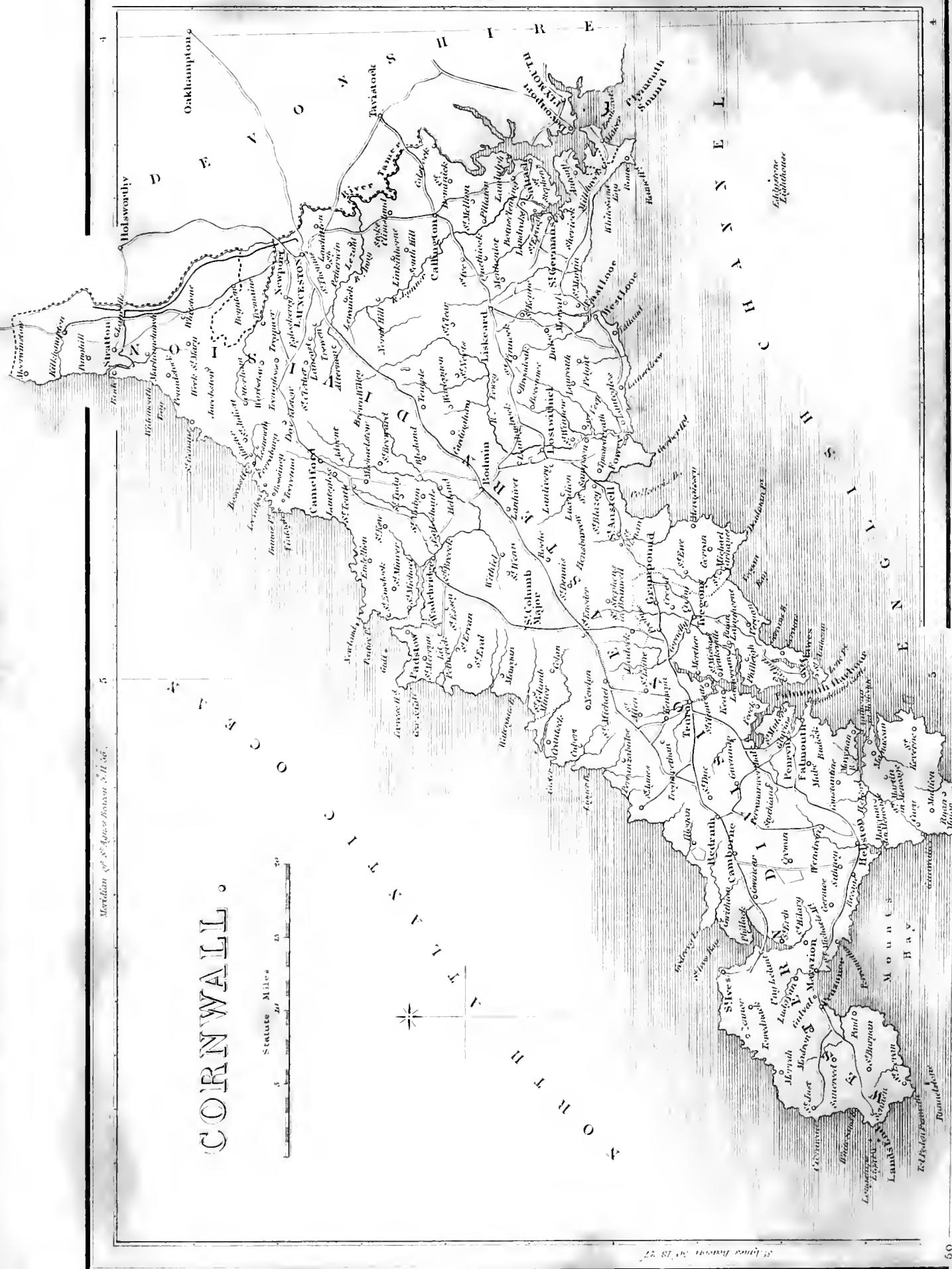
Page 17, line 10, for "Tamar canal," read "Tavistock canal."
,, 145, " 1, for "large," read "larch."
,, 158, " 13, for "left a son," read "had a son."
162, " 2, for "1692," read "1642."

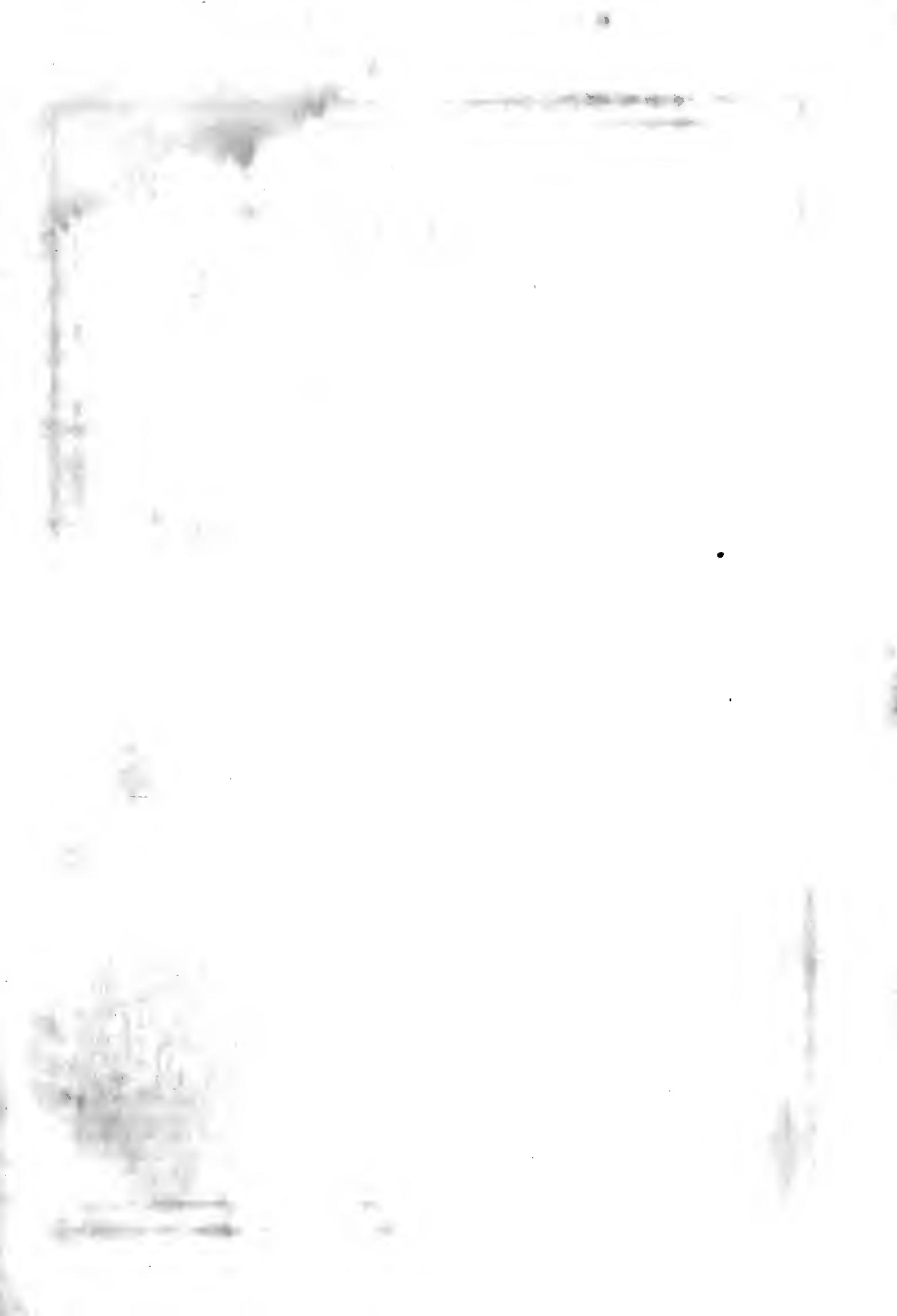


CORNWALL.

Meridian of St. Augustin Nov. 3. 11. 16.

Statute Miles	Li	Li	Li	Li	Li
5	100	100	100	100	100
10	200	200	200	200	200
15	300	300	300	300	300
20	400	400	400	400	400
25	500	500	500	500	500
30	600	600	600	600	600
35	700	700	700	700	700
40	800	800	800	800	800
45	900	900	900	900	900
50	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000







CORNWALL.

CORNWALL is one of the most remarkable of the English counties, not only from its geographical position and mineral productions, but because it possesses features peculiarly its own, having little in common with the other territorial divisions of England, unless it be a part of Devonshire. Shores deeply indented, lashed by ever restless seas, secluded coves with extensive sands, precipitous headlands, beautiful and fertile valleys, sterile hills with granite peaks, extended wastes, and districts boasting a fertility surpassed nowhere in the island, scenery of the grandest description, as well as of the softest character—these are all distinguishing traits of the Cornish promontory. To the foregoing may be added, a mild and genial climate; a friendly and hospitable people; a remarkable geological structure; mining resources unequalled in the world, on the same extent of surface, affording traces of almost every mineral substance; the flora of a southern climate; exhaustless wealth in its own giant store-house—the ocean; antiquities belonging to the earlier history of the British people; and remnants of a language abounding in words derived from an eastern source, evidence of a remote intercourse with some of the more celebrated nations that now exist but in history. Such are, in brief, some of the causes which enhance the interest attaching to the southernmost county of England.

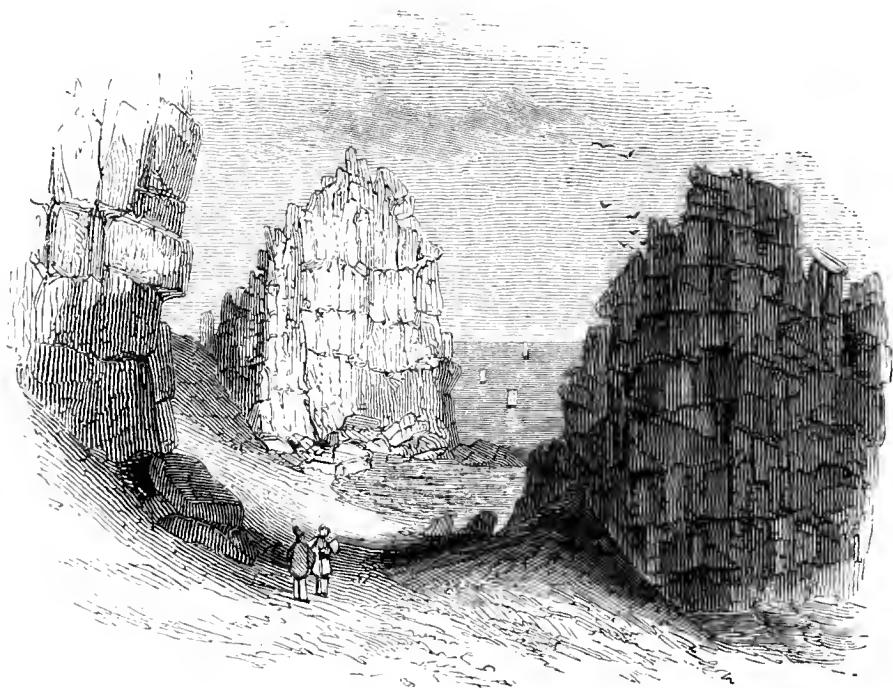
Of the fifty-two counties into which England and Wales are divided, Cornwall stands the fifteenth in population, and in superficies* the fourteenth, not including the Isles of Scilly, which are considered within the county.

In form Cornwall resembles the outline of England inverted, supposing the Land's End to be placed upon the Scotch border. It is, in fact, a peninsula, of a triangular shape, surrounded on all sides but one by the Northern Atlantic Ocean and the English Channel. The ancient Latin name of Cornubia, or Cornuvia, seems to have had reference to its figure, which is that of a cornucopia, or horn of plenty.† Cornwall, as the southernmost land of

* About 1407 square miles, or 900,480 acres, exclusive of Scilly.

† Some assert that the British name, *Cernyw*, or horn, was that of Cornwall, antecedent to Cornubia, or Cornuvia, for the *v* and *b* were used indiscriminately by some of the southern nations. Borlase supposes the Saxons changed the name to Cornwall, from their calling the present Welsh, Wealles, indicative of the common origin of the Welsh and Cornish; thus Cornwealles, or Cornwall.

England, lies south of Ireland, Cape Clear being some minutes of latitude north of Hartland Point in Devonshire, which last is several miles north of the parish of Moorwinstow, the north-eastern limit of Cornwall. From the sea-boundary of this point there is, consequently, no land to the westward nearer than the American continent. If a line be drawn from the boundary of Moorwinstow parish towards Devonshire westwards to the Land's End, and also from Moorwinstow to the Rame Head, near Plymouth, it will define the greatest length and breadth of the county, without taking the undulations of the surface into account. These being considered, the length will be above 80 miles, and the extreme breadth about 45. The breadth diminishes continually; and near the Land's End the distance from coast to coast is little more than six miles in a direct line. The Land's End is the extreme western, and the Lizard the extreme southern headland of England. The point called Tol Pedn Penwith* will exhibit the character of the scenery about the Land's End and the other projections upon this wild coast. The rocks are granite, and resemble cubes piled upon each other.



The undulations of surface, and irregularities caused by the numerous headlands, afford every variety of aspect. On the northern coast the shores are precipitous, and the land rises into rocky and lofty cliffs, which go bluffly down into the ocean. When they do not dip down thus, they are bordered at low water with a narrow strip of sand. Vast drifts of sand are forced up by the fury of the Atlantic storms upon some parts of the north-western coast;

* Meaning, in Cornish, the "Holed Headland on the left hand."

hence, though there are but two harbours on that coast, except St. Ives, wherein a ship of 200 tons can enter, the entrances, even for vessels of this class, are rendered dangerous by sand-bars, upon which the sea breaks with tremendous violence.

Turning from the coast to the inland part of the county, the surface is remarkably varied. The highest eminence does not exceed 1,400 feet, and yet there is no county in England where there is so little level ground: along the centre there is a ridge of hills, disconnected from those of Dartmoor, in Devonshire, by the deep valley through which the Tamar winds its serpentine course nearly from sea to sea. Nothing can be more sterile than the aspect of this district, covered with heath, and scarcely relieved by a few solitary furze bushes. Here and there, above the line of a desolate eminence, clad in brown scanty vegetation, appears a hill-top, called locally a tor, the apex of a ridge, jagged, and serrated by granite rocks. The space, called the Temple Moors, alone, lying in the sterile district between Bodmin and Launceston, is said to cover ten square miles, in one patch of barren and unreclaimed land. Then there are the mining districts, and others that are utter waste. The great mail-road to the west lies by Launceston through this wild, and hence, naturally enough, strangers have conceived an idea of the county very different from the truth, and little calculated to support the assertion, that there are portions of Cornwall which no other part of England can equal in fertility of produce. Borlase states that, in his time, one Roberts, of Penzance, had 60 bushels of wheat to the acre. Eighty bushels of barley have been produced, and from 70 to 80 are constantly harvested near the Lizard.

The variety of surface, and the action of the sea, contribute to impart to this portion of the island the charm of some of the most romantic and sublime scenery in the empire. Cornwall is the land of the wild, the picturesque, and the imaginative. Never could its prince, Arthur, be better located to become the delight of successive generations in all lands, the hero of a thousand tales, the immortal in romance. The air is soft and pure; there is the voluptuousness of the "sweet south" at times in the atmosphere, tempered by Atlantic breezes; the heaths are various, and rich to a degree seen nowhere besides in England.

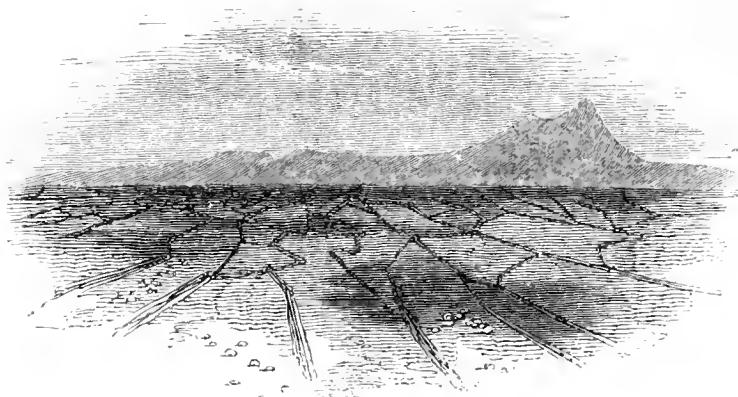
The continuation of the Dartmoor chain of hills through Cornwall gradually subsides in elevation from 1,400 feet in the eastern, to 500 or 600 in the extreme western part of the county, except in one instance, where 800 is attained,* about seven miles from the Land's End. From the northern

* The hills in Cornwall most noted have the following elevations:—Sennen, Land's End, 387 feet; St. Buryan, 415; Pertinny Hill, St. Just, 689; Carnminnis Hill, 805; Carn Bonellis, sometimes called Menelez, 822; St. Agnes' Beacon, 621; Deadman Head Mevagissey, 379; Hensbarrow Hill, 1,034; Bodmin Down, 645; Cadon Barrow, 1,011; Brownwilly, 1,368; Caradon Hill, 1,208; Tregoning Hill, 596; Godolphin, 495; Crowan Beacon, 850; Palestine Rocks, Mabe, 700; Hill above Burnthouse, Penryn, 680; Jenkin's Barrow, St. Michell, 457; Belovely Beacon, 765; an Dinas,

and southern sides of this range the rivers descend : the most considerable flowing from the southern side. Brownwilly is the principal elevation in this range. It is marked by great irregularity of outline, the summit crested with granite rocks, and the sides covered with brown heather.

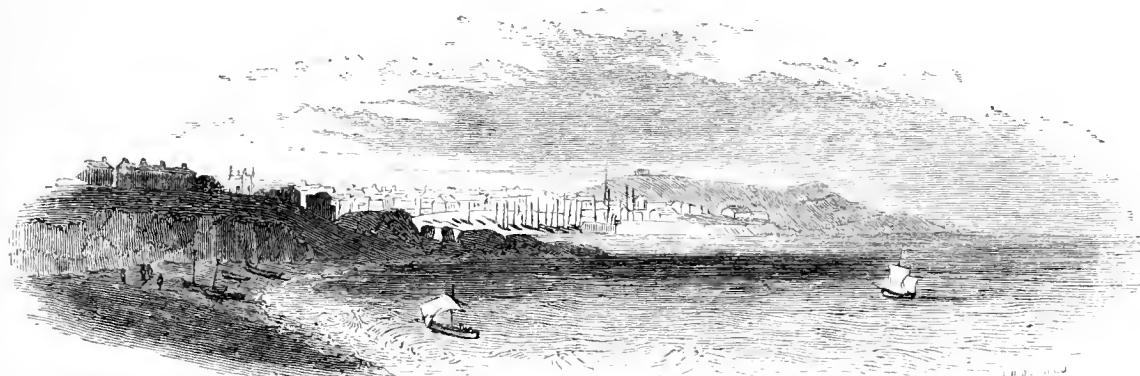
The geology of Cornwall is a copious subject. The northern slope from the great central ridge of hills is bounded by the sea, terminating in cliffs, in some places of very considerable elevation, and, where these are not found, in sand-hills or beaches of the same material. From Moorwinstow to Boscastle, the formation which repose against the granite of the central ridge of hills is a continuation of that which commences on the north coast of Devonshire, a little to the south of Barnstaple. In Cornwall, it may be pretty nearly defined by a line from Boscastle, through Lesnewth, north of St. Cleather, approximating to the west of Launceston, within a mile or two of that place ; then, forming an angle, proceeding nearly due south almost to Lezant, and continuing in a line a little irregular to the right bank of the Tamar, that river becoming its boundary in Cornwall as far as Newbridge, where granite shows itself on Hengist Down. At South Hill, beyond Hengist Down, granite is again perceived rising through the schist. The formation thus alluded to as extending from the eastern limit of the county to Boscastle, and thence to Newbridge, belongs to the carbonaceous series of North Devon.

Bounded by the Tamar, from Newbridge southwards to the Rame Head, except where red sandstone appears at Whitsun Bay and Cawsand, and porphyry, breaking through the same substance, at Redding Point in Plymouth Sound ; extending also to the north-west from Newbridge to Boscastle, and along the southern shore from Boscastle to the west side of St. Ives Bay, the prevailing formation is grauwacke slates and grits. These rise from beneath the carbonaceous series of North Devon, or the clay-slate already mentioned as terminating between Boscastle and Newbridge, only to be succeeded by clay-slate differing a little from the former in character. This second variety



St. Columb, 729 ; Roche Rocks, 680 ; Killivreth Down, 1,000 ; St. Dennis' Down, 815 ; St. Dennis, 674 ; Carclaze tin mine, 665 ; Temple Tor, 900 ; Hawk's Tor, 900 ; Brocka Beacon, 1,000 ; Arthur's Hall, St. Beward, 890 ; Garrah Tor, 1,060 ; Davidstow Moor, 959 ; Titch Beacon, 1,010 ; Brey Down, 1,125 ; Tober Tor, 1,122 ; Kilmarth Hill, 1,277 ; Sharp Tor, 1,200 ; Mennaelew Down, near St. Clare, 1,124. The latitude of St. Agnes' Beacon, according to the Ordnance survey, in making which it was a station, was found to be $50^{\circ} 18' 27''$ north ; the longitude 5h. 11m. 56s. west.

of slates and grits, with argillaceous slates at Tintagel, and some of the finer kind in the De la Bole quarry, not far from that place, crosses the isthmus between St. Ives and Penzance in a curved line. It goes westward of the last-named town; passing near Ludgvan and bordering Mount's Bay, to about as far as Mousehole, where the granite formation commences, and includes the whole of the Land's End district, round by the west to St. Ives, forming a vast adamantine head or block, as if it were for resistance to the stormy waters of the northern Atlantic. Close to the back of the town of St. Ives itself, a narrow and small space of trappean rock appears, such as geologists associate with the grauwacke and carbonaceous series, or lighter clay-slate; and here and there it slightly shows itself towards St. Just. It must, however, be observed that in the line of the slate formation, on the west from Boscastle to St. Ives, trappean rocks appear occasionally, as near Pentire Point, for example. Blown sands occur on the east of Padstow harbour, in St. Enoder and Hell Bay, and near Dinas Head in St. Merrin, close to Trevose Head; between Penhale Point and the Gannal; at Perranzabulo, or St. Piran, in the sands;



and in St. Ives Bay, one of the most beautiful in the island, upon the eastern shore of which the sand accumulates in large hills.

Following the southern shore of the county, from Mousehole to Marazion, in Mount's Bay, and from the latter place to Mullion Island in the Lizard promontory, with the intervention of trappean rocks over a small surface, the same slate formation generally prevails on the coast, until an elvan vein comes down to a breadth of granite, occurring opposite Germoe and Breage, and for some way inland in both these parishes; while on the sea shore, in Trevean Cove, and east of Trewavas Head, raised beaches are found. Nearly opposite Mullion Island the celebrated serpentine rocks of the Lizard commence, traversed at their commencement from north-east to south-west, by veins of hornblende and slate for a short distance, the same thing occurring also on the north of the formation as far as the sea-shore on the Helford side. These rocks are terminated on the south by the diallage species, between the hornblende and serpentine. Of this last and most beautiful of all rocks the remainder

of the headland of the Lizard consists; except where a mass of hornblende and slate shows itself at Landewednack, the extreme southern point. The serpentine contains asbestos, and transverse veins of steatite or soap rock, a soft saponaceous substance, smooth and unctuous to the touch, very useful in making china. It is yellowish white, with variegated veins; the best approaches pure white in colour. From where the hornblende rock and slate, before mentioned, commence to the south of Helford, at which place a small mass of limestone in grauwacke appears, and proceeding northward along the shores of Falmouth harbour, round to St. Anthony's Point, and all the way from thence to the Rame Head, the same slate formation is found, even more uniformly than on the northern coast. In Veryan, limestone shows itself near the Nare Head; in this district, too, are conglomerates, serpentine and diallage. In Gorran, north-east of Gorran Haven, limestone in grauwacke occurs; and also more to the eastward, opposite Lanteglos, at Pencarra Head. The limestone of Talland Bay resembles that of Plymouth.* A small mass of limestone in grauwacke occurs east of the entrance to the Looe River.

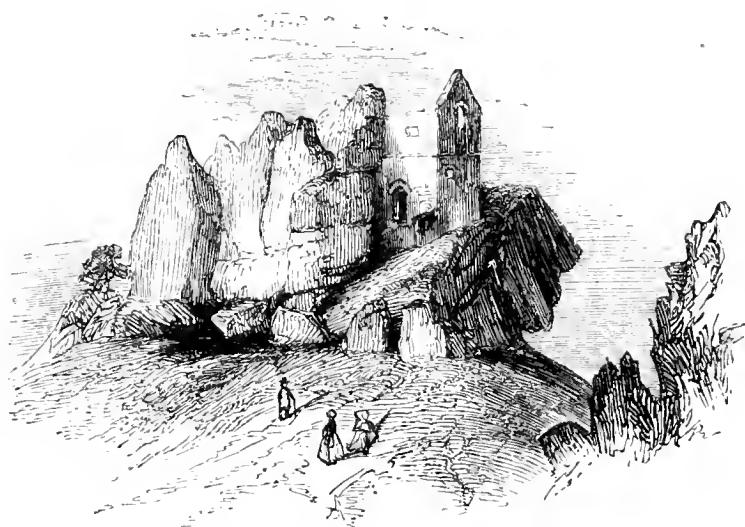
Having thus followed the geological strata along the entire coast, it will be proper to give a mere outline of the appearances of the interior surface, in as concise a manner as possible. Let the reader imagine that part of the county, formed by the Tamar, and a line drawn from a little below Launceston towards Boscastle, belonging to the carbonaceous series of North Devon, to be omitted. This class presents little for observation; and in fact scarcely differs from that to the southward in its general character before the common observer, though to the geologist the distinction is important as marking a different date of formation. South of this boundary, then, and bordering upon a large elevated mass of granite that extends from near Camelford to St. Clare in its broadest part; and nearly from Altemon to Cardinham, in another, trappean rocks occasionally come up, associated with the slate. Elvans† lie

* It is burned upon the spot in considerable quantities. Mr. De la Beeche has not laid this down in his map. The people call the place, "Talland Sand." It has been observed by ourselves.

† It is proper to explain that the Cornish call granite, *growan*; slate and schist, *killas*; and granite and felspar porphyry occurring in veins, sometimes of more than adamantine hardness, *elvan*. The last term has been adopted by Mr. De la Beeche, in his laborious investigation of the Western Geology, to which every one curious upon this subject cannot but refer. *Elvan* is old Cornish, derived from *elven*, a spark, because this species of rock is so hard as to strike fire.

It will not do to pass over the Cornish language without some observations, as useful words are thus borrowed from it. It was the most pleasing of the three dialects into which the ancient language of the Britons was changed, by the separation of that people, and their distance of residence from each other, in Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany, the last then called Armorica. The Cornish varied so much from the Welsh, that the latter people have a difficulty in comprehending a poem, in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, written in the Cornish tongue. The Cornish was softer than the Welsh; thus, for Cromlech, the Cornish would write *Cromlêh*; in place of *lhwch*, a lake, the Cornish would be, *lâh*. The substantive was commonly placed before the adjective; *Truru-vean*, little Truro. The preposition was sometimes placed after the case governed; the nominative case governed and the preposition were both often incorporated with the verb. Letters were omitted or inserted at the beginning or end of syllables, for brevity or expression's sake; and, like the Greek, the Cornish

southward of North Hill, and also southward of the great granite mass, as well as southward of Warleggan, and between Blisland and Helland; while west of the granite, which here composes the crests of the loftiest hills in the county, trappean rocks occasionally appear, intermingled with the slate as far as Pentire. They are seen, too, south-west of Liskeard, as far as Menheniot, Landrake, and St. Germains, in the same detached manner. South of Liskeard a mass of serpentine is discoverable at Clicker Tor. North of Morval, limestone appears, and again more towards St. Germains, but in trifling quantity. The next great island of granite, pushing up through this ocean of schistine rock, stretches nearly from the Fowey river to St. Enoder, longitudinally, and from St. Austle, in breadth, northwards to Roche, where a singular mass of granite protrudes above the surface, crowned with a ruin.



Upon the skirts of this granite, elvan veins occur, extending towards St. Columb, generally in a direction from east to west; yet one, on the contrary, is traced north and south, from Mawgan Porth to St. Michael, or near the latter place. The same kind of veins occurs to the south; one termination of them being in the sea, north and south of Blackhead; St. Austle, which is north

admitted the formation of compound words. There are Cornish manuscripts in the Bodleian library, and a vocabulary many centuries old is in the Cottonian. There is also a Grammar, now become scarce, written by Mr. E. Lhuyd, in 1700. The old names in mining, agriculture, fishing, and building, are still more commonly in use than the English ones; and the names of manors, and of the local topography, generally, are all in the Cornish, as well as the names of many county families; as, for example, Polwhèle, Polkinghorn, Trevanion, Tresilian, Penwarne, Pendarves:—

By Pol, Tre, and Pen,
You may know the Cornish men.

Among the people many ancient Cornish expressions still exist, in the remoter parts of the county, which cannot be understood elsewhere. A mother will say to her chatterbox child, "What a tongue *tabas* you are!" a corruption of "*tau taras*," or "*tau tabas*," hold your tongue; the *b* and *v* being indiscriminately used in the old Cornish. "Are you going to *bal*?"—"Are you going to the *place* of work at the mine?"—is still used; "*bal*" meaning "place." "*Child-vean*,"—"little child," is used as a term of familiar endearment; just as an Italian would use a diminutive. "Oh my *eheins*!" or back, is still common for "Oh my back!" "*Clunk*," to swallow, is still used, as well as "*krum*," crooked: many examples might be quoted. A man who entered a room where all the chairs were pre-occupied, might be told, for example, "You are cut out of the *fleukan*;" which is a miner's term in the Cornish tongue for the earth that cuts off a lode. The origin

of most of them, having between that place and the elvans, a vein of trappean rocks, of the same species with those described before as occurring near the granite. Except elvan veins about Cntherbert and Newlyn, and a mass of granite of a peculiar character on Cligga Head, which were omitted in enumerating the rocks on the northern coast, the extensive outbreak of granite in and bordering upon which are the most important of the Cornish mines, commences north-east of Redruth, extending to St. Day.* Westward, towards Illogan, veins of elvan and trap appear; and southward, being interrupted by the prevalent formation for a small breadth, the granite again rises, and extends south-east to Budock, near Falmouth; on which side elvan veins and trap, the former running into the granite, go north-eastward, towards Truro, crossing the great mining parish of Gwennap. On the west, the granite extends upon the surface to Crowan; on the south-west, to beyond Wendron; and south, to between Constantine and the Helford river, approaching Helston, near which trap rocks of no great extent intervene; as well as on the north-west, where they appear alternately with elvan. Near Mawgan, in Kirrier, elvan veins cross the bed of the Helford river.

A few words may be proper here respecting the climate of Cornwall, to which many peculiarities attach, in the western part more especially. The south-eastern portion resembles that of the coast of the south of Devonshire, of which it is but a continuation, with a difference of latitude in no sense material. The central ridge of hills causes a marked dissimilarity between the northern and southern coasts of Cornwall, until these hills decrease in elevation to the westward. The ocean winds then sweep across the narrower part of

of many English terms may be found in this language. There are some the same as in the existing French, particularly "*defendu*," in Cornish "*defendis*," forbidden; "*Faut*," must, and "*ma faut*," I want. Of Hebrew words, proving an intercourse with the Jews, there are names of places strikingly in point,—Paran-zabulon, Phillack, Menachan, Zephni, Bonithon, and Marazion. The Jews anciently worked the mines. It may be observed too, that the Carthaginian and Phœnician languages were but dialects of the Hebrew, as Mr. Warner well observes in his Cornish Tour. Of Spanish intercourse with Cornwall there are also proofs in Cornish words, as "*cariad*,"—*caridad*, benevolence, and others; but the custom, differing so much from all the rest of England, and still in existence in Cornwall, of calling old people, by way of respect, uncle and aunt, in place of grandfather and grandmother, or grandpa and grandma, is the most striking: "Well, Uncle John, how are you to-day?" "Un (for aunt) Jenny is gone home." There is no country besides Spain, (most in Andalusia there,) that the writer knows of, where the like custom among the common people prevails of addressing an old man with *Tio*, uncle. The following are Cornish proverbs:—

Neb na gare y gwayn eoll restoua,—He that heeds not gain, must expect loss.

Neb na gare y gy an gwra deveeder,—He that regards not his dog, will make him a choke-sheep.

Guel yw guetha vel goofen,—It is better to keep than beg.

Gura da, rag ta honan te yn gura,—Do good, thou dost it for thyself.

Nyn ges gûn heb lagas, na kei heb scovern,—There is no downs without eye, no hedge without ears.

* Many of the local names, there is no doubt, retain the pronunciation of the old language; thus St. Agnes is pronounced, St. Ann's; Foeck, Vague; Constantine, Constanton; Restronget, Strangwyeh; St. Clare, is St. Cleer; St. Day, St. Dye; Michael, Michel; Ludgvan, Ludjan; Cuthbert, Cubert; Portyssic, meaning the "port of the creek," has, on the other hand, been Saxonised by habit into Port Isaac; and De la Bole, into Dennyball.

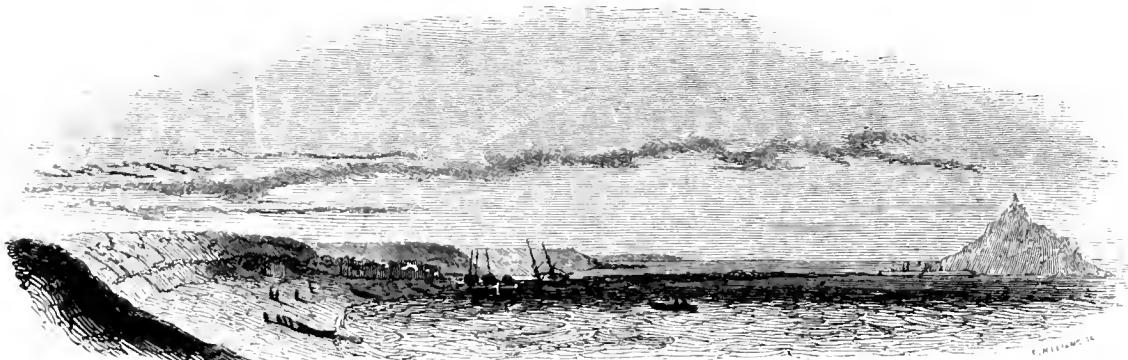
the peninsula, without that interception of their vapour which to the eastward is continually taking place ; causing more rain on the northern side of the hills at certain seasons than on the southern, and the reverse. Thus a south wind which brings in this county a fine rain, putting on the appearance of mist, and a south-west wind which also brings rain, either drive the clouds full upon the southern shore, or traverse the county longitudinally on each side of the high central ridge ; while northern, north-western, and western showers, are felt most copiously on the northern side of the hills. In the west of Cornwall, where the continuous elevation of the land is not lofty enough to intercept the clouds, they are borne across the promontory, which is there only a few miles in breadth, and the terrene partakes more of the character of the oceanic atmosphere.

The characteristic of this county generally is that of freedom from extremes of heat or cold. Myrtles may be seen along the entire southern coast, as at Looe, growing in the shrubberies close to the sea, but sheltered from the violence of the prevalent wind by the hills. There is no greater mistake, than to suppose the warm vicinity of the sea unfavourable to the vegetation of any but a few very peculiar trees and shrubs, since warmth is favourable alike to animal and vegetable existence. The violence of the tempest in the direction of the prevalent winds, is seen in Cornwall by the shape of the few solitary trees exposed to them ; which grow with an inclination towards the opposite direction from that whence the wind blows ; and in that direction alone the foliage is observed to expand itself. In the valleys of Cornwall, where there is shelter from the west and south-west winds, the more delicate plants bloom in the open air ; which is not more saline here than elsewhere. In the narrower part of the county, and on the lofty central land, the hedges, scanty of trees, make the stranger imagine that none will grow ; while the valleys, in many places, present pictures of foliage no where surpassed in beauty. Nor is this a subject for wonder, when it is recollected with what fury the storms of winter sweep across the county, purifying the air, but violent enough to uproot the sturdiest oaks. So far from the sea being prejudicial to vegetation, corn ripens even upon the western cliffs, two hundred feet above the waves. At Penzance, close to the sea, in the narrowest part of the peninsula, there are florists whose gardens are unrivalled in the production of beautiful flowers and shrubs, grown in the open air. That vicinity is rich in what are exotic to the rest of England out of the greenhouse ; and the same thing is observable near Falmouth. Even near St. Ives, a situation on the north more exposed than that of Penzance, in cottage gardens wherever there is shelter, the fuchsia may be seen growing to five and six feet in height, without care, displaying in profusion its crimson pensile flowers ; while the hydrangea is a plant of the shrubbery, attaining seven or eight feet in height, and twenty or more in circumference. The "verbena tryphillia," grows to an enormous size in the shrubbery. The geranium flowers in the summer, as

well as the myrtle, after an exposure during the entire winter to the vicissitudes of the atmosphere. The great American aloe has flowered in three different places in the west of the county, all in the open air and near the sea. Some of the myrtles, trained against the fronts of the houses, reach above twenty feet in height; and in the shrubberies, attain from seven to ten. The bay grows to a considerable tree. The “*Sibthorpia Europœa*” here thrives in the garden during winter, and numerous other plants, which perish in common winters in the central counties of England. Here too grow wild the tamarisk, *erica vagans*, and several other rarities. The submarine plants are various and beautiful. Here cabbages are on the table in February; turnips by the end of March; brocoli, at Christmas; and green peas, the second week in May. The first crop of potatoes is often planted in November, and dug up in April, May, and June; and the second crop is put into the ground sometimes as late as the middle of July.

The cause of all this arises out of the equable temperature of the climate. The winters are mild, and the summers cool; and both are more so in the western than in the eastern division of the county. The influence of the ocean in moderating excess of temperature, is thus remarkably obvious. There is not heat enough to ripen the grape, and barely the common kinds of wall-fruit; neither is there ice thick enough to bear a skater, more than two or three times in thirty or forty years.

“Our change of latitude,” says Dr. Maton, in his tour to Mounts Bay, “began to be very sensible, or at least we imagined so; for we experienced a peculiar softness and salubrity in the air during our progress from Falmouth to the Land’s End. Notwithstanding frequent rains, I do not conceive that the air is rendered less fit for respiration, because it is never charged with exhalations from bogs or stagnant waters. The putrid, sultry calms, which we often experience in the interior parts of England, are prevented in this county by the breezes from the west, which occasion a wholesome circulation of the air.” Mounts Bay, here delineated, has a warm southern aspect.



In Cornwall, particularly in the western part, the temperature of the nights approaches much nearer to that of the days, than in the midland and eastern

counties; so that frequently at nine or ten at night, the mercury has not sunk more than a degree below that marked at noonday. This equability affords a singular contrast to the chill of the nights of summer near the metropolis, which prevents sitting in the open air after sun-set.*

The moisture ascribed to the climate is required by the dry porous nature of the soil. The heaviest rains do not lodge, but are speedily carried to the ocean through the hilly nature of the country, the ground drying rapidly. Cornwall is little liable to hail-storms; but those of thunder, in winter particularly, though rare, are observed to cause more accidents than is usual in other places, and to break with great violence.

Snow lies but a short time, seldom more than two or three days; and in the extreme west has rarely been seen to remain at all upon the ground, although, when very hard winters occur to the eastward, their effects are felt, but mitigated by position. There have been successive years when the thermometer has not been under 39° of Fahrenheit. Many winters hardly put on the character of the season at all. Nothing can be more delicious to the feelings than some of the fine days of such a season, the sun shining in January, the air soft and agreeably warm, and spring itself looking out of the lap of winter. The spring season is much prolonged in Cornwall: its advances are in consequence not so energetic and rapid as in the counties more to the eastward, nor indeed so obviously perceptible, coming on by stealth, sometimes as early as February. The martin is often seen in the month of March in this county, and the chaffinch trills its note at the end of December. Borlase observes that even at this season but few days are thoroughly wet; there is generally some

* The extraordinary mildness of the temperature in Cornwall is confirmed by comparative observations of a recent date, made with great care. These show the mean annual temperature at Penzance, for twenty-one years, according to Mr. Giddy, to be 54.5 Fahr. That of spring is 49.66; summer, 60.50; autumn, 53.83; and winter, 44.66. London has a mean annual temperature of 50.39, differently distributed in the seasons; spring, 48.76; summer, 62.32; autumn, 51.35; and winter, 39.12. The difference of the mean temperature of winter and summer, in London, is 23.20; in Penzance, 15.84. Again, the difference of the mean temperature of the hottest and coldest months is, London, 26.17, Penzance, 18.50. The annual range is, in Penzance, 49; London, 64. The maximum of Fahrenheit in London, 86; Penzance, 76: minimum, environs of London, 22; Penzance, 27. Mean of the monthly ranges, London, 34, Penzance, 24. The mean range of the daily temperature for the year is, London, 11, Penzance, 6.7. The extreme of daily variation for the year in London is, rise 18°, fall 21°; Penzance, rise 10°, fall (no record). Cornwall therefore possesses one of the most equable temperatures in Europe, hence its value as a resort for persons fearing incipient consumption.

The number of fine days in the west of Cornwall has been calculated at 114; cloudy or variable, 87; rain, 164. An average of seven years gave 177 for the number of days in which rain falls. In London the number is about the same; but then in London the mean quantity is only 25.686 inches, while in Cornwall the quantity is above that falling at Milan; being upwards of forty-three inches, or four-fifths of the quantity which falls at Kendal in Westmoreland, the most noted for frequency and quantity of rain of any place in England. The wettest months in Cornwall are October, November, December, and January; and the quantity of rain in inches, 39.295, 36.035, 42.075, and 26.825, respectively. These observations are the results of different years, made by different individuals, and show plainly that the statement of Cornwall being a rainy county, does not apply to the frequency of rain, but to the quantity.

intermission, so that “the sun will find a time to shine.” When the rain falls for a day’s continuance, it falls heavily. The number of dry days being considerable, and the balminess of the air in the intervals of the winter rains exceedingly agreeable, with the inhabitants awake to the feeling it imparts, it is not wonderful they are greatly attached to their climate.

The violence of the storms has been already alluded to,—and no language can adequately describe their fury. The winds careering, without obstruction, over the immense superficies of the Atlantic, seem to recoil from the Cornish promontory only to gather fresh energy and augment the unavailing rage of their attacks. The Long-ship’s light-house at the Land’s End stands upon a rock sixty feet above the water, and its lantern at the summit of all, yet even that is frequently buried in the broken water of the mountain surges that lash the reef, recoil, and again break in worlds of foam upon the granite ridge, dashing up the sides of the main rock, and falling like a succession of snowy avalanches. The Land’s End promontory is a low point compared to its brethren north and south, being only sixty or seventy feet above the ocean level, while its brethren on both sides rise between two and three hundred, yet far above its granite brow is the sea-foam carried in a storm, over the land still ascending, and then quite across the peninsula, in showers, resembling snow-white feathers—a sight at once novel and terrific.

Cornwall is nearly insulated by the Tamar on the eastern side, which borders upon Devonshire. Hence it arises that the main roads, into the county westward, are continued by bridges, or interrupted by ferries. From Plymouth there are ferries as far as the road from Tavistock to Callington, twenty miles towards the source of the Tamar. The first bridge is called Newbridge,* and is situated in a very picturesque spot, just above a place denominated the Weir-head, beyond the reach of the tide. The next bridge, anciently called Hawte Bridge, but now High, or Horsebridge, stands in the parish of Stoke-climsland, about four miles by the river above Newbridge; the third is called Greston Bridge, on the road from Tavistock to Launceston; then there is another of wood, between that and Poulston; over which last is the central mail-road from London, by way of Exeter and Okehampton, to Falmouth.

The last place of note in Devonshire, before crossing the Tamar towards Launceston, is Lifton, about five miles distant. Evening had come upon a sultry August day, when we descended the hill leading to Poulston Bridge from this village. Below, extended the charming vale of the Tamar, widening considerably, clothed in the richest verdure, and everywhere exhibiting great picturesque beauty. From the Cornish side of the vale, a line of hill uprose and bounded the view, presenting an even summit, except where it was interrupted by that “keep of terrible strength,” to borrow the words of an old writer, which now constitutes nearly all remaining of Launceston castle.

* Leland mentions a bridge at Calstock, begun in his time by Sir Perse Edgecombe, but there is no such bridge now; hence some suppose Newbridge is intended.

The outline of this keep resembles no other in England, appearing like a double cylinder, or one cylinder standing within another of larger size, so that it was difficult to reconcile the reality with the aspect. Behind this object the heavens were luminous, while in other quarters they were so overclouded that the valley was thrown into shade, and intervening objects beneath our feet presented themselves in undefined masses. The Tamar runs here close to the foot of the declivity, upon the side of Devon, leaving a considerable portion of level ground on the other shore. Poulston Bridge consists of several arches,—that in the centre of iron. It was just light enough to see the overshadowed river darkly gleaming below, with a rapid but noiseless current, and to distinguish that some of the hills furthest off were clothed with wood and coppice. The traveller is now in Cornwall; and, after passing a mile and a half of excellent road from the bridge, finds himself in the good town of Launceston.

The “Rocky land of strangers,” as Cornwall has been styled, carried no marks of the justice of the appellation in the immediate vicinity of Launceston,* which is a district eminently agricultural, disputing with that between the rivers Fowey and Fal the title of the “granary of Cornwall.” Corn fields everywhere around waved in rich luxuriance.

This town is entered under the gateway delineated below, once belonging to the town walls, of which there are a few remains; and the room over it even now serves the purpose of a town gaol, as it did in the time of Henry VIII.† Over the roof, and over the houses within, seen from the approach by the turnpike-road, the ruins of the castle uprise loftily, bearing the recollections of a thousand years upon their rent and shattered fragments. It is singular, whilst the antiquity of the castle is so great as to have left no record of its foundation, and while the existence of Launceston is authenticated as far back as the year 900, that no antiquities have been discovered in the town; a Saxon door-way to the White Hart Inn, instanced in proof to the contrary, having been brought from the castle or priory ruins. Launceston is about eighty miles from the Land’s End, and stands upon an elevation, one side of which declines



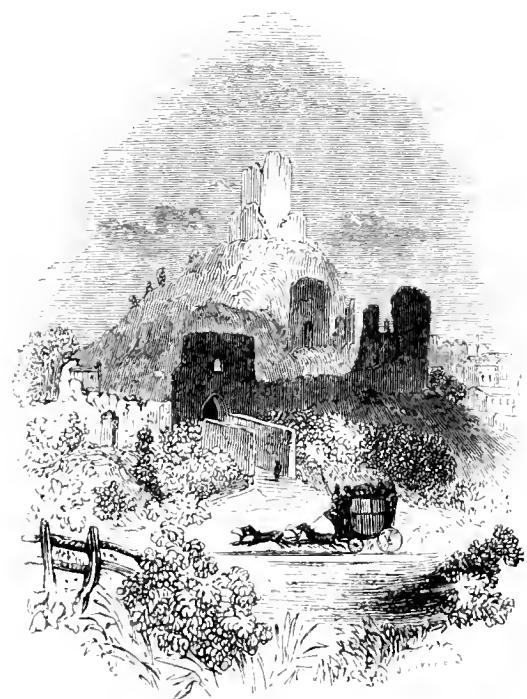
* Anciently called “Dunheved,” or the “Swelling Hill.” It was founded by Eadulphus, of the line of the Dukes and Earls of Cornwall.

† Leland.

with considerable abruptness down to the little river Attery, affording an extensive view over the suburbs, to where the church of St. Stephen forms a conspicuous object. Pleasing as this prospect is, it by no means equals that from the side of the hill upon which St. Stephen's church stands. From thence Launceston is seen at the back of the castle, the keep of which towers with a boldness and grandeur scarcely possible to be exceeded. The mound, rising above the summit of the hill, acquires a double elevation, and impresses the mind not only with its own grand features, but connects them with by-gone times and the wrecks of perished greatness. There the ruins, almost impending, whisper not only of human mutability in the past, but throw out bosom hints of the fate that must involve present things, stamping our regret with something of selfishness. It is scarcely possible to imagine an equal in effect, to this view of the castle, a circumstance mainly owing to the happiness of its position, and the singularity of its outline.

The erection of the castle has been ascribed, upon grounds by no means satisfactory, to William, Earl of Moreton and Cornwall, in the reign of William I.; but there is no doubt that a great deal of the building is more ancient; not to mention again its want of similarity to any of the ruins of the numerous castles

of that period, still in existence, by which the work might be tested. The mention of the gift to the Earl of Moreton, would naturally of itself imply a prior existence. The annexed engraving is a faithful view of this interesting relic of antiquity.



The entrance, ten or twelve feet wide, is on the south-west side, between parallel walls, at right angles with the outer wall of the base court; to pass into which the great gate must first be cleared, or rather its site, for little of it now remains. At the end of this entrance, another gate leads into the base-court, the sides of which are about four hundred feet square, with towers at the angles; the walls, where they are entire, indicating great strength, are fenced externally with a deep ditch; except where, as on the side next St. Stephen's, the ground rendered the precaution useless from its natural steepness. The mound upon which the keep stands is situated at the south-east corner of this court,—an enormous artificial hill, nearly one hundred feet high, the same measure in diameter at the base, and upwards of ninety feet in circuit at the summit. Upon this formidable eminence towers a yet more

formidable work of defence, as singular in construction, as well adapted to the object for which it was erected. There are remains, more or less considerable, of three walls upon the summit. The first, low, and intended for a line of resistance to such as ascended the mound, if any should venture upon so daring a task, was supported by a line on the next wall, and both by another upon the highest or third. The distance between the outer and second wall was not more than five or six feet: and the outer wall, nearly gone, was about three feet thick. The second, which is much higher, and eleven feet thick, has in the body of the wall itself a staircase leading to the top. Seven or eight feet within this second inclosure, a third wall rises to the height of thirty feet, enclosing a space eighteen feet in diameter, in which there were evidently floors, from the places where the joists rested being still visible; the uppermost room having two windows, with an ascent to the summit of the interior of the whole. It is scarcely possible to imagine a stronger mode of defence, before the invention of artillery. A triple line of active resistance was thus reserved, on the part of the besieged, against any foe who might dare to ascend the mound; a task almost hopeless from its perpendicularity. As a further precaution, the entrance to the keep itself was by one narrow way, defended with equal skill by a tower, called the "Witches' Tower," and by walls. The last garrison kept in this castle was during the war between Charles I. and the people of England, when it was held, until the ruin of the royal cause, by the king's party in the west.

From the keep the view is extensive and beautiful; and the prospect down the valley towards St. Stephen's both interests and surprises, from the abruptness and length of the descent. Many would shrink from contemplating it from so fearful an elevation. Far below are houses and gardens, cottages and fields, graceful cultivation and busy industry, presenting a tranquil and agreeable landscape.

Lands were once held, under service to the castle, from the Duchy of Cornwall. One estate was thus held by the service of personal attendance to do duty in the castle for forty days in time of war, with an iron skull-cap and a Danish pole-axe. The great landholders, too, who held fees of the honour of Launceston, were bound during war to defend as many *kernels* of the castle as they held fees. This castle is described as being in a ruinous state as far back as 1337. Carew speaks of its decayed state in 1602; and in 1650 the hall and chapel are said to be level with the ground; only a tower, used as a prison, was then in repair. George Fox, the quaker, was imprisoned there some months, and calls the prison "doomsdale," a "most filthy dungeon." The Duke of Northumberland is now the lessee.

Before the reform act was passed Launceston returned four members to parliament; for its suburb of Newport was a little rotten borough returning two. By that act, St. Stephen and St. Thomas, with the parishes of Lawhitton and South Petherwin, the churches of which are two miles

distant, are united with Launceston into one borough, which contains three hundred voters in place of twenty, the number voting for members of parliament in the borough of Launceston prior to the passing of the act. The returning officers are called *rianders*. The right of electing members had continued from the time of Edward I.; before which reign the town was a mere appanage to the Dukes or Earls of Cornwall, and their constant residence.

The streets are narrow, but improvements are begun. The market-hall is about to be rebuilt; and at the different entrances into the town, new and excellent houses are everywhere arising, far beyond the limits of the old and more inconvenient streets. The roads around, and the great mail-road to the west in particular, are kept in the best order, and new and more convenient deviations have been taken, at considerable expense. The public buildings do not merit remark; the latest erected, the union workhouse, though well adapted for its object, is as humble in architectural design as most of its brethren in other parts of the country. The market-place is small. The loss of the assizes and the sessions, both being removed to Bodmin, left the town to its own resources, which are almost wholly agricultural. It is curious that by a charter of Richard II. the county assize is ordered to be held at Launceston, “and nowhere else.” The recent alteration has been beneficial to the county at large, since, before that event, many persons had to travel sixty or seventy miles to the assize-town.

There is a church in Launceston, built of granite, sculptured with great labour. It consists of two aisles and a nave. At the end of each of these is a window with a pointed arch. The tower is of a date more ancient than the church. There is a porch, rarely excelled in beauty, on the south side, covered with richly carved ornaments. At the east

end is the figure of a Magdalen recumbent, to which saint the church, anciently a chapel, was originally dedicated. The alteration of the chapel to a church took place in the reign of Henry IV. Plumes of feathers, arms, trophies, fruit, panelling, basso reliefo, abound, all cut in granite. A Latin inscription,* each letter upon a shield between the windows, extends round the whole building, laudatory of St. Mary. There are several monuments



* “Ave Maria, gratiae plena, dominus tecum sponsas, amat sponsam Maria, optimam partem elegit, O quam terribilis ac metuendus est locus iste, vere aliud non est hic, nisi domus Dei et porta cœli.”

within this church; one to a zealous soldier, named Pyper, who fought for Charles I., was constable of Launceston Castle, and died in 1687, aged 76.

A priory formerly existed in Launceston, which an old writer* describes as “standing in the west part of the suburb of the town under the root of the hill by a fair wood side.” It was built by William Warwist, bishop of Exeter, and had the grant of a sanctuary; no remains of it are now in existence. The mayor of Launceston, singularly enough, is considered the vicar for the duration of his official year, and appoints his curate accordingly. The trade of Launceston is limited, but it possesses a small woollen manufactory. Water carriage by means of the Tamar canal is convenient, the principal imports coming by way of Plymouth up the Tamar into this canal. The town contains two charities,—a Sunday, and a free grammar school; the last endowed by Queen Elizabeth with 16*l.* per annum, and 10*l.* bequeathed in 1685. There was once a hospital for lepers near Poulston Bridge, the funds of which are now in the hands of the corporation. The churches of St. Stephen and St. Thomas, within the borough of Launceston, are both ancient edifices. The first was formerly called Lanstavestone, and has three annual fairs and also a charity school for twelve poor boys. That of St. Thomas, or Newport, is a small, but antique building, the date of its foundation being uncertain; in its vicinity are several very old dwelling-houses. The inhabitants nominate their own perpetual curate. The church of St. Stephen is a structure of the sixteenth century, having a gothic tower of uncommon elegance. Its predecessor was made collegiate before the Conquest.

The market, once held near St. Stephen’s church, was removed to Launceston by King John, to whom the inhabitants subsequently paid five marks for the removal of the holding from Sunday to Thursday. In more recent times it has been held on Saturday; and is well attended. There can be no better opportunity of observing the population than upon a market day; that of Launceston appeared to be wholly agricultural. The farmers seemed to be a sturdy race; but the women, neatly habited, exhibited no more than ordinary pretensions to beauty. One must be excepted, possessing attractions of which she might well be vain. Eyes dark as death, features nicely chiselled and of uncommon regularity, hair of jet, and a skin of singular clearness, but pale as a “white marble image,”—stamped her as one of whom Italy would be proud. She was dressed, if not with pure taste, at least becomingly, indicating that she well understood what was calculated to set her person off to advantage. There is a character of person belonging to the earlier inhabitants of the county, or arising from some connexion with other than Saxon “foreigners,” which must strike all who scrutinize them with attention. The introduction of the Saxon breed into Cornwall is evident enough; but there are many who exhibit marks of a southern extraction, in large black eyes, dark hair, and

* Leland.

a swarthy complexion; perhaps the descendants of settlers from the south of Spain at a very remote period. So forcibly was Warner struck by this appearance, upon his tour into Cornwall thirty years ago, that he pointedly alludes to the ancient intercourse between the people of Cadiz and Cornwall as the probable origin of a race so distinct from their fellow-countrymen.

The inhabitants of Cornwall generally are a people of kind and agreeable manners. During the civil wars of the seventeenth century it was remarked, that among the Cornish of that time great allowance was made for sentiments and interests in opposition. One of the justices of the peace is spoken of, though “in office under the usurping powers,” as behaving with great civility to the distressed cavaliers, to whom he always gave redress when it was just. Of all the gentry concerned on both sides, except the Arundels, this is related; that family, now extinct, once so powerful in the county, was excepted.

The women of Cornwall are handsome, but not particularly fresh coloured; they are modest, open and unaffected in manners, free from that constraint which is the mark of a want of good breeding, even where intercourse with society has been by no means of an extensive character; making correct, as relates to the Cornish fair, the remark of Queen Elizabeth, respecting the gentlemen of the county, “That the Cornish gentlemen were all born courtiers with a becoming confidence.” The men are strongly made, and more active than those of the midland counties of England. It was remarked of the Cornwall militia, under Colonel Molesworth, at Chatham, that they stood on more ground than any other regiment of the same number. They are uncommonly well-set; their old habits of hurling and wrestling, as well as of labour without doors, no doubt contributing to their muscular power. In the history of Cornwall, perhaps altogether the fabulous history, the Cornish chieftain and hero, Corinæus, was celebrated for his power in wrestling. We are not told whence his antagonist, the giant Gogmagog, came, but that Corinæus overthrew him and flung him into the sea, down what is called the Hoe at Plymouth. Before Charles II. erected the citadel upon the present site, there were to be seen, cut out in the turf, the figures of the two combatants wrestling, which, like the white horse in the chalk, on the Wiltshire Downs, was kept cleared out down to the limestone from time immemorial. In Cornwall the wrestler is never permitted to kick the shins of his antagonist. Every thing depends upon main strength. Hurling, now obsolete, was undertaken by two parties, of an indefinite number on each side, sometimes from two parishes that were rivals in the game. The ball was a round piece of wood, plated with silver, on which was engraven a motto in Cornish, “Guare wheag—yw guare teag,”—or, “fair play is good play.” The ball was to be caught dexterously in spite of the adverse party; to carry it off requiring every species of bodily exertion, as well as a quick sight. Mining and fishing, with alternations of cold and wet, are occupations which harden the body; and of wet from sea or fresh water few Cornishmen make any account. The men are generally of the middle stature, and live to be

old, when not employed in the mines ; or, being employed there, when they do not add intemperance to the confined nature of their labour. It must be observed that no hydrogen gas is generated in the Cornish mines. Borlase mentions a woman in Gwythian parish dying, in 1676, at 164 years old. At the Lizard Point, the most exposed part of Cornwall, the Rev. Mr. Cole, minister of Lendewednack, died at 120, and the sexton was above 100 years of age when he died. Dr. Borlase went, in 1752, to see a man at the Lizard 105 years old, of a florid countenance ; he stood near his door “leaning on his staff,” says the doctor, and said he was weary of life, and “advised us never to wish for old age.” He died in 1754. In the present century instances are quoted from 103 to 105 repeatedly ; but the best and most authentic statement of the agricultural part of the population is that of the Rev. Mr. Trist, of Veryan parish, on the southern coast, who, upon a range of thirty years, writes in the present century that the number of persons of 80 years buried in his parish, averaging 1,220 persons, was one in eight of the deaths ; and that this was a good criterion for the south-western coast of Cornwall, and was the same as that of Cumberland ; that the deaths were as one in ninety of the population, and those who lived above ninety years old were as one to 53½.*

In Cornwall no coaches travel across the county, but, as in many counties so situated, there are gigs to be hired at one shilling per mile in most of the smaller towns. The distance from Launceston to Stratton is eighteen miles, and in this manner we performed the journey. It may not be out of place to notice here, that no post-chaises are kept in Stratton, Padstow, Camelford, St. Columb, St. Ives, Looe, Fowey, Tregony, Grampound, Saltash, or Callington, though all market-towns.

It was early in the morning when we started for Stratton. The air was cool, the sun, shrouded in clouds, had not yet exhaled the dew ; a heart reviving freshness was upon herb and tree ; millions of crystal globules sparkled upon leaf and blade ; long threads of gossamer or of the garden spider were exhibited, by being thus empearled, which were invisible at other times. The branches of the trees and shrubs were festooned with them in glittering chains of exquisite minuteness, as if they had been the work of the “fairies’ midwife,” while the world was asleep. The road at starting pointed down into a hollow, through which the Attery wound along, and then ascended towards St. Stephen’s church, which stood on the left-hand side. Upon mounting this hill, and looking back towards Launceston, the view of the castle was highly imposing. There it arose in the stillness of the morning, that wreck of an unknown age, reared by forgotten hands, dark, lonely—

Majestic 'mid the solitude of time.

* This must not be taken as a criterion for the entire county, where 25,000 persons are employed in the mines ; it must only be considered in relation to a class whose labour is above ground.

Few of the glances of the traveller light upon an object calculated to preserve a more lasting place in the recollection.*

Soon after turning from the view of this impressive ruin, and leaving St. Stephen's Down upon the left hand, Werrington Park appeared on the right of the road, a seat belonging to the Duke of Northumberland, who very rarely, if ever, sojourns there. The house is a very ordinary-looking mansion, unworthy of the estate. The river Werrington, which crosses the road, runs through the centre of the park; and soon after quitting it, and passing Ham Mill, joins the Tamar. The woods of Werrington are fine, precisely where their retirement is most inviting. Dark masses of foliage and intermingled meadows, the beautiful and secluded, though here to be met with in perfection, seem to be enjoyed by nobody. This estate is partly in Devon, and partly in Cornwall; being situated in one of the parishes the civil government of which, the land being once their property, the monks of Tavistock contrived to dispart from Cornwall, although the ecclesiastical superintendence still attaches to that county. The house is within the Devonshire limit.

Boyton, on the left, at some distance from Bennacot in that parish, once belonged to the Abbey of Tavistock, and afterwards to Launceston priory. Bennacot is a poor village, six miles from Launceston, on a part of the road which discovers nothing of interest. A little way further on, upon the left hand, are two tumuli, called Wilsworthy Barrows; and on the right, not far beyond these, a road turns off to North Tamerton, which lies very near the Tamar. It contains only three small villages, Venton, Headon, and Alvacot. There is a dilapidated chapel in this parish. Here, at Northcott, lived Agnes Prest, the only person who suffered death in the diocese of Exeter, under Bishop Turberville, during the reign of Queen Mary. The judge who condemned her, at Launceston, one Stanford, afterwards handed her over to the ecclesiastics, who pronounced her incorrigible; and she was burned at Exeter.

Whitstone, about eleven miles from Launceston, a little way off west of the road, lies near some woods, and contains only two hamlets. This parish is remarkable for the numerous woodcocks which visit it; and has been exempted from license by former game acts, the cottagers profiting considerably by taking these birds. The church is dedicated to St. Nicholas, and has several monuments of the Hele, and one of the Edgcombe family. A little to the south-west of Whitstone is the parish of Week St. Mary, and the church-town,† which in ancient records is called a borough. It contains four small

* De Foe lays the scene of one of his ghost stories in Launceston or its neighbourhood; told with so much of the simplicity of truth, that it is difficult to believe the tale is not, as novel writers say, "founded in fact." We thought it was possible, as fields do not change names for centuries, to find if there was one called the "Quartill;" and whether a clergyman named "Ruddle" had ever officiated in Launceston. No one of the name had been an incumbent there for 200 years past, at least in St. Mary's church. On reperusing the story, we found the writer does not make Launceston town the scene, but the vicinity.

† Wherever a cluster of houses stands near a parish church in the country, in Cornwall it always receives the appropriate name of a church-town; as "Week St. Mary church-town." By this it is

villages, and has two annual fairs for cattle. There was once a castle here, the mound of which still remains, and is called Castle Hill; there are also traces of extensive buildings. There is in this parish a charity and a grammar school, founded, in the time of Henry VIII., by Thomasina Perceval, who was a native of the place; and who endowed it with lodgings for masters, and 20*l.* of revenue paid annually. Carew, in his Survey of Cornwall, says that many of the sons of the best gentlemen of Devon and Cornwall were educated at this school, under one Cholwell, an honest and religious teacher. It would appear that the school was ruined by the statute of Edward VI. for the suppression of chantries; or, in other words, for the offence of having been founded under the ancient religion of the country. Most likely, in this case, the object of the suppression was some private profit, for which the act was made the cover; or else foundations of the like character, now in existence, would have been destroyed with it. Thomasina Bonaventura, or Bonaventure, became afterwards Dame Perceval; her history might do well for a romance. It is said that her maiden name was Bonaventure, and that when a girl she kept sheep upon the moor of Week St. Mary. A London merchant, who happened to be travelling that way, saw her; and observing something about her which pleased him, begged her of her poor parents, and took her to London. The wife of the merchant dying, her master was so taken with her comeliness "and her good thewes," say the historians of the day, that he married her, and left her a rich widow. She married a second husband, and was a second time left a widow. A third time she married a Sir John Perceval, who was Lord Mayor of London; and outliving him, she retired to her native parish, and employed her fortune in useful purposes. She repaired highways, built bridges, endowed maidens, released prisoners, and clothed the poor. In her will, which is extant, dated 1512, it is found that her first husband's name was Thomas Bumsby. She bequeaths legacies to a brother; and makes a "cousin" named Dinham, who married her sister's daughter, legatee, leaving to him the care of her grammar school. To the vicar of Liskeard she leaves a gilt goblet, to remind him to pray for her; and twenty marks towards building the church of St. Stephen, at Launceston.

The road now ran parallel with the Bude canal and the Tamar, for some distance; and then crossing the canal to the westward,—a little distance from where a branch goes off to Holsworthy in Devonshire,—and passing over the Tamar by an aqueduct bridge, a mile and a half further to the north or north-east, passes on to Kilkhampton and Moorwinstow, while a branch turns off westward to Stratton, between Marhamchurch and Launcels. Marhamchurch parish contains only a few farm-houses, besides the church-town, and is two miles from Stratton. Launcels lies in a sequestered nook, with trees around

distinguished from a market-town, as Bodmin or Truro, and villages equally large having a similar name, but no church. An open space before a house is called a "town-place," in contradistinction to a back yard, or backlet, which is behind a dwelling.

it,—a delightful seclusion for those weary of the bustle of the world. It contains three hamlets—Grimscot, Canorchard, and Hesham. It was once a cell of Austin canons, and belonged to the Chamond family; the founder of which was knighted at the holy sepulchre; and his son, a justice here for sixty years, was uncle and great-uncle to 300 persons. The monument of the last of this family bears date 1624, and yet stands in the church. Tre Yeo house, in this parish, once belonged to the ancient family of Yeo; and a small almshouse here is said to have been founded by one of the Chamond family. Launcels is remarkable, according to Borlase, for a breed of snakes different from any in the west of the county, and from the viper and the slow worm, both of which are very common in Cornwall; it grows to between four and five feet long. “The country people,” says this writer, “have remarked two sorts of them; one has a white garland round its neck, with a sharp tail like the point of a rush; the other a yellow garland, with a more obtuse tail.”

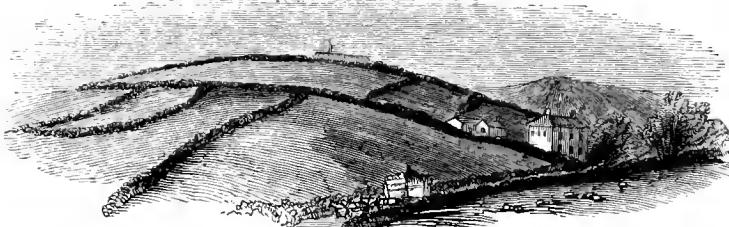
The road into Stratton from Launcels church-town, about a mile, is a descent. The town is small, but agreeably situated in a valley, or rather glen, within the manor of Binamy and Stratton, which once belonged to the infamous chief-justice Tresilian. It has a market on Thursday, and three annual fairs. The church, which like most of the Cornish churches has a very neat tower, is dedicated to St. Andrew. There are lands for the use of the poor, producing altogether 113*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* annually. The church has a legacy of 53*l.* 5*s.* in land; and here is a donation for educating twenty-five poor children. A monthly petty sessions is held in the town. The charity estates are managed by eight trustees, called the “eight men.” One Avery, a school-master, who died in 1691, being of “the eight,” having recovered some lost or abused benefaction, was honoured with a most flattering epitaph,* still to be seen in the church. There are several ancient monuments here; one of a

* This epitaph is in triplets:—

“ Near by this place interr'd does lie,
One of ‘the eight,’ whose memory
Will last and fragrant be to all posterity.
He did revive the stock and store;
He built the almshouse for the poor;
Manag'd so well was the revenue ne'er before.
The church he loved and beautified,
His highest glory and his pride;
The sacred altar shews his private zeal beside.
A book he left, for all to view
The accounts which are both just and true,
His own discharge, and a good precedent for you.
Be silent then of him who's gone;
Touch not, I mean, an imperfection,
For he a pardon has from the Almighty throne.
Look to your ways, each to his trust;
That when you thus are laid in dust,
Your actions may appear as righteous and as just!”

knight, his name unknown, dressed in full armour, supposed to be intended for Ralph de Blanchminster. John Arundel, who died 1561, is also commemorated by a monument. In the register there is an account of the death of Elizabeth Cornish, widow, who died in her 114th year, in 1691, having been born in 1578.

The principal inn in Stratton is the “Ash Tree,” and let into the wall in its front is a tablet in old spelling, to the following effect: “In this place the army of the rebels, under the command of the Earl of Stamford, received a signal overthrow, by the valour of Sir Beville Granville and the Cornish army, on Tuesday the 16th of May, 1643.” The hill upon which this battle was fought lies on the north of Stratton, sheltering the town in that direction. It is in the parish of Poughill, the church of which is only about a mile north of the town. The hill is called Stamford Hill, and runs north and south. A path from the southward runs over it longitudinally. The engraving shows the west front of the hill. The farm, on the left hand of the summit, lay below where the left of the parliament army stood when drawn up in order of battle.



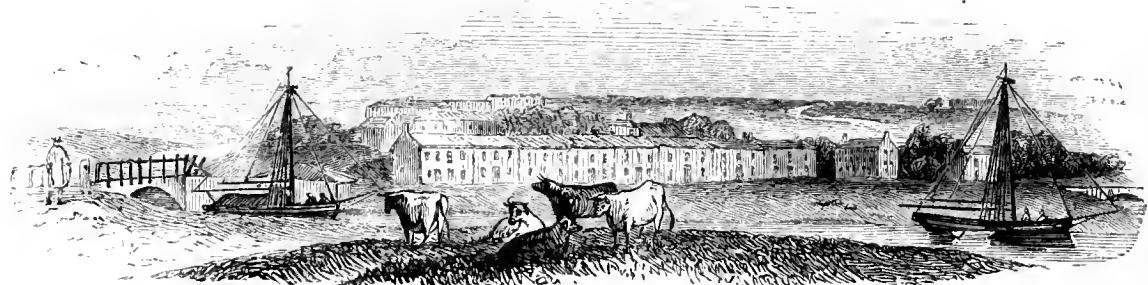
This hill lies to the right of the lane leading to Bude Haven; by which last route it may be visited, though somewhat circuitously; the western ascent is not very steep; on the east the ascent is steep and impracticable. The position, with artillery and common resolution in its defence, appears very strong. Over the western side of the hill, the earthen mounds of the batteries may even yet be seen from below, behind the hedge-row, which stands parallel with the front of the line occupied by the parliamentary forces. It is probable that the Earl of Stamford was surprised by an attack on his front and flanks at the same time; for his rear could not be assailed, owing to the nature of the ground. The artillery seems to have been placed in the centre of the line, disposed solely to resist any attack in front. The ascent on the flanks is not more difficult than in front, the hill being of the nature of a ridge, offering little width in the section; and consequently requiring but a small body of troops abreast either to attack or defend them. Clarendon says, in effect, that the royal army attacked in front, flanks, and rear, four places at once, which could not have been the case; but tradition states that two detached parties attacked the flanks of the parliamentary forces unexpectedly, while it is probable that the front attack was made in two columns. In this way the mode can be comprehended, which otherwise seems, from the nature of the ground occupied, to have been impossible. It is likely that the Jacobite historian did not trouble himself upon being verbally correct, if, as in many cases, he could colour things after his own way. Here the result was plain enough, and the

lapse of valour on the side of the Earl of Stamford and his troops, but too evident; for, with 4,000 men, and thirteen pieces of artillery, had a defence commonly firm been made, an inferior force, if successful, must have suffered great loss.

Stratton is said to have been once celebrated for the garlick grown in the vicinity. The manor belongs to Lord Carteret, together with that of Kilkhampton. After becoming the property of the Chief-Justice Tresilian, Stratton and Binamy passed, in 1483, to the powerful Cornish family of Arundel, who lived at Efford, near the town. The Granvilles afterwards obtained possession of them by purchase.

Upon going some way down the lane already mentioned as passing from Stratton to Bude Haven, a stile leads across the fields on the left hand, to a path somewhat shorter. It is much incumbered with sand blown up from the sea-shore, between the precipitous headlands which lie north and south of the little port. The sea is not seen for a considerable part of the way from Stratton to Bude, though very near, the view being obstructed by the height of the land on the north; in which direction, but a little more east, the church of Poughill is visible.

Bude, a mile and a half from Stratton, is a place of recent origin; the houses stand on both sides of the port and canal, being almost all new. Those upon the north-east side, towards Stratton, are represented in this view, taken from the front of the Falcon Hotel. A range of buildings very similar stands on the west. The port opens upon the sea westwards, and is itself much encumbered with sand.



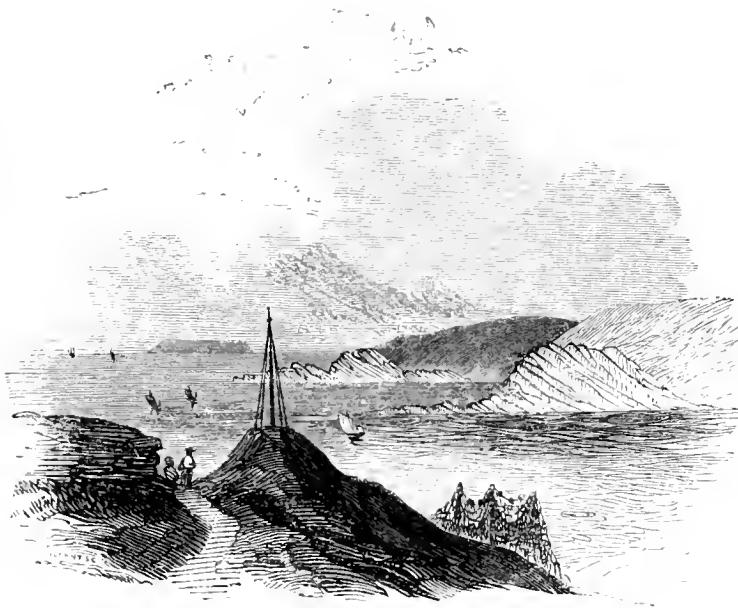
Some of the headlands on this part of the coast are of a great height; that of Hennaciff, north of Bude, is said to be 450 feet. The grandeur of many of their cliffs is overwhelming. It requires a strong head to approach their verge, and look down upon the waves breaking at their feet. Between two of very moderate elevation there lies a beach, where sand drifts are perceptible some way up the hollow; this is the haven of Bude, down which a small stream once ran, which is now absorbed in the canal navigation, already alluded to when passing it further up the country. One sand-hill is heaped across the valley, sheltering the town, immediately within which stands the house of Mr. Gurney, the inventor of the Bude light, having at one end a sort of turret,

the summit of which is visible to the seaward, and is evidently intended to hold a light to direct vessels off the harbour, though we saw no light displayed. The sandy bay which forms the entrance to the haven, must be fearfully exposed to the wintry storms. Some way within, a basin has been made for small vessels to enter the canal. Those which visit the haven are under a hundred tons burthen; several of ninety tons have been built in the port.

Sea-sand is carried from Bude, in barges, twenty or thirty miles into Devonshire and Cornwall; coal and limestone are also imported from Wales, and sent by the same conveyance; and wood, bark, and oats, are exported in return. This canal is carried for a few miles from the coast nearly due east; it there divides,—one branch going to the northward, crossing the Tamar, entering the hundred of Black Torrington, and terminating at Blagdon Moor, in Devonshire; the other keeping nearly a parallel course with the river Tamar, and terminating near Launceston.

Bude is a bathing-place, where retirement and quiet may be found in a degree seldom experienced in the anomalous towns generally so styled. Yet even Bude has its petty bustle, like its more renowned brethren. The inn was full,—no beds could be had in the house; but they could be procured out, was the reply to an application for that first and last of human necessities. Here there was no crowded promenade, scarcely a solitary wanderer was seen on sand or cliff. Fashion seemed to have introduced none of its fooleries; and if without them a little thriving new-built place of the kind be not intolerable to ears polite,—if the absence of that medley of polished lassitude and vulgar assumption, which is the prominent mark of such places in general, can be spared,—though “out of the world,” Bude may have some claim to attention. The western breezes come in pure from the Atlantic; and the pestilent east wind is unfelt, the port being sheltered by lofty hills. It must still be admitted that pretension,—the sin of ignorance and the taint of English society,—was budding here. This judgment we formed from a sentence which dropped from a waiter at the hotel—a female, as many of the waiters are in Cornwall. The bell was rung:—

“ Did you ring, Sir ?”



“ A little water ; there is none in the tea-pot.”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Can’t you bring in a tea-kettle ?”

“ The urn is coming, sir ; we don’t use tea-kettles, like the Stratton people,” with a slight flourish of the head. There was something unpromising in this remark,—this incipient effort to be exclusive,—it was not a good omen. Stratton was an ancient town when Bude was a sand-bank.

“ I shall be obliged for some toast, Mary ; but perhaps the Stratton people only eat toast ?”

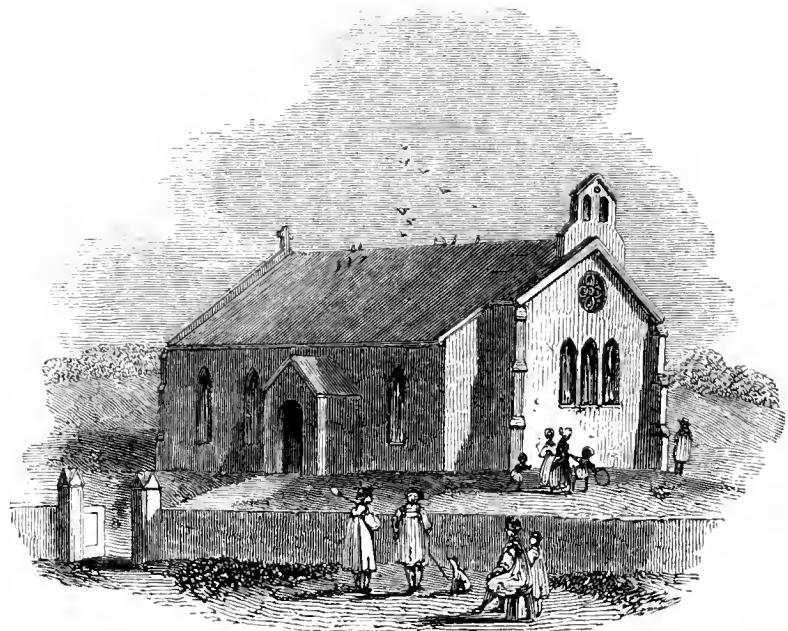
“ Yes, Sir,” replied Mary, blushing as if she felt the reproof, and going out of the room, after the toast.

“ They do that at Stratton,” may in future serve for a gibe at any thing done out of the mode.

Bude has a neat modern chapel, erected on the west side of the town, near the promenade by the entrance of the harbour, calculated to hold a considerable number of persons. The annexed is a representation of it. The parish church of Bude is that of Stratton.

Leaving the chapel upon the left, and going onwards to the rocks at the entrance

of the basin, and then ascending the cliff on the same side, one of the most extensive sea-views in England, from a similar altitude, comes at once into view. Beneath, on the right-hand, or north, are the sands and haven ; beyond which, headland succeeds headland all the way up to Hartland Point, in Devonshire, precipitous, rocky, lofty, and tempest-beaten. Immediately in front, and of a purple tint, upon a sea at that moment intensely blue, lay Lundy Island, about eight leagues distant, and of a form remarkably even. It appeared to consist of table-land. On the south, headland after headland stretched away in magnificent perspective, continually diminishing, to that which lying most distant shot far out into the sea, and was little more than a dark line of purple, melting into the cerulean tint of air and ocean. The nearest bay was the expanse appropriately enough called Widemouth Bay, a concave continued as far as Dazard Point, which rises 550 feet above the sea.



This bay is about six miles across; the shore bordered with cliffs of dark craggy slate, time-rent, and scooped or shivered into every form by the fury of the tempestuous waves. Here and there small portions of sand appeared at half-tide. Near the Dazard the headlands plunged down precipitously into the ocean depths, over which they cast a deep shadow.

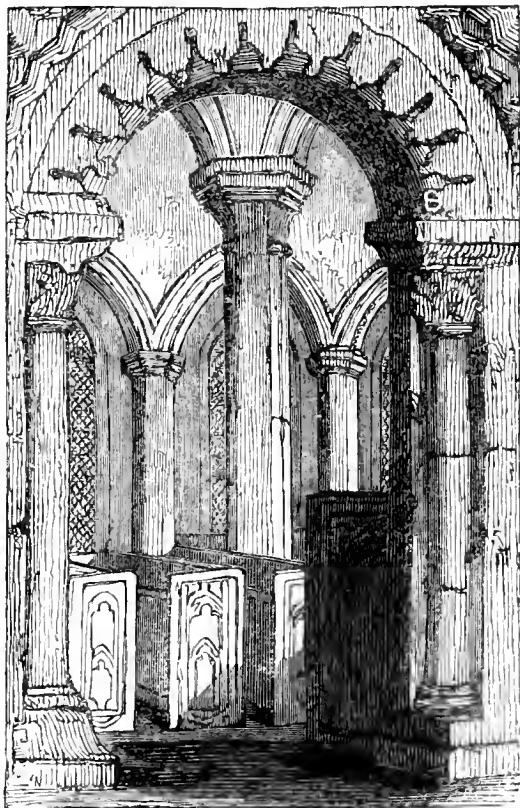
The slate strata here are in many places strangely shaken, bent, and twisted. They are not merely shattered, but driven to an upward direction in some instances, as if the plane surface they presented had been bent at an acute angle upwards; and in many cases, from not being fractured under the change they have undergone, they give the idea of their having been sufficiently plastic to adopt a given figure, a character so opposite to their shaly nature. The turf over these cliffs abounds in the camomile flower; imparting to the air a very agreeable fragrance.

The slate rock upon this coast grows rather more compact to the westward, and passes into other strata in some parts of the county, a little differing in character, and sometimes traversed by veins of a different date. On the northern side of the granite formation, as in the present case, the dip of the strata is north-east, or nearly so; while, on the southern side of the granite, the dip is south-east, under an angle of about 70° .

Returning to Stratton, and proceeding northwards three miles and a half, the fine old church of Kilkhampton rises in an open country. This edifice was erected many centuries ago, by one of the Granville family, whose seat at Stow, pulled down in 1720, had been the residence of that family ever since the Conquest. John Granville, son of Sir Beville Granville, killed at the battle of Lansdown, residing at Stow, was made Baron Granville, of Kilkhampton, in Cornwall, Biddeford, in Devonshire, Viscount Granville of Lansdown, and Earl of Bath; he was succeeded by his son Charles, whose son William Henry was killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol. The son of the last, who was named also William Henry, died in 1711; when the earldom and inferior titles became extinct. The title of Marquis of Lansdown, which was conferred upon the grandson of Sir Beville Granville, also became extinct by the death of George Granville, who died without issue, in 1734. The late Duke of Sutherland, and Lord Foley, were connected with this family by the female line, and became possessors of some of the estates; one of the females having married a Gower, and another a Foley, of Stoke, Herefordshire. Stow was rebuilt by John Granville, in the reign of Charles II., and was one of the finest residences of the English nobility. It stood on the brink of a well-wooded valley, itself wholly unsheltered. The kitchen offices were so extensive that they made a fine dwelling house. This mansion was pulled to pieces and sold in 1720. The wainscoting of cedar was bought by Lord Cobham, and used at Stowe, in Buckinghamshire, to adorn the seat of his family at that place.

The church of Kilkhampton, besides the beauty of the architecture, is noted for several monumental inscriptions, and for being the place where the pious Hervey conceived and wrote his "Meditations among the Tombs." It is an elegant and light structure, some parts of which are of higher antiquity than others. The tower is a fine square building, remarkably neat and simple in its parts and proportions. At the south entrance is this door, ornamented in the Anglo-Norman style, with zigzag cornices.

The interior consists of three aisles, the arches of which are sustained by pillars of slender but elegant proportion. An ancient font is exhibited here; and the pulpit is well worthy the inspection of the curious, for its finely carved workmanship. The tomb of Sir Beville Granville, who was killed at the battle of Lansdown, was erected in 1714, by George Granville, Marquis of Lansdown, Sir Beville's grandchild by his second son. It is a pompous affair, after the fashion of what is called the "Augustan age" of England. "Gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder," are copiously dealt out by the sculptor in the way of ornamental trophy. The inscription is as follows:— "Here lies all that was mortal of the most noble and truly valiant Sir Beville Granville, of Stow, in the county of Cornwall, Earl of Corbill, and Lord of Thorigny and Granville, in Normandy; descended in a direct line from Robert, second son of the warlike Rollo, first duke of Normandy, who, after having obtained divers signal victories over the rebels in the West, was at length slain, with many wounds, at the battle of Lansdown, July 5, 1643. He married the most virtuous lady, Grace, daughter of Sir George Smith, of the county of Devon, by whom he had many sons, eminent for their loyalty and firm adherence to the crown and church; and several daughters, remarkable examples of true piety. He was indeed an excellent person, whose activity, interest and reputation were the foundation of what had been done in Cornwall; his temper and affections so public, that no accident which happened could make any impression upon him; and his example kept others from taking any thing ill, or at least seeming to do so. In a word, a higher courage, and a gentler disposition, were never married together to make the most cheerful and innocent conversation.



“ TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF HIS RENOWNED GRANDFATHER,
 THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED,
 BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN,
 TREASURER OF THE HOUSEHOLD TO QUEEN ANNE,
 AND ONE OF HER MAJESTY’S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL, &c.
 IN THE YEAR 1714.

“ ‘ Thus slain, thy valiant aneestor* did lie,
 When his one bark a navy did defy ;
 When now encompass’d round, the victor stood,
 And bathed his pinnace in his conquering blood ;
 Till all his purple eurrent dried and spent,
 He fell, and made the waves his monument.’

MARTIN LLEWELLYN.”†

Kilkhampton was anciently a market-town, proved by the *quo warranto* roll of 1301. It has still three considerable cattle fairs; and is supposed to have been the property of the Granvilles from the conquest. That family becoming extinct, the Kilkhampton estate passed, by the female line, to Lord Carteret.

Moorwinstow, six miles north of Stratton, is the most northerly parish in Cornwall, situated in a bare country; the coast scenery is particularly grand.

* Sir Richard Granville, who lost his life off Tereira, in 1591:—“ The 13th of September, the said armada (Spanish fleet) arrived at the island of Flores; where the Englishmen with about sixteen ships then lay, staying for the Spanish fleet; whereof some, or the most part, were come; and there the English were in good hope to have taken them. But when they perceived the king’s army to be strong, the admiral, being the Lord Thomas Howard, commanded his fleet not to fall upon them, nor any of them once to separate their ships from him, unless he gave commission so to do. Notwithstanding, the vice-admiral, Sir Richard Granville, being in the ship called the *Revenge*, went into the Spanish fleet, and shot among them, doing them great hurt; and thinking the rest of the company would have followed, which they did not, but left him there, and sailed away; the cause why could not be known. Which the Spaniards perceiving, with seven or eight ships they boarded her; but she withstood them all, fighting with them at least twelve hours together, and sunk two of them, one being a new double flie boat of 600 tons, and admiral of the flie boats, the other a Biscain. But in the end, by reason of the number that came upon her, she was taken, but to their great loss; for they had lost, in fighting and by drowning, about 400 men; and of the English were slain 100,—Sir Richard Granville himself being wounded in his brain, whereof afterwards he died. He was carried into the ship called St. Paul’s, wherein was the admiral of the fleet, Don Alonso de Baean; there his wounds were dressed by the Spanish surgeons; but Don Alonso himself would neither see him nor speak with him. All the rest of the captains and gentlemen went to visit him, and to comfort him in his hard fortune; wondering at his courage and stout heart, for he showed not any sign of faintness, nor changing of colour; but feeling the hour of death to approach, he spake these words in Spanish, and said: ‘Here die I, Richard Granville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, that hath fought for his country, queene, religion, and honour; whereby my soul most joyful departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he was bound.’ When he had finished these, or such other like words, he gave up the ghost with great and stout courage; and no man could perceive any true sign of heaviness in him.”—*Hackluyt’s Voyages*.

† See “Oxford University Verses,” 1643. A collection of verses on the death of Sir Beville, printed in 1643 and 1684, by the University of Oxford. Llewellyn was a poet and physician; he died at High Wyeombe, in 1682.

There are no less than seven small villages or hamlets in this parish ; in which also rises the river Tamar. The church of Moorwinstow belonged to the hospital of Bridgwater, in 1290, and is neither remarkable for its architecture nor its monuments. Some of the Copplestone family, once of note in the neighbourhood,—extinct in 1611,—are buried within its precincts.

Returning to Stratton and Bude, and from thence proceeding towards Boscastle, about six miles on the road, at a little distance off, lies the church-town of Poundstock ; here is also a village, called Tregoll. In the church are some monuments of the family of Trebarfoot, extinct in 1630, that had a seat and large possessions here. Jacobstow, about ten miles from Stratton, is a parish remarkable only for containing the barton of Berry Court, a moated site, the history of which is unknown ; and for having given birth to Digory Wheare, in 1573, who published a life of Camden, a treatise on reading history, and several other works. Jacobstow is three miles from St. Gennis ; which last church-town is not more than two miles from the Dazard Head, and about the same distance from Cambeak, a headland jutting some way into the ocean, and forming the west point of Tremoutha Haven. There are four small villages in the parish of St. Gennis. In the church, is a memorial of Captain William Beaddon, who died in 1694 ; he was a member of the parliament of 1658. His epitaph makes him both gown and swordsman.

The distance from Stratton to Boscastle is seventeen miles. The coast consists of dreary and rugged promontories, with hollows and sandy beaches between. High Cliff, within four miles of Boscastle, rises 785 feet. The scream of the sea-bird, and roaring of the waves, are the only sounds heard. Here the blue expanse of ocean and sky, spread out above and beneath, presented a picture,—

— boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity !

About five miles from Boscastle the track lies over a desolate heath, called Tresparrot Down, 850 feet above the sea ; the whole way to Boscastle being a rapid descent. The elevation makes the rough land below appear like a level surface. Promontory after promontory stretches away to the west of Tintagel Head, seemingly of no elevation at all. The prospect is one of naked, wild, solitary grandeur. At length we approach a deep ravine, over the south-western brow of which appears the low tower of a pigmy church. Upon this part of the road we noticed several shaggy looking goats, the appearance of which, with their long coats and grave beards, hanging upon the ledges of the precipices, added much to the picturesque character of the scenery.

Our descent continued at a speed none but a Cornish horse and driver would have dared over such a road. Near the bottom were some houses ; and the roar of the sea was heard in a small creek upon the right hand, between precipitous rocks. Here we came upon an elbow in the gorge, passing which the road rose again rapidly. On one side, a stream turned a mill in a narrow cranny, just

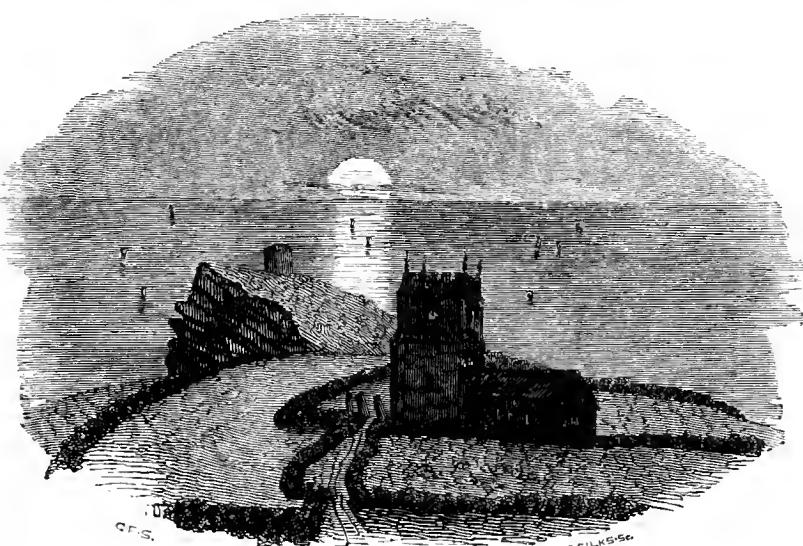
leaving room enough for the carriage, which wound toilsomely up hill. A road, excavated in the slate rock, diverged to the right hand, some way towards the top. The ravine now widened considerably; in front appeared a mound, upon which once stood the keep of a castle: it was crowned with a few mean cottages, while above these, enclosed in the expanding mouth of the ravine, rose the little town of Boscastle, or, more correctly, Bottreaux castle, the lords of which had once their baronial dwelling here. “The Lord Bottreaux,” says an old writer of the time of Henry VIII.* “was lord of this town, a man of old Cornish lineage.” The same writer then observes, “that in his time the castle was of small reputation,” and as it was unworthy the name of a castle, the people called it “the Court:” more unworthy at present, there is no other relic of the race than this neglected grassy mound, likely enough to pass unnoticed by a stranger.

The site of Boscastle is romantic beyond all idea. There is an inn, called “The Robin,” homely, but clean and neat, and, as everywhere in Cornwall, right hospitable to the stranger. No situation can more forcibly impress the mind with its absence from what is called “the world,” in all shapes. Everything seemed in repose; even names bore relation to it, for over the first door we saw was, “Francis Sleep, hosier” in large letters. There is an utter destitution of trees, except fruit trees, in the gardens, which exhibited a good deal of produce. With wood to shadow the gorges of the hills, no spot in the world could be more calculated for philosophic retirement.

A road has been already mentioned as turning off to the right hand, some way up the ascent of the hill towards the town. Descending the crooked but only street in the place, and taking this road, which ascends but for a little distance, a small spot of plain ground opens, upon which stands a low and humble, but strongly built church. This is the church of Forrabury, or Bottreaux, with its silent tower, from whence the merry peal has never been heard to break upon mortal ear.

There is a story told upon this want of accustomed parochial harmony, which many of the people sincerely credit, and always connect with any information about the church of Bottreaux, with which they entertain the

* Leland.



stranger. After Bottreaux church was erected, or more correctly Forrabury, for Bottreaux town, small as it is, belongs to two parishes, it was considered that no country church could be complete and orthodox without an harmonious peal of bells. Those of Tintagel were particularly musical, and within hearing when the wind blew towards Bottreaux; but this was not enough. The bells, which some said had tolled for king Arthur as he was borne a corpse from the field of blood near Camelford to Tintagel, and again as he was borne away from his native castle to be interred at Glastonbury, were not the bells of Bottreaux, but altogether aliens to that place; so they determined to have as choice a peal as money would procure. The Lord de Bottreaux, who had vast possessions, was then residing in the castle, and subscribed largely towards the purchase for the benefit of his soul,—lords being, in those good old days, as careful of their souls as persons less loftily born. An order was sent to London for the bells, to a founder of great reputation. There they were made, and despatched by sea, having been previously blessed, it is presumed from the sequel, by some most exemplary dignitary of the hierarchy. The peal, thus shipped, had a prosperous voyage until the vessel came into the bay opposite Bottreaux, when Tintagel bells were “swinging slow with sullen roar,” and the sound boomed along the waves to the ear of the pilot, who was steering the ship at the time. The pilot was pleased with the sound of his native bells, and thanked God that evening he should be on shore.

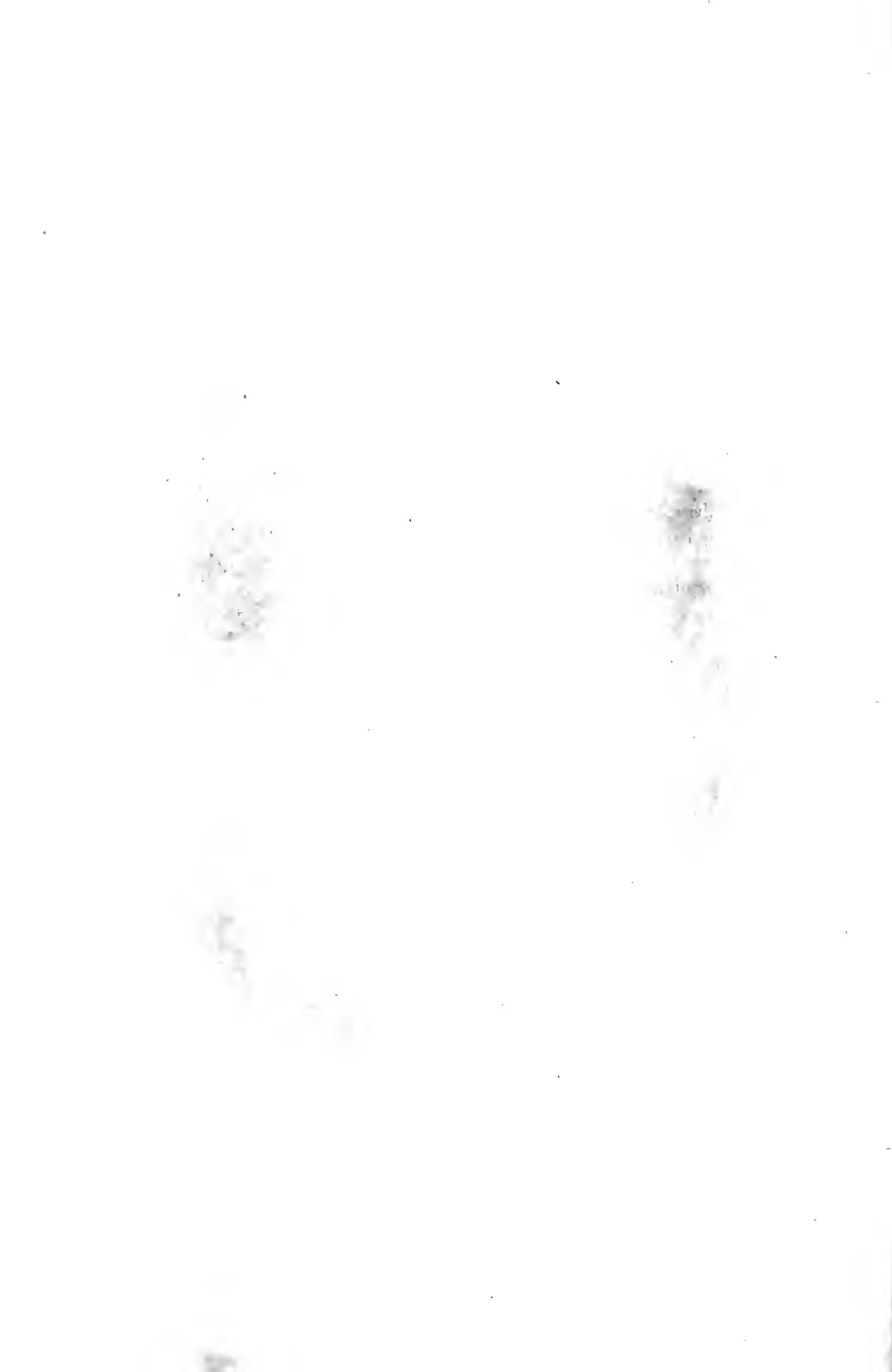
“Thank the ship, you fool,” said the captain, “thank God upon shore.”

“Nay,” said the pilot, “we should thank God everywhere.”

“Go to; thou art a fool, I tell thee,” said the captain; “thank thyself, and a steady helm.”

This strain was continued for some time; the captain jeered the pilot, and the pilot soberly maintained that it was the duty of all to thank God on sea or land, much more as the sea was a place of danger. The captain at last waxed choleric, and swore most sinful oaths and blasphemies, as sea-captains were wont to do in those times. The ship, in the meanwhile, was in sight of the tower that only lacked the bells to be a fair rival of Tintagel. The people were on the cliffs, and above all upon that named Willapark Point, overlooking the rocky gulph called the Black Pit, in expectation of soon receiving the precious freight. But the captain was not to go unpunished. The wind rose rapidly, and blew furiously from the west; nearer and nearer drove the vessel into the bay, and, when not a mile from the church tower, which was full in view, a monstrous sea struck her, she gave a lurch to port, and went down, bells and all. The pilot, who could swim, was taken up by a daring fisherman, who ventured to his assistance. The storm raged with tremendous fury, and the clang of the bells was distinctly heard, dull, as if muffled by the waves, through which the sound rose out of the ocean depths in solemn tollings, at intervals, clearly distinguishable from the roar of the winds and waves. The sound continues still to be heard during the frequent tempests that assail that







Open Water

Open Water

part of the coast, as it was heard at the hour when Bottreaux bells were engulfed beneath the ocean. The tower to this day has no bells, and more useful to the living is its silence, with the recollection of the cause, than the most harmonious chimes.

The Rev. Mr. Hawker, of North Tamerton, has noticed this story in his verses, entitled "The Silent Tower of Bottreaux." We take the liberty of inserting a few stanzas.

" The ship rode down, with courses free,
The daughter of a distant sea,
Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored,
The merry Bottreaux bells on board—
 ' Come to thy God in time !'
 Rung out Tintagel's chime—
 ' Youth, manhood, old age, past,
 Come to thy God at last !'

" The Pilot heard his native bells,
Hang on the breeze in fitful swells ;
' Thank God !' with reverent brow he cried,
' We make the shore with evening's tide.'
 ' Come to thy God in time !'
 It was his marriage chime ;
 Youth, manhood, old age, past,
 His bell must ring at last !

" ' Thank God, thou whining knave, on land,
But thank at sea the steersman's hand,'—
The Captain's voicee above the gale—
' Thank the good ship and ready sail.'
 ' Come to thy God in time !'
 Sad grew the boding chime ;
 ' Come to thy God at last !'
 Boom'd heavy on the blast.

" Uprose that sea, as if it heard
The mighty Master's signal word ;
What thrills the Captain's whitening lip,
The death-groans of his sinking ship.
 ' Come to thy God in time !'
 Swung deep the funeral chime—
 ' Grace ! Mercy ! Kindness past,
 Come to thy God at last !'

" Still when the storm of Bottreaux's waves
Is waking in his weedy eaves,
Those bells, that sullen surges hide,
Peal their deep tones beneath the tide ;—
 ' Come to thy God in time !'
 Thus saith the ocean chime ;
 Storm, billow, whirlwind, past,
 ' Come to thy God at last !'"

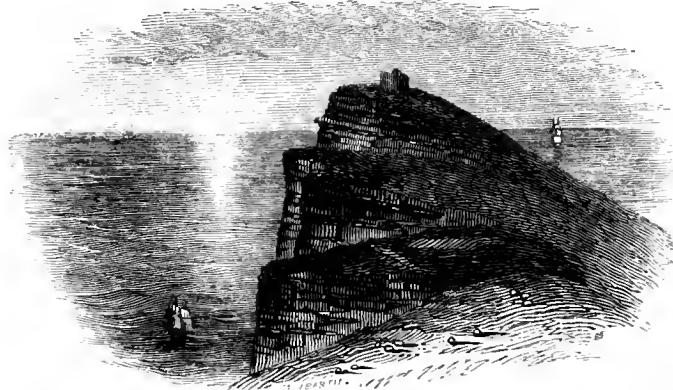
Part of the town of Boscastle is in Forrabury parish; the other part is in Minster. There are only two or three cottages in Forrabury, besides the

houses of Boscastle. The parish constitutes a rectory with that of Minster. Boscastle is five miles from Camelford, and three from Bossinny, or Tintagel.

Bottreaux church,* it is seen, stands very near the sea, or rather the formidable cliffs which bound its wild and raging waters. Just beyond the inclosure which limits the petty domain wherein the weary of this romantic little town take their final rest, there is a small field; at the time of our visit radiant with the golden hues of harvest, even to the verge of the cliffs. On the left, circling inwards, there is a gloomy abyss, at the bottom of which the waves break into foam upon black and jagged slate rocks. It is very appropriately called the Black Pit; like—

“Dread Malgebolge, all engulph'd in rock,
Of hue ferruginous—”†

Upon the right of this fearful-looking place the land rises rapidly, and pushes out some distance into the sea, terminating in a perpendicular descent, and a precipice so much loftier than the cliffs of the Black Pit as the ascent is higher. The summit bears the remnant of an old tower. This is called Willapark Point, and the view from its shattered walls is truly sublime, but not unaccompanied with fearfulness when the dizzy precipice, but a few paces off, meets the sight, and perpetually draws it away from surveying the surrounding scene, by the involuntary apprehension of danger. The choughs,‡ with their vermillion legs, beaks, and jetty feathers, fly sportively along the face of the rocks, scarce “as gross as beetles.”



The line of sea terminates northwards in headlands succeeding each other in various altitudes and forms. They are all dark, rugged, and precipitous. Beyond the Black Pit, after the curve in the shore made by that gloomy ocean inlet, in which the waves continually boil and fret, a rocky point goes down to the sea level, the sides nearly perpendicular, and here, where it may almost be said that—

“——— The dizzy eye
Aches with contraction, and grows dim in vain,
To search the unsounded bottom,”

* This epitaph occurs here to the memory of the late Rev. Mr. Cotton and his wife:—

“Forty-nine years they lived man and wife,
And what's more rare, so many without strife;
She first departing, he a few weeks tried
To live without her, could not, and he died.”

† Dante.

‡ The Cornish daw.

the green hue of the deep water continuing close beneath,—here, in a dangerous and fearful place, is a slate-quarry, the stone from which has to be hauled up to the summit of the hill. Beyond this, opposite two headlands of great elevation and steepness, a couple of solitary rocks rise out of the sea, contributing to the grandeur of the scene, and breaking the waves as they roll in upon the main land. Just over one of these headlands appears the solitary tower of Bossinny, or Tintagel Church.



The distance from Boscastle to Tintagel is three miles, the road unrelieved by one interesting object upon the wayside. inhospitable and barren, even the heath seems poorer than in other districts of the county. There is a hollow in the hills, or more properly a deep gully, down which flows a nameless stream of water, not far from the public road. In a fissure between the rocks this stream falls in a cascade, called St. Nighton's Keive by the people

of the vicinity. The place being out of the path of the prevalent winds, brushwood and furze spring up around sufficiently to improve the appearance of the fall; and on the rock, just where the water pitches down, there are four walls covered with vegetation, the roofless remnant of the abode of some hermit in times gone by, who resided there to pray for the souls of shipwrecked mariners, at least this is the supposition.



The inhabitants of the neighbourhood have another tale about this place, which, if there be truth in the tradition, would only go to prove that the building had received other tenants after its first occupant was no more. Two ancient ladies, of whom nothing was known, and whose accent showed them to be strangers to Cornwall, made their appearance on a sudden

at the fall, and took up their abode in the building. Their dress showed that they were persons of good quality. They sought seclusion only, and took nothing but food from those who inhabited the neighbourhood, ever seeming anxious to attract as little notice as possible. There they lived a good while, until the

hand of death fell upon one of them, when both were advanced in years; but even then no elucidation of the mystery of their identity took place, their history remaining a secret as before. The survivor was observed to pass her time in weeping. She grew thin and gaunt from the indulgence of her sorrow, which remained without mitigation until she was reduced to a skeleton. At last she was found dead, her grey head resting upon her bony and shrunken hand, stretched upon the place where she had been seen to sit and waste away her hours in sorrow. Who the strangers were remains still covered with the same impenetrable secrecy. Nothing was found which gave a clue to their previous station in life, and they passed away from existence nameless as the stream which falls beneath their secluded abode.

The sea is on the right hand the whole distance to Tintagel. At one time, seen over a steep headland brow, it comes full upon the view; at another, through the hill hollows. We never lose the line "where its blue glories melt into the pole," the view amply repaying the barrenness of the land prospect. Tintagel is properly the name of the precipitous and rugged headland upon which the ruins of the castle stand which is said to have given birth to King Arthur. The town is a mile distant, called also Bossinny, or Trevena, to which vulgar usage has added that of Tintagel, after the castle. It is now disfranchised, but, before the Reform Act, returned two members to parliament, elected by only five or six persons. Leland calls it Bossinny, and says that, in his time, (that of Henry VIII.), though only a fishing-town, it had great privileges, and that there were the ruins of a great number of houses about it; clearly indicating its former consequence. Bossinny is now a very poor and miserable place, consisting of half a dozen houses, scarcely worthy the name of a hamlet. The entire parish contains but 1,000 inhabitants. The church formerly belonged to the abbey of Fontevrault, in Normandy, and was afterwards given by Edward IV. to the collegiate church at Windsor, the dean and chapter of which attach all the great tithes, and are patrons of the living. It is a vicarage, valued in the Liber Regis at 8*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.* There is a charity-school here, the master of which has 10*l.* per annum from the corporation. Whatever might have been the consequence or extent of Bossinny in times past human memory, it is now solely visited for its relation to the castle, the reputed birth-place of King Arthur. Some have cast doubts upon the existence of such a personage at all, but the Chancellor Bacon's opinion upon the point is entitled to some weight, when he says there is truth enough in his history to make him famous, omitting what is fabulous. Upon the other side, it may be observed that Milton does not seem to have strong faith in the existence of Arthur, judging from his history. But in the traditions of this part of the country King Arthur is still fresh in renown. Going from Bossinny towards the sea, upon a bold precipitous projection on the main land, not less than 200 feet high, the first ruins of this far-famed fortress are seen, and across a chasm of fearful depth a second portion, as if the headland had

been rent asunder by an earthquake. Both were once connected by a drawbridge, which has long ago disappeared. The ruins on the main land consist of fragments of slate walls, some portion of the termination of which must have fallen into the sea. There are not enough left to do more than enable the observer to guess at their connexion and object. The walls, nowhere entire, on the land side were battlemented and loopholed for the discharge of arrows, and reach to the edge of the precipice, all being subsidiary to the citadel upon the island. This last can only be visited by a very perilous descent, and then an ascent up the cliff from below equally dangerous, for a single slide of the foot is certain destruction. The wind blew strong, and we did not think it prudent to venture upon the attempt of scaling the island; though the descent from the main land was by no means a difficult task with a steady head and disregard of the dashing waves beneath. The ruins on the island consist only of the remains of broken and shattered walls.* This part of the scene is exhibited in the engraving from the faithful pencil of Mr. Creswick, whose taste in art is only equalled by his just application of its principles. The sea has hollowed out a cavern under, in which the waves thunder, and rage, and boil. Such is all that remains of the reputed birth-place of him whose exploits and good sword, "Excaliber,"† have been "said and sung," from age to age. The Troubadours, the bards of Italy, and the minstrels of the North, have alike done honour to the name of the hero whose existence some are so contumacious to the pleasure of fiction, if not of truth, as to doubt.

It is difficult at first, it must be acknowledged, looking at the ruinous state of Tintagel castle, the dark slate rocks upon which they stand, and the sterility of the surrounding country, to reconcile the "antique pomp and pageantry" of the hero and his knights of the round table with such a scene. Imagination, prompt in resources for all difficulties, at once calls in the agency of time, operating every where, changing fertile territories into barren lands, and rendering the barren fertile; strewing earth with the wrecks of castles, as well as of empires, and reconciling past probability with existing doubt. The magic of the imagination thus recalls the actions of the potent hero of the West, the magnificence of his court, the valour of his knights, the visions of his glory, and the triumphs of his conquests; "fierce war and faithful love;" where desolation holds an

* Leland, temp. Hen. VIII., says, "This castle hath been a marvellous strong and notable fortress, and almost *situ loci inexpugnabile*, especially for the dungeon that is on a high and terrible crag, environed with the sea, but having a drawbridge from the residue of the castle unto it. There is yet a chapel standing within this dungeon of St. Ulette, *alias* St. Uliane. Sheep now feed within the dungeon. The residue of the buildings of the castle be sore weatherbeaten and in ruin, but it hath been a large thing." He also adds, "The castle had be liked three wards, whereof two be worn away by the gulping in of the sea; without the isle remaineth only a gate-house, a wall, and a fause braye, digged and walled. In the isle remain old walls, and in part of the same, the ground being lower, remaineth a wall embattled, and men alive saw therein a postern-door of iron. There is in the isle a pretty chapel, with a tomb on the left side."

† Arthur's sword, presented him by a fair hand which came up above the waters of a lake; a charmed weapon, like that of the archangel Michael, able to hew down "squadrons at once."

undivided sovereignty, and black rocks, shivered by tempests; treeless, and almost herbless, shores, and cliffs of fearful grandeur, are all that remain. Yet even here fancy nurses her day dreams of what has been in story, and further depicts the British hero borne back from Slaughter Bridge, mortally wounded, the tears of beauty unavailingly shed for him, the mournful countenances of his warriors, and the last moment when he rendered up his soul to God.

Portyssik, vulgarly called Port Isaac, distant from Bossinny about six miles, is a fishing-town, and little haven, much used for shipping slate from the celebrated and profound quarries of De la Bole, or Dennyball; it has a small pier, and shelter sufficient for the class of vessels that make use of it, which may run aground upon the sand. This slate is the best in the three kingdoms, absorbing less water than any other; but it lies inconveniently for shipment, and is worked to a great depth. A powerful steam-engine is attached to the quarry, which is situated in the parish of St. Teath. The excavation whence this superior slate is obtained is between forty and fifty fathoms deep, upwards of a hundred yards wide, and three hundred long; a startling and enormous excavation in the solid stone. The slate nearest the surface, for the first fifty feet, is of an inferior kind; that which succeeds is found to improve in quality, while that at 150 feet is discovered to be the best, improving in the descent to the depth of 240 feet. It is of a light-blue colour, perhaps greyish-blue is more appropriate, and its grain is exceedingly close and hard, so that it will ring, when struck, like metal. The stone is divided by wedges into laminæ of a manageable size, and again subdivided, when separated from the rock, into the thinness required for roofing or other purposes. The appearance of this vast excavation, the labourers at their task so far in the bowels of the earth, the working of the steam-engine above, and the hue of the rock, altogether present a novel appearance, in no way resembling a mine, nor the customary idea of a stone-quarry. The stupendous depth, and dark colours of the stone, from the wet streaming upon it in many places, the vast surface laid bare, the magnitude of the excavation which has been opened and worked for 140 years, and the sound of the blasting from below, are very impressive.

There is no place of consequence on this coast between Port Isaac and the projecting rugged headland, with its accompanying islands, called Pentire Point, and the entrance of the river Camel, except a little fishing cove, called Portquin, in the parish of St. Endellion, near which port are some old antimony mines. This parish, comprised between the Camel river and the sea, to the west of Tintagel, is that in which Port Isaac, or Portissik, is situated, and it has a charity school, supported by voluntary contributions. St. Minver, four miles from Wadebridge, in what are called the highlands, contains some monuments of the Opie family, and has a handsome modern window of painted glass. To this church, a Mr. Randall left ten shillings a year, for a funeral sermon for a thousand years, to be preached on the 27th of December, and

twenty shillings for the poor of the parish, per annum. Money for a thousand funeral sermons like money for a thousand masses, is an odd bequest, left no doubt out of the vanity of keeping the Randall name alive for ten centuries. Here are two chapels; one of St. Enodock nearly overwhelmed in the sands. To enjoy the revenue of this chapel, the story goes, that, at one time, the roof alone being kept clear of the rolling sea-sand, the parson used to descend to his duties by a solitary skylight. The chapel of St. Michael is on the banks of the Camel, and is also called Porthilly Church; the village attached to it has long been overwhelmed by the sands. There were other chapels in this parish; one, on the manor of Penmean, had a burying ground, which, in 1778, from the shifting of the sands, was exposed to view, and human bones, with rings, coins, and ornaments, from the time of Henry I. to Elizabeth, were found. There was also a cemetery of the Quaker sect here, and the author of “A Narrative of the Life and Sufferings of John Peters, a Quaker,” published in 1709, lies buried in it. Peters was steward to the Carew family. No Quaker now resides in the parish. A creek from the Camel is navigable for barges at high water in this parish, as high as Amble Bridge, St. Kew.

We retraced our steps to Boscastle, although the shorter way to Camelford was more direct. There was something so romantic about Bottreaux Castle, that it was impossible to resist the desire to see this secluded little town again, before taking leave of that part of the county. Passing by Tintagel, musing on human vicissitude and the history of Arthur, which, whether true or false, has beguiled the weary hours of countless numbers, by that irresistible influence which romantic fiction possesses over the human heart, not to mention the philosophical view of the subject, and feeling the truth of the lines in all their force—

“There is a joy in every spot
Made known in days of old,
New to the feet, although the tale
A hundred times be told,”—

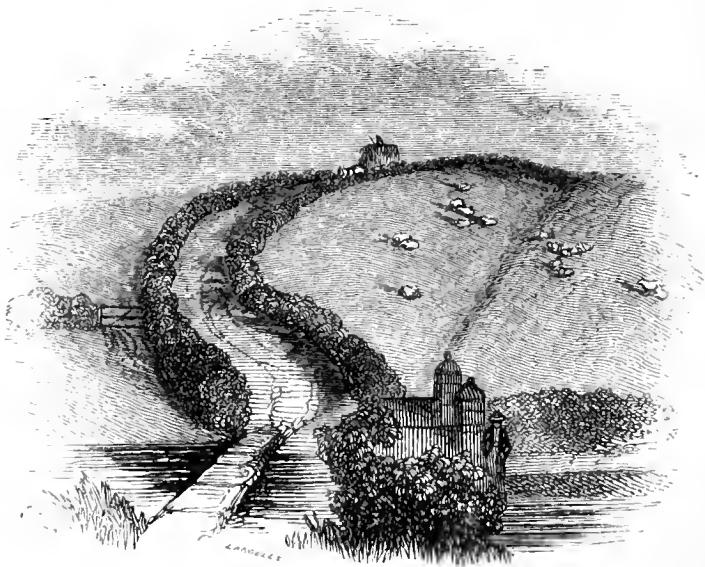
we reached Boscastle time enough, we apprehended, to visit the unmusical church during divine service. We were mistaken. The service was over, and along the paths beyond the church-yard, within a few paces of the Black Pit precipices, already mentioned, some of the inhabitants of that remote place were taking a sober walk amid “their homely joys and destiny obscure;” many, it was probable, had never been half a dozen miles from Boscastle in their lives. The women were good looking, and possessed that fresh and healthful complexion and that rondeur of person, without bulkiness, for which some of our maritime counties on the western shore of the island are said to be remarkable. Perhaps the air, never stagnant where the western breezes first strike the shore, imparts a purity to the atmosphere, or carries an extra quantity of oxygen, afterwards dissipated; for, as an inhabitant said, it was very pleasant

there a good part of the year, but in winter they had terrible storms of wind, "sure enough."

About a mile and a half from Boscastle is the church and parish of St. Juliet, called in the neighbourhood St. Jilt. It is a rectory, and was formerly the property of the Abbots of Tavistock. This parish contains only two hamlets, Beeney and Tresparrot; Lesnewth parish is two miles from Boscastle towards the east, and Otterham about four. They contain no object worthy of notice, and are situated in a very barren country. Of Warbstow, to the east of Otterham about three miles and a half, the same may be said, except that an ancient fortification, called Warbstow Barrow, exists here. It stands upon a hill on the north-west of the church-town, and is very extensive, consisting of a strong work on the summit, with traces of outworks on every side except upon the south-west. The living is united with Treneglos, which lies about eight miles north of Camelford, and is in the gift of the crown. Davidstow is another parish in this barren country, about three miles from Camelford.

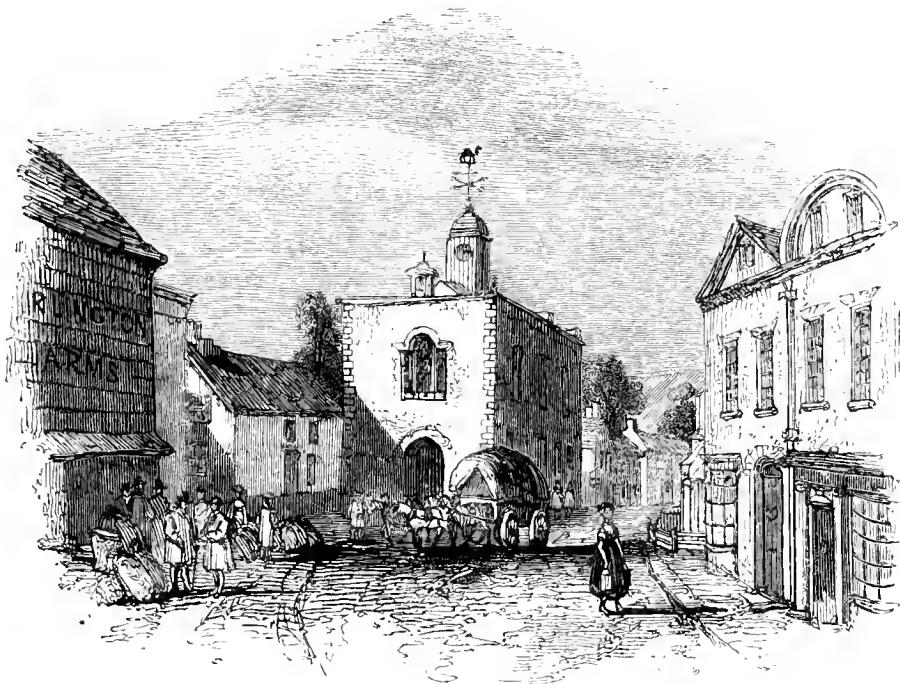
From Boscastle to Camelford is five miles. The way out of the town commences over a long hill, from which, upon looking back, a magnificent expanse of ocean meets the view, bounded by the cliffs and headlands from Boscastle to Tintagel, and far beyond the latter place. After passing the summit of this hill a very dreary country presents itself; on every side nothing but heath and stone cover the ground.

After travelling about three miles and a half, on arriving in a valley through which runs the main stream of the Camel or Alan river, here of very trivial import in itself, and just across, in the bottom, a wall of rock about twelve feet high presents itself. The declivity on the near side is not rapid, but slopes with an easy angle down to the water. Here, tradition says, King Arthur was mortally wounded in battle with his nephew Mordred; and a little farther on, where a bridge of flat stones, placed upon uprights, crosses the stream, the bloodiest scene of the battle is said to have occurred. From this circumstance it has come down as "Slaughter Bridge," to the present hour. The reader will perceive in the annexed engraving two upright pillars and a gate on the right of the bridge, down to which at right-angles there is a lane, with dense hedges on each side. The gate alluded to belongs to a private



residence upon the hill beyond. There is a ridge in the field, running obliquely upwards from the river. What it has been it is not easy to decide; perhaps the remnant of some ancient military work. There are two battles traditionally stated to have happened here; for besides the battle in which Arthur received his mortal wound, there was a sanguinary contest on this spot in 823, between the Britons and Saxons, the latter under King Egbert.

The same dreary country as that before prevalent continues almost close to Camelford, a town situated in the parish of Lanteglos; which parish, the town included, contains only about 300 houses and 1,600 inhabitants. Though a town of great antiquity, Camelford presents a scene of more than customary dullness, having very little trade. It returned two members to parliament before the reform act, from the time of Edward VI., the representatives of a mayor, eight burgesses, and ten freemen, out of its population. Camelford possesses a weekly market, principally noted for the sale of cattle; and also four annual fairs. The town-hall seen in the engraving was built by Francis, Duke of Bedford; and the corporation decorated it with a huge camel for a weather-cock, in happy ignorance of the derivation of the name of their own town from *cam-alan*, the crooked river.

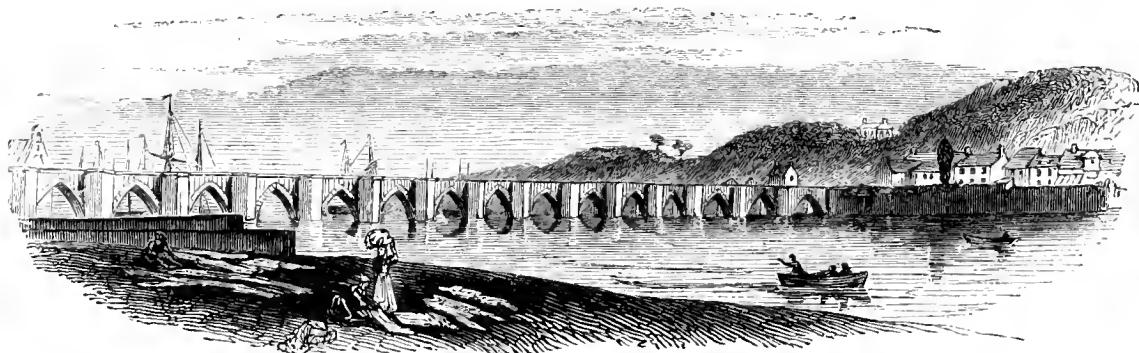


From Camelford to Wadebridge the road presents interesting scenery, lying partly through a charming well-wooded irriguous valley. At length, after journeying about ten miles, the Camel river is seen expanding between the hills, as Wadebridge is approached. There are several churches discernible on both sides of the road. The church of Lanteglos stands on the right, about a mile from Camelford; and on the left is Advent, called also St. Ann, or St. Tane. It is united to Lanteglos, and forms a rectory, in the gift of the

Duke of Cornwall; there are eight small villages in this parish, besides the town of Camelford, the ancient Gavelford.

St. Teath Church is on the right-hand side of the road, about three miles and a half from Camelford; and St. Kew, a good distance off on the same side, between the seventh and eighth milestones. The first parish, which contains the De la Bole quarries, the property of the Trevanion family, and the church-town, has also the villages of Delamere, Medrose, Pengelly, and Treliogoe. The rectory of St. Kew once belonged to Plympton priory. The manor was sold to the Granvilles, who parted with it to the notorious attorney-general Noy. It has long since been the property of the Molesworth family. This church has a good deal of painted glass yet perfect, and several monuments of extinct families. The hamlets or villages are Ammell, Tregelles, Trelil, and Trewethern. Michaelstow parish, on the left of the road, once contained the ancient castle of Helsbury, of which no traces remain. St. Tudy, also on the left, some distance off, gave birth to Sir William Lower, the dramatic writer, and to Dr. William Lower, who died in 1690, and wrote "A Treatise on the Heart;" their seat was called Tremeer. Above all, for its beautiful tower, one of the highest in the county, the church of St. Mabyn is conspicuous. It is eight miles from Camelford; and in it is a village called Trevisquite. There is an almshouse in St. Mabyn, built with a legacy, recovered in chancery, and bequeathed by William Parker.

Descending a steep hill between high banks overhung with wood, upon which stand several commodious houses, appears Wadebridge, a structure erected in 1485, over the Alan. It consists of seventeen arches, but one is invisible in the engraving.



This bridge owes its foundation to the public spirit of a Mr. Lovebone, vicar of Eglosheyle, who was much affected by the continual loss of life that happened at the ferry previously used for crossing the river. Lovebone must have been an ingenious as well as a humane man, for it is recorded that he laboured at his task, took great pains with the work, and was much annoyed in laying the piers, on account of the sandy nature of the ground, until he had recourse to packs of wool placed under the foundation. He left 20*l.* per annum towards its repairs. The Camel or Alan river rises at the foot of Rough Tor,

on the north-east side of the county, two or three miles north of Camelford town. It takes its course by Camelford in a very circuitous channel, and hence the name of Cam or Cabm-alan, or the crooked Alan ; Cam, in Cornish, signifying crooked, since confused into the separate names of Camel or Alan, the latter being the real appellation of the river.

The gentle gliding of this beautiful stream, luminous with sunshine and garnished with harvest fields, in their richest tints,—now basking in noonday glory, or darkly stealing among umbered trees by Eglosheyle ; now narrowing and overhung with foliage, or winding along under shady banks, or gushing over a stony bed yet higher up above the bridge,—seemed after leaving the dreary country about Camelford, far more agreeable and beautiful than it would have appeared under any other circumstances. Wadebridge is still a pleasant spot, independently of what it may gain by contrast ; but the buildings exhibit nothing worthy of note, and are divided by the river. The bridge, the eastern end of which is in St. Breock parish, bears a large and fine fig-tree, which has long flourished, without any one being able to account satisfactorily for its appearance ; the roots are fixed among the interstices of the stones upon the northern or sea side, and just over an arch. Wadebridge has a post-office and market. The parish church of Eglosheyle, in which the town is partly situated, lies not quite a mile up the stream, from the bridge, upon its southern side. It is almost close to the river, in a secluded and pleasant spot upon the road to Bodmin. The mortuary inscriptions record deaths in 1832 from the cholera. To those who consider the seclusion of the place, and the little chance of an intercourse subsisting with any spot from which infection might be brought, this will appear extraordinary. The site, however, is low, not far from the banks of the river. We observed a stone in this distant churchyard, “To the memory of George Jewel, M.D. founder of the Royal Adelaide Hospital, London, who died at Wadebridge, November 14, 1840, aged 47.”*

Eglosheyle,† signifying in Cornish the “church by the river,” contains several villages besides Wadebridge ; the houses in the parish are 220, the population above 1500. The manor of Park, within its limit, was once the seat of

* In Eglosheyle is the following curious epitaph :—“Here lieth the body of Nicholas, son of John and Catharine Oliver, who departed this life the 5th of July, 1772, in his 21st year.

“ In the bloom of all my year,
As on my tomb you finde,
My parents dear, and frends so near,
Am forced to leve behinde.
But since it is the will of God,
Contented they must be ;
In heaven above, in peace and love,
I hope I shall them see.
Transit hora, sive mora,
Sic transit gloria mundi.”

† *Eglos*, Cornish for a church, and *heyle*, a river.

the Peverell family—and was less anciently the property of the Lords Bottreaux and Hungerford. At present it belongs to the Molesworths, whose seat,—now occupied by Sir William Molesworth, so well known both as a scholar of considerable acquirements, and an ardent politician,—is called Pencarrow, built in 1730. Sir William Molesworth possesses also the manor of Pendavy, and the old family seat of the Kestalls, now converted into a farm-house. Eglosheyle church contains monuments of the Molesworth and Kestall families, and possesses two charity schools supported by voluntary contributions. There is an ancient entrenchment here, called Castle Killbury, not less than six acres in extent, enclosed with a triple ditch.

We left Eglosheyle, and took the high road to Bodmin, over Slade's Bridge, crossing a stream called the Laine, which flows into the Camel. The road runs generally in the vale, until the traveller reaches Dunmere Bridge, a very short distance from Bodmin, when, after having descended a hill, and crossed that bridge, beneath which the Camel or Alan flows rapidly and clear as crystal, a steep ascent leads up to the town of Bodmin. This town is situated partly in a high valley of no great breadth, and partly on the side of a hill; the main street running in a direction almost east and west. The road from Wadebridge joins that from Truro nearly at the top of this hill, where stands the twenty-second milestone from the Cornish metropolis. The town is very much improved since the whole of the county sessions and assizes have been held there. The summer assizes had been held at Bodmin before, from 1716, except on two occasions. New buildings have arisen in every direction, many of them faced with granite very finely cut. The new and commodious market is of this material; and the cornice over the entrance is adorned with bulls' heads, nearly of the natural size, cut in bold three-quarter relief, from the solid stone. The dislike of working this enduring material, which so appals the metropolitan workmen, is abundantly rebuked by the use of granite in its native county, and the facility with which it is shaped out there. In Bodmin there are names over houses of business, in which the letters are worked out in high relief, with perfect sharpness and effect.

The concentration of the courts of justice at Bodmin is an improvement, although Truro should have divided them with Bodmin; because, singular as it may appear, more than two-thirds of the population of the county reside west of a line drawn from Wadebridge to Lostwithiel; and of these two-thirds, three parts out of four are found west of a line drawn from St. Columb to Truro inclusive. In order to obtain a population sufficient for the eastern division of the county, under the Reform Act, to return four members, it was necessary to divide the county by a line which appropriated two-thirds of the surface eastwards, to obtain a portion of the population 10,000 less than that existing in the western third.

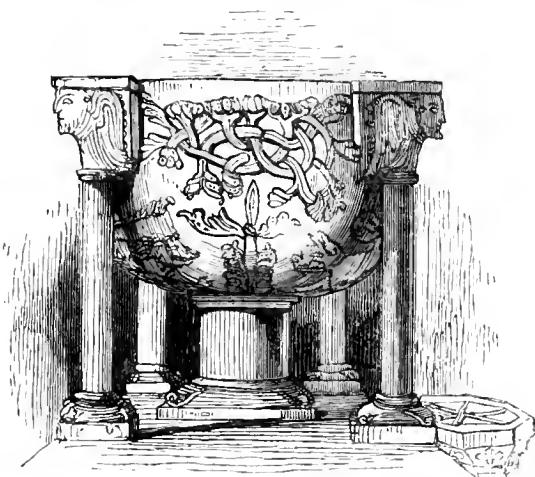
Bodmin is a corporate town, and has returned two members to parliament since the time of Edward I. The limits of the borough, under the Reform

Act, include the neighbouring parishes of Lanivet, Lanhydrock, and Helland ; and the number of 10*l.* houses is 311.* It has an excellent market, already mentioned ; it lies upon the left-hand side of the principal street, passing to the east. A market on Saturday is recorded in this town so long ago as when Doomsday-book was taken, the profits of which then belonged to the prior ; but are now vested in the burgesses.† A county prison, on the plan of the philanthropic Howard, was erected here in 1780, on the north-west part of the town ; and there is a county lunatic asylum, of later date, standing at no great distance from the gaol, on the west. There is no doubt but Bodmin was anciently one of the most considerable places in the county ; the population of the town in 1831 was 3,782 ; which was an increase upon the number of 1811, upwards of 1,500. In the year 1351, no less than 1,500 persons died of the plague there ; an evidence of its having been once much more populous than it is at present.

The church, erected about the middle of the fifteenth century, is situated at the east end of the town, and belonged to the priory, of which no remains now exist worthy of description ; nor indeed of other religious buildings which are known to have existed. No spot better adapted for religious meditation could have been selected. A lofty spire, which stood on the present tower, was destroyed by lightning in 1699. Handsome as the present church is, the cost of its erection was no more than 194*l.* 3*s.* 6*½d.* St. Petroe is said to have chosen the site for his abode in the sixth century, and here he died. King Athelstan afterwards founded a Benedictine priory upon the spot, and granted the superior a market, fair, the pillory, gallows, and other immunities of the time, conferred upon similar establishments. Sternhold, one of the translators of the psalmody which goes by his name, was possessor of this demesne subsequent to the dissolution and spoiling of the religious houses by Henry VIII. The present church is 123 feet long, by 60 wide ; and within is exceedingly handsome, consisting of three aisles divided by nine arches, after the style of the fifteenth century. These spring from columns, clustered and of fine proportion. There is a very curious font in this church, evidently of high antiquity. At the altar end are several rude carved seats ; and fragments of the wrecks of broken monuments are seen among the paving stones. The only one notable here in the reign of Henry VIII., and still noted, is the tomb of Prior Vivian ; he died July 3,

* See, for the population, the returns at the end of the County Itinerary.

† Leland says, that in his time Bodmin had "a market like a fair, for the confluence of people."



1533 ; it represents him in effigy, angels protecting his head, and his hands clasped together upon his breast. There are six niches on the sides of the tomb, filled with statues of different saints.

East of the church, the tower of which is handsome and well proportioned, is part of an old building, which upon inquiry we found was used as a school-room ; this, perhaps, is what Leland called a “cantuary chapel,” or some remains of that, or of the priory. Upon the site of the priory, or the larger part of it, a private residence is now erected. The church-yard is in excellent order, more from the absence of lawless tread, and a spirit of defacement in the people, than from care. Here the wanton profanation of parish cemeteries is seldom remarked. The church-yards of Cornwall are, in general, exceedingly well preserved. The people seem to respect their precincts, and to view them as the residence of the unforgotten who preceded them. There is nowhere to be seen that trim order and fastidiousness which bespeaks rather the pride of pecuniary display, than any sensibility to the lessons read by such places to the living, whether of affectionate regard for those who are no more, or of memento to self,—as prevail in the new cemeteries near the metropolis, and other large places. The neatness observed follows no garden plan : the flowers are generally wild that bloom in these ; the scythe has paid no monthly visit to the turf ; nor has the heavy roller smoothed the path, that winds amid the narrow houses appointed for all living ; but there is in these church-yards that which passes all show of art,—where the hook, that crops the weedy affluence, and the besom, are the only instruments used, and these rarely,—there is a wild neatness ; flowers seem to spring in such an appropriate manner, and the over-arching foliage to shade the unconscious dead that slumber below, so naturally ; all is so fitting without care, so quiet in its own nature, and in general so solitary, that the inclination to gaze a little space upon them is irresistible. Whether shaded with foliage, or canopied alone by the heavens, the head and foot-stone distinguishes the humblest graves in Cornwall ; and the last resting-place of many perished generations of men,—who can say of how many ?—is equally a sanctified spot in this county, to a degree in some cases peculiarly striking. Even the grave-ground of the little church of Sennen, the first and last in England, is as neatly kept as those which are in situations



far nearer the haunts of congregated man. At Bodmin the situation of the cemetery is amid the busy hum of men; but it is still appropriate and in keeping.

A curious printed account of Jasper Wood, vicar of Bodmin for thirty-seven years, was said to exist among the scarce tracts of the time, a little while ago. He died in 1716; before his decease he fancied himself bewitched, and gave an account of his delivery from the spell put upon him, by the interference of his guardian angel. The inhabitants have traditionally many strange stories about him, which, as is generally the case, seem to lose nothing in the relation.

There is a grammar-school in this town, founded by Queen Elizabeth, and endowed with 5*l.* from the exchequer, and 100*l.* from the corporation, out of the market tolls. A new school-room has recently been added, in a commodious situation. Besides the church there are two dissenting chapels. The county meetings are kept here, as well as the registry and court of the arch-deaconry of Cornwall.

The idea of Bodmin having once been the see of a western bishop was fully refuted by Whittaker of Ruan Langhorne; who has shown clearly the errors into which some of his sanguine and credulous brother antiquaries had fallen in this matter, and their mistake in supposing it was the monastery of St. Petroc at Bodmin, that was burned by the Danes, in place of a religious house dedicated to the same saint some distance off, and situated near the sea-side. A house of the Grey Friars, once existing in this town, was founded by John de London, under the patronage of Edmund, Earl of Cornwall.

In the year 1496, two individuals of this parish, Michael Joseph and Thomas Flamank,—the last, ancestor of the present family,—proprietors of the Barton of Boscarne, were concerned in the rebellion of Perkin Warbeck, who, landing in Cornwall, marched to lay Exeter under siege; and for a time made Bodmin their head quarters. In 1550, the Cornish rebels under one of the Arundel family, were much favoured by the inhabitants of Bodmin; and a special commission being sent down under Sir A. Kingston, the worthy representative of justice, after accepting the mayor's hospitality, hanged him at his own door. Others of this personage's freaks are still told, which show that Jeffries in the Monmouth rebellion, amid all his atrocities, might have quoted precedent in their justification. Kingston hung Mr. Mayow of St. Columb, in that town, upon a charge not capital, nor even proved. Mr. Mayow's wife hearing her husband was in custody, spent so much time before her glass in order to render her solicitations for her husband more prevailing, that before she reached the presence of this demon of the law, the poor man was dangling at a sign post. He also hung the portreeve of St. Ives in the middle of the town. His execution of the mayor of Bodmin is thus related:—The poor mayor had been *forced* to favour the seditious. Kingston wrote him a letter that he would dine with him on a particular day, and preparation was made to receive this bloody-minded lawyer with due honour. Kingston arrived with a train of

attendants, and had scarcely entered the mayor's house when he called him aside, and requested him to get a gallows erected immediately, as he should proceed to execute some persons after dinner. The mayor obeyed the order. When the administrator of the law had dined comfortably, he took the mayor by the arm, and asked to see the gallows. "Dost thou think they are strong enough?" said the judge.—"Doubtless they are," answered the mayor. "Then get thee up," said Kingston, "they are erected for thee."—"I hope you mean not as you speak," said the poor mayor. "There is no remedy," said the judge, "you have been a sorry rebel." Accordingly the mayor was executed without more ceremony. This same Kingston, who thus hung men in Edward VI.'s time, for rising against the persecution of the old religion, in Queen Mary's time took briefs on the other side, and was equally zealous in persecuting the protestants.

There was a hospital for lepers about a mile from Bodmin, which owed its incorporation to Queen Elizabeth, about the year 1582. The remains consist of three pointed arches and some ruinous walls. The following inscription was lately legible upon the walls, in black letter:—"Richard Carter of St. Columbe, merchant, by his last wylle & testament, in ano. dom. 1582, did geve ten pounde for the ollurance of twentie shillinges yerelye to be payed unto us the poer lepers of the hospytall, and to our successors for ever; which ten pounde, by the consent of his executor, we have employed towardes the makynge of thys howse in ano 1586; whose charitable and rare example in oure tyme, God grantete main to follow hereaftre." The charter shows that long before this time there had been an establishment of a similar nature in the same place, and a prior, brethren and sisters, of Lazars, unincorporated. Her majesty, in her good will and pleasure, incorporated them as the "Master, or governor, and brothers and sisters, in all thirty-nine, of the hospital of Ponteboy;" the poor men and women were to be lepers, and to elect one another. James I. granted the establishment some additional privileges; among them a fair, which is still kept on the 21st of August, and another for cattle on the 29th and 30th of October. The seal of this hospital is yet preserved, and is a very curious relic of its kind. While the charities so privileged perish, it is wonderful how every thing connected with them that contributes to private gain survives. The lands with which this hospital was endowed, or rather what, perhaps, remained of them, had dwindled to 140*l.* per annum; and this sum had been wholly withdrawn from its legitimate object, the fairs and markets remaining in full vigour notwithstanding. There were no more sick or infirm heard of for a long while, but the buying and selling went on as usual. A suit was instituted in chancery, terminating the mock corporation by which the trust had been abused, and transferring its funds to a truly charitable institution, the county infirmary, at Truro.

The parish of Bodmin is large, and contains four adjoining villages or hamlets, Dunmere, Nantallan, St. Lawrence, and Bodiniel. There were anciently

several manors of Bodmin, now in the possession, by purchase or inheritance, of the Bassett, Robartes, Grenville, and Hoblyn families, or their representatives. The remains of the castle of Kynock, or Canyke, are in one of these manors, consisting of grass-covered earth works. There was a long-observed custom at Bodmin, or rather in the neighbourhood, upon Halgaver Moor, anciently held in July, and then attended by a vast number of all classes of people, though at present it is otherwise. A sort of mayor of misrule was elected, who held a court for the trial of offenders within his jurisdiction. He was styled the “Mayor of Halgaver.” All persons accused of negligence in garb, or of wearing only one spur, or any one accused of omitting a particular article of dress, or being deficient in good manners, was charged as with a felony. A mock trial took place, in which the prosy forms of a regular court were burlesqued with becoming gravity; and sentence being as gravely pronounced, it was executed upon the culprit in some ridiculous punishment, rather calculated to excite the laughter of the assembled multitude, than to injure the party who thus suffered judgment. That this burlesque originated in a very ancient custom cannot be doubted. “Take him before the Mayor of Halgaver,”—“Present him in Halgaver court,” are old Cornish proverbs in the way of joke for petty offences against neatness of dress, or for a breach of good manners.

At Lanivet, about three miles from Bodmin, are the remains of an ancient monastic building, delineated in the engraving. It is lamentable to state, that, by an exhibition of more than Gothic bad taste, the cloisters were removed at a comparatively recent date. This is one of the few monastic edifices in Cornwall of which any considerable portion has remained to a late period. The tower is beautifully covered with ivy. St. Bennet's was of the Benedictine order, and is said to have been subordinate to some foreign monastery, generally supposed that of Monte Cassino, in Italy. It afterwards became a seat of the Courtenay family, and was sold by one of its members, in 1710, to Mr. Bernard Pennington; and, in 1720, resold to Richard Grove. It is now the property of the Rev. F. V. J. Arundel. What exists of the monastery is inhabited by labourers in the service of the owner. The appearance of these ruins from the high road, on the right hand, going westward, is striking;



the vicinity too is well adorned with wood. Lanivet hill is covered with massy rocks.

The church of Lanivet has nothing remarkable in its architecture, but it contains several monuments of the Courtenays, who afterwards resided at Tre-meere, in this parish.* There are lands in this and the neighbouring parishes that once belonged to St. Bennet's, and let for 110*l.* per annum, vested in the “twelve men of the parish,” as they are styled, for the use of the poor. These “men of the parish” accordingly maintain some poor in an old alms-house, and support a charity-school under the same roof, allowing 8*l.* to the master per annum, and a dwelling-house.

The great mail-road through Truro to Falmouth from Launceston passes through Bodmin, the central situation of which unites roads from the south-east, south, north, and west; and as it was our determination to cross what are called the Moors to St. Cleer, properly St. Clare, and as the road that way was not practicable for any vehicle but a Cornish cart, and moreover as our starting point could only be reached by travelling ten miles towards Launceston, over a dreary road, we mounted the mail as far as a solitary inn, situated in a desolate spot, where the coach changes horses. This inn is called the “Jamaica Inn.” No view is to be obtained on any side, for, around were only heathy moors, brown, and monotonous. We reached it at night-fall, in a drizzling south-west rain, and on foot, having left the mail to examine the Four-Hole Stone, which stands by the road-side, about a mile from the Inn, on a desert heath, called Temple Moor; truly, “a waste, howling wilderness.” The parish of Temple is about six miles from Bodmin, and gives name to a long tract of wretched downs between Bodmin and Launceston; it contains only three miserable huts, and the remnant of a dilapidated church. The manor here once belonged to the Knights Hospitallers, and is now, with the living and ruins of the church, the property of Sir Bouchier Wrey, the patron of a sinecure benefice, twice augmented by queen Anne’s bounty. Many living a few years since recollected divine service being performed in this church. The rector of Blisland, five miles from Bodmin, an adjoining parish, now does the surplice duty, and keeps the registry of baptisms and burials for the three cottages, which are entered in the Blisland register.† Blisland manor belongs to Sir W. Molesworth; and there are some inconsiderable hamlets in the parish; the

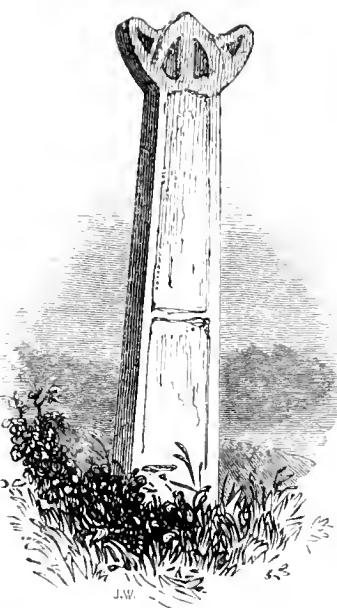
* On the tomb of Richard Conrtenay, of Tremeere, and his wife, who died in 1632, is the following epitaph:—

“ They lived and died both in Tremeere,
God hath their souls, their bones lie here;
Richard with Thomsen, his loved wife,
Lived 62 years, then ended life.”

† There are memorials of the Kemp family in the church. The Rev. C. Morton, ejected from it by the Act of Uniformity, was author of “A Discourse for improving the County of Cornwall,” in 1675, the seventh chapter of which treats of the utility of sea sand as a manure, now so generally used. He also published “A Letter to prove Money not so necessary as imagined;” “Considerations on the New River;” and various theological works.

manor-house is occupied by labourers. Upon these dreary moors, close to the road-side, the Four-Hole Cross stands, eight miles and a half beyond Bodmin; it is much defaced by age, and is in no respect more remarkable than many other stone crosses in which Cornwall abounds, though some deem it the oldest. It has been ornamented with scrolls, which are now scarcely perceptible from the effect of time.

The Jamaica Inn afforded coarse but clean accommodation. During the night the wind swept in gusts across the moors from the south, driving along rain fine as vapour. After breakfast, the atmosphere having cleared a little, we struck off across the moors, with a pocket compass,—a most useful companion had the misty rain come on again. There is a road on the southern side of this great eastern turnpike, literally strewed with granite rocks, which we first passed over: these rough masses were then exchanged for disintegrated granite, soft and gravelly to the tread. The great mail road disappeared by a turn among the moors, up which we proceeded to visit the celebrated lake, or rather tarn, called Dosmary Pool. No scene can be imagined more horribly dreary. In most mountainous countries, bare of vegetation, a peak, a rock, a precipice, the mere wreck of something, besides a lifeless tarn, is in the scene, relieves the eye, and breaks the sameness of the view. Nothing of the kind was observable here. Dosmary Pool is a piece of water at the bottom of two or three rounded eminences, covered with stunted heath, in itself dark and unlovely enough. It is contemptible as a lake, not being more than a mile in circumference, yet its extraordinary desolation attaches to it a species of singularity that strikes from its very negation of all character. The cheerless aspect of the spot naturally accounts for the stories which the country people have invented, of its unfathomable depth,—it is really shallow,—and of its extraordinary visitant. When the winter winds sweep over the hills around, and ruffle at such times the almost leaden stillness of its surface; when the misty rain dims the landscape, or the sound of the tempest almost stuns the ear,—the Cornish cry, “Tregagle is roaring; hark!” The nurses, from one end of the county to the other, continually exclaim, in order to silence their crying children, “Be quiet; thou art roaring like Tregagle.” The only explanation the people give of this personage’s business and identity, consists in their stating that Tregagle is a giant, condemned, not “to toil in fire,” at such seasons, but in water, and “to teem”* out Dosmary Pool with a limpet shell; he is consequently said to be roaring with anger at the hopelessness of his



* “To teem” in Cornwall is frequently used for the verb “to empty;” this is really one meaning of the word: Swift says “*Teem* out the remainder of the ale into the tankard.”

task, even sometimes when midnight wraps this inhospitable spot. Often the devil chases him round the borders of the fearful pool, until, fairly outrunning the evil one, Tregagle reaches Roche Rock, and, thrusting his head in at the chapel window, finds a respite from his tormentor. Having once upon a time a vast load of sand upon his back, and being pursued by Satan, he dropped it between Loc Pool and the sea, near Helston, and thus formed the large sand bar existing there. This personage is said to have borne the name of "Jan," or "Janney," when alive. His sufferings are caused by his having got hold of the heir of considerable estates, murdered the father and mother, and converted the property to his own use:—thus runs the story. The name is Cornish, and there was once a family so denominated, resident at Trewoder, in St. Breock, now extinct, one of whom was Sir John Tregagle.

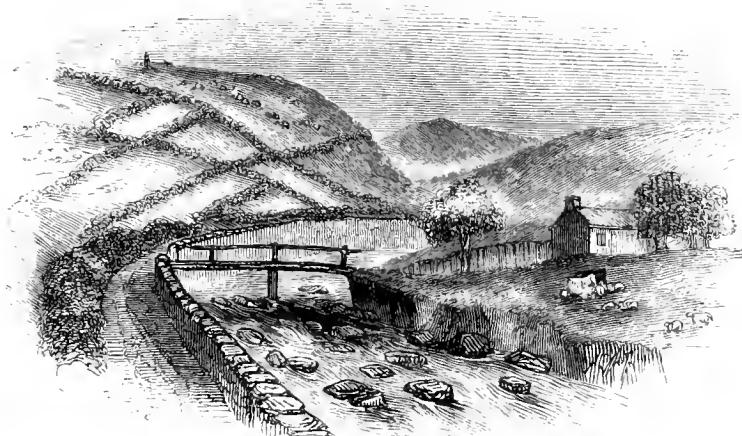
From visiting this Dead sea of Cornwall, not far from which once stood a chapel, we returned some portion of the way we had before passed, and then pursued a course almost due east, to fall in with the Fowey river, which we knew would serve as a guide during the future part of our march. By falling in with the river, and keeping parallel, it was not easy to lose the way upon these wild moors. The river had crossed the mail-road to Launceston, some distance beyond the place where our course diverged from it, at what is called Palmer's Bridge. Its source is at a spot called Fowey Well, near Brown Willy, in the parish of Alternon, and hundred of Lesnewth, eight miles west of Launceston, and about the same distance from Camelford. This parish is the most extensive in Cornwall, containing 12,770 acres, but only four hamlets. Formerly there was a singular manner here of curing madness, perhaps a pretended mode of casting out evil spirits, borrowed from some other place. The insane person was placed on the brink of a square hollow, filled with water from St. Nun's well, unconscious of what was intended, and was tumbled suddenly into the water by a blow on the breast. He was then pulled about, up and under, until his strength, and his rage with it, had forsaken him. He was next taken to church, and prayers said over him. If he was not cured, the immersion was again had recourse to. This was called "Boussening," from *Bidhysi*, to dip, in Cornish and Armoric. Here, too, was the ancient estate of the Trelawney family, long passed into other hands. The church is said to be the burial-place of a saint, called St. Nonnet, mother of St. David, for in Cornwall every parish is sainted.* One Peter Joll is reported to have been the clerk, who

* There is a joke, that the devil will not venture among the Cornish, for fear of being sainted or put into a pie; the variety of sainted churches as of pies being pretty nearly equal, and some of both doubtless excellent in their way. The pies seem to have preserved their qualities and names unchanged, but the Cornish, or the Saxon, or both, make strange work with the saints in this regard. Cornwall has saints never heard of out of the county, and churches called after new names have obtained the St. for antecedent imaginary beings, no martyrology containing them,—there is St. Creed, St. Mewan, and St. Newlyn; while some real saints have lost their saintships, as Probus, Colan, Buryan. Of Cornish saints, there is St. Keby, St. Mellion, St. Gerrans, St. Milor, and many more. There are Welsh, and even some Irish saints, with their names cruelly mangled. St. Paternus is now Petherwin, and so of many others.

lived to be a hundred and fifty years of age, and in his hundredth year cut a new set of teeth. But the river Fowey is forgotten. The Fowey rises at Fowey Well, in a "very wagmore," in the side of a hill, says old Leland, in whose time the higher part was called Draines. Upon the present occasion it was first seen a mile or two on the south, below Palmer's Bridge, running rapidly through the moors, in a deep-worn channel, over loose stones and blocks of granite. Its stream was the most pellucid we ever saw upon first falling in with it, but was afterwards tinged for some distance with a milky hue, most probably from a momentary cause, as during its whole course its waters are generally clear. This river winds a good way through a very beautiful country, passing the old seat of the Glynnns, now belonging to Lord Vivian, where it curves sweetly beneath fine woods, and at length reaching Lostwithiel, becomes, a little below the bridge, navigable down to Fowey Harbour, which is its estuary. It receives many tributary streams, and, except the Tamar, is the largest freshwater stream in the county, with a course of about thirty-six miles, six and a half only of which are tidal. It was once navigable above Lostwithiel.

Nothing could exceed the solitude and silence of these moors; for in the course of three hours' march we met no human being. Here and there a cottage appeared, built of cob, and sometimes a tree near it, generally very small. The gurgling of the water over the stones in the bed of the Fowey was the only sound perceptible. A solitary rough-coated horse or cow might be seen feeding in some distant insufficient enclosure of turf, or rough stones piled heedlessly upon each other; while now and then, towards the east, a rugged peak or tor, "horrent" with granite crags at the summit, and deeply embrowned with heath below, rose over an intervening eminence, giving significant notice that in the same direction lay several of the most singular, and, for the most part, unexplored rocky hills of the county, extending almost to the Tamar. Among them are Caradon, 1,200 feet high, and others above 1,000 feet, upon parts of which it might be supposed Milton's "Battle of the Angels" had occurred, only that in place of "whole promontories," they had hurled granite cubes at each other, as large as houses, and left them where they fell. The district thus alluded to is one of a savage but very grand character.

We crossed the Fowey river, and walking over much uneven and rugged ground, found ourselves enveloped in hills, or rather tors, every summit consisting of pointed granite rocks, with vast masses of the same material strewed



upon the sides. Passing south of Hawke's Tor, and leaving that of Trewartha behind to the north, we ascended Kilmarth Tor, the top of which is one of the most singular collections of granite rocks that can be imagined. At a distance, all sorts of buildings may be fancied erected along the ridge, but on a near approach nothing but vast masses of granite, generally cubical in form, meet the view. Kilmarth Hill is 1,200 feet high, and the prospect from amid the gigantic rocks, that crown it as with a diadem, is very fine and extensive. The rocks, for which it is most remarkable, are represented in the annexed engraving; but the entire summit is a singularly confused heap of the same materials, grotesquely, irregularly and regularly shaped, of which neither pen nor pencil can give an adequate idea.



Sharp Point Tor is directly south of Kilmarth, is equal to it in height, and on the south-east side has a curious assemblage of rocks. Immediately to the south of this tor, on a hill of less elevation, but equally wild and rocky, are the stones, called the Hurlers, said to be men transmuted into stones for hurling upon the sabbath-day. They are a singular relic of antiquity, consisting of three circles of upright stones; the largest circle occupies the centre, but the three would be bisected by a line drawn through all their centres. Many of the stones have been taken away for use,—a disgraceful act, when it is considered that there are countless thousands of the same kind of material for building, or for gate-posts, equally at hand, though not perhaps quite so shapely for the latter purpose. The height of these stones at a mean is about four feet. Antiquaries ascribe to the Hurlers a druidical origin.

The summits of all the hills, over a large district hereabouts, possess singular appearances of the same nature as the present. Kilmarth rocks, already mentioned, stand upon the ridge of a very lofty eminence, and seem, though in a different manner, momentarily ready to overreach the centre of gravity, and fall down with “hideous ruin and combustion.” The Kilmarth rocks are not near so high as those of the Cheesewring. Borlase makes both rock deities of the Druids, but ascribes their aspect to natural causes, except in the holes upon their summits, which he erroneously considers artificial.

But the hill upon which the celebrated rocks stand, called the Cheesewring, has been passed by; it is north of that on which the Hurlers appear,

and south of Sharp Tor. The following is a sketch of this singular natural curiosity, which is about twenty-four feet high.

The hills being all rocky, and the storms of countless ages having washed the earth from between crannies on their summits, have left them, when sufficiently firm, to stand alone, piled in the fantastic shapes they now assume. The granite is of the more ancient geological formation, yet time has operated upon it in many places, principally through the agency of water, decomposing, and scooping into hollows, certain parts of the solid block; two of these hollows are said to exist on the summit of the Cheesewring, as the country people have named the pile, from its resemblance to those excellent comestibles, placed one upon another.

These enormous rocks, thus resting upon each other cheese-fashion, overhang their base so much that the wonder is how they sustain their position, and withstand the shock of the elements. A smaller stone than those above it rests upon three or four others of still smaller dimensions, and then an enormous stone succeeds, which, calculating from the entire height of the pile, must of itself measure five feet thick, by ten or twelve in diameter. This huge mass carries two others of a less size, that upon the summit being considerably smaller than the one beneath it. Standing on the shady side of the Cheesewring, when the sun was shining, the imposing character of the pile was peculiarly striking, not unmixed with apprehension. The stones which compose this singular work of nature are much rounded, and possess none of the sharpness of angle shewn in some representations of the subject. Both the Cheesewring and the Hurlers are in the parish of Linkinhorne.

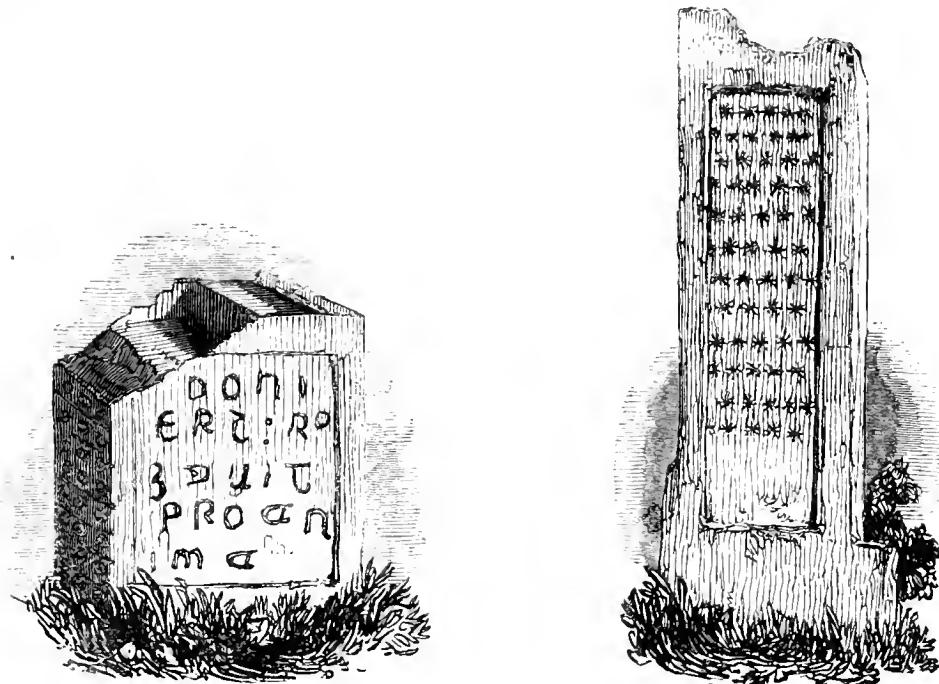
The parish of Linkinhorne with its church, situated in the northern division of the hundred of East, four miles north of Callington, in the manor of Caradon priory, was dedicated to St. Meliora, and once belonged to the priory of Launceston, to which it was given by the son of Henry I. There is a free-school here, founded by Charles Roberts in 1710; two-thirds of the interest of 705*l.* 14*s.* 1*d.*, thus devoted, are paid to a schoolmaster, and the remainder to a mistress for instructing girls. In this parish there lived a well known and singular character, born about the commencement of the eighteenth century, whose name was Daniel Gum. He was bred up to the trade of a stone-cutter, and was early distinguished for his reserve and indulgence in meditative habits. It appears, that, through the bias which nature gives in early life to particular pursuits, this man, without instruction or means to obtain information, acquired



a love of reading and study. He applied himself closely in his early years to mathematics, for his progress in which he became celebrated throughout the vicinity of his residence. The student, denominated idle by the world, is in reality far more laboriously and honourably employed than the mass of mankind. Gum, finding that his labour for subsistence engrossed the larger portion of his time, and philosophically reasoning, that, if he could curtail his necessities, there was no need of working so large a portion of the day as he had been accustomed to do, determined, in the first instance, to save himself the outlay of house-rent,—no inconsiderable portion of every man's expenses, let his station be what it may. Not far from the Checsewring, in searching for stone during his employment, he discovered a huge slab or block of granite, lying in a sloping direction, and sufficiently large, if he could excavate a habitation beneath it, to give him a retreat, where he might dispense with the onerous outlay of house-rent, and at the same time find that place for the studious seclusion, in which, of all things, he most desired to spend his moments of leisure. Accordingly he went to work on this wild heath, and excavating the soil beneath the block, obtained a considerable space, the sides of which he built up to support the stone above, with walls carefully cemented in lime, making a hole through the earth at one end of the stone, and lining it with the same material, to serve him for a chimney. Let none smile in derision at the humble habitation of the studious stone-cutter, who was thus content to view from his mountainous abode scenery of such an extent, so grand and beautiful, as to be rarely paralleled even in this island of beautiful landscape. The tors and rugged eminences of Dartmoor and of Exmoor were seen to a wide extent in the eastern quarter; up as far as Hartland to the north; Plymouth, with its noble heights and sound, was plainly visible in the south; and on the west, the hills of St. Austell and Roche Rocks,—a circumference of nearly one hundred and fifty miles, including every object that could delight the eye or feast the imagination. Who shall say, while this humble man was contemplating such a sublime view from the dwelling despised by the world, what feelings of gratitude for the enjoyment he experienced at the sight might not have ascended to the great Creator of them! In fine weather, by day and night, he frequently ascended the roof of his lofty and independent dwelling, and gazed in silence of words, but not of thoughts, upon nature around, or upon the starry heavens, watching the motions of the brilliant orbs so all-eloquent to the sight. Upon the surface of his granite roof this extraordinary man carved diagrams with his chisel, illustrative of his Euclid,—even the most difficult problems,—and these remained to show the invincible character of that undefinable impulse which leads men of superior minds to conquer all obstacles in the way of their intellectual advancement. Gum was never known to leave the craggy but grand eminence upon which he dwelt, even to attend his parish church, or any other place of congregational worship. Perhaps his adoration was humble, and silent, and deep,—pure from

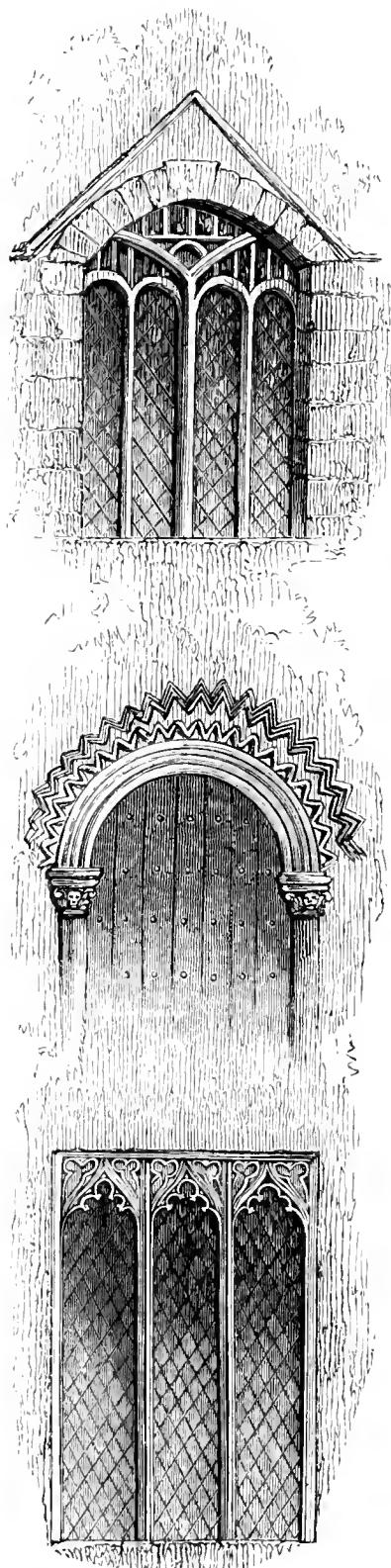
the heart, and elevated in the sentiment,—that communion of the spirit which passes all form and language. Gum died, where he had so long inhabited, in his native parish; and, while the harlot, Fame, trumpeted forth the praises of slaves and parasites, departed—

“ The world unknowing, by the world unknown.”



In proceeding to St. Clare, locally St. Cleer, we passed the singular memorial, called the “Other Half Stone,” a granite pillar, resembling part of a stone cross, the upper end fractured just where it might be presumed the transverse portion had been attached. It is nearly eight feet in height, and ornamented as in the above illustration. The probability that the portion of the stone which was missing might be discovered, induced a search, and in digging the surrounding ground a second fragment was met with, the fractured part of which did not fit the shaft. This fragment bears an inscription in Latin,—“Doniert entreats prayers for his soul.”* Doniert is supposed to have been Dungerth, king of Cornwall, who was drowned in the year 872.

* “Doniert rogavit pro anima.” Cornwall possessed several of these inscribed sepulchral stones, which were recently in existence. At St. Clement’s, near Truro, one served for a gate-post, having cut upon it the words, “Isnioeus Vitalis filius Torrici.” Another, removed from its original site at the cross-roads near Fowey, and flung into a ditch, is inscribed, “Hic jacet Cirusius Cunowori filius.” Between the churches of Gulval and Madron a stone serves as a foot-bridge, with the inscription, “Cnegumi fil Enans.” Enans was the first king of Armorica, or Brittany. At Worthy Vale, near Camelford, a stone was taken up from serving as a foot-bridge, and preserved by one of the Ladies Falmouth, having upon it the words, “Catin hic jacet filius Magari.” In St. Blazey parish, where many human remains were discovered, there were columnar inscriptions of a similar character; and one near Michel, which read, “Ruani hic jacet.” A square stone found in Camborn was placed against the church, by order of the late Lord de Dunstanville, inscribed “Leuiut jusit hec altare pro anima sua.” Leuiut is an old Cornish name.



We now hurried forward to St. Clare. The church, built of granite, is a handsome structure, consisting of two aisles and a nave. There is a fine zigzag Saxon door on the north side; the windows, differing from each other in pattern, make it probable they were donations, in which the donors consulted their own taste; they contain some painted glass. The tower is one hundred feet high, and admirably proportioned.

The hamlet consists of only a few mean buildings, and, with the church, stands upon a slope facing the north. From the valley beneath, a hill rises with great regularity of outline, through which runs a murmuring brook. Upon this hill stands the Trevethy Stone, at a spot visible over a large circumjacent country.

Having walked round the church-yard, we were induced to seek a temporary rest in a humble inn, the sign of which we do not recollect, but there is only one place of the kind in the church-town, and its description may serve for that of its class throughout the county. We entered a room about fifteen feet square, through a passage very neat and clean. Upon the left, on entering, was a large chimney, or, more correctly, hearth, as the term was understood by our forefathers. This chimney place was at least six feet wide, and five high. In the back of its dingy recess were numerous hooks for hanging pots and kettles. A trivet, over a small turf fire, sustained an earthen pan of milk, the richer part of which was coagulating into that unrivalled delicacy, called "clouted cream,"—matchless with coffee, fruit, or in its own simple character,—a delicacy, which they who know not are to be pitied, and they who do know have no more to acquire in the knowledge of a perfect condiment.

They place the milk in a vessel, with a large surface exposed to the air. Some use a brass pan, but in general an earthen vessel is preferred, in the shape of the section of an inverted cone, the wide part upwards. Upon this is laid a cover, sustained by two upright pieces of wood, so as to make it an inclined plane, that the whole surface of the milk may be exposed to the air

between this lid and the edge of the vessel. The milk is only suffered to simmer. Experience dictates the time it should remain over the fire, which is seldom more than two or three hours; it is then removed, and stands for twelve or fourteen hours in a cool place, when the cream is taken off for use in its natural state, or to be made into butter. In the last case, the operation is speedily performed by the hand in a wooden bowl, simply by moving the cream round in one direction. The quantity of butter thus produced is a little less than that given by raw cream from the same quantity of milk, but then the latter is ameliorated, and will not so readily turn sour. This milk is a favourite beverage, with or without the addition of water, among the farm people and servants, who will not touch skimmed milk from its disposition to acidity. The most delicate cream is not obtainable from cattle fed on the richest pasturage; it is destitute of the flavour acquired from herbage sweet and less gross, which is cropped by the beautiful Devonshire cattle, frequently intermingled with plants peculiar to the west. Thus the honey gathered near the Land's End, from the rich heaths and wild flowers, is preferable to any other in England. Spenser knew of this delicacy, perhaps through Sir Walter Raleigh, when he wrote—

“ She would often call him home,
And give him curds and *clouted cream.*”

This cream is peculiar to Cornwall, Devonshire, and Brittany, no doubt carried over by the Cornish Britons, who settled in that part of France. The names of Trevanion, Carhayes, Grylls, and Scobell too are still found in Brittany as in Cornwall, annexed to individuals or localities; and many of the habits of the Cornish may no doubt be traced there yet in the same manner.

At the side of the fire-place stood a “ settle,” as it is called in this county, or a large wooden-backed seat; a table, nearly seven feet long, with a corresponding form on one side, and the window seat, nearly as long, on the other, a few chairs, and a clock that “ ticked behind the door,” completed the furniture of the room, not forgetting the well-loaded dresser. Here we saw baking upon the hearth, a mode as old, perhaps, as the days of the patriarchs. A clean iron plate was laid in the capacious recess, which last permitted several culinary operations to proceed together; upon this plate the loaf was placed, and an iron kettle reversed over it, upon which the turf embers were heaped. The bread thus baked was excellent.

On quitting this humble abode, one of the inmates conducted us to the road by which the well of St. Clare was to be found, and also pointed out the distant path to the Trevethy Stone. The well of St. Clare is situated on a descent. The end wall only remains erect, covered with ivy and overshadowed by an ash tree, as the engraver has here represented them.

The stones which lie in front are massy, and consist of groins and ribs belonging to the roof, cornices, and portions of the mouldings of a window.

The destruction of this pretty little chapel must have taken place long ago ; probably in the time of Henry VIII. This translucent spring still supplies the neighbourhood from its tranquil wave, and is looked upon with veneration. As we stooped to quaff the delicious water, we thought

that if her saintship's character had been as transparent and lustrous as the water of her well, she merited canonization. The lady died in 1252, at 70 years of age. In 1294 it is proved that the church was rated and endowed, and perhaps the well chapel was erected about the same time, or both that and the church between 1252 and 1294.

Descending further into the valley, and coming upon an open space, we soon ascended a well-paved path between hedges ; and arriving at a gate, discovered near it, in a field of wheat, the object for which we were looking. It is the largest Cromlech now in existence in this country. The view of it surprises, from the magnitude of the upper stone or slab, and its adjustment upon the imposts ; rendered still more wonderful from the supposition that the mechanical powers were unknown at the time it was erected. Older than the inscribed solitary stones of which we have before spoken, and belonging to an order of sepulchral monuments much more complicated in the construction, we become more anxious to acquire the knowledge respecting it which we are at the same time conscious we can never attain. In the Cornish tongue *Trev*, or *Tre*, is a house, and *veth* a grave ; hence "Trevethy" is the "house-grave." There are six granite imposts and two parallel slabs, one of which is much smaller than the other ; both are placed in a direction from east to west in the manner of an inclined plane, the most elevated part to the east. We had no means of ascertaining the size of the upper horizontal stone ; but take its length to be fourteen or fifteen feet, the thickness fifteen inches, and the breadth nine or ten feet. Some give the length sixteen feet, the breadth ten, and the thickness fourteen inches. This enormous mass rests upon the points of the imposts, seven or eight feet from the ground, and bears upon five of them, one having so much of the weight that its apex seems slightly cracked. There is a small hole at the higher end of the upper slab. The middle impost at the eastern end is deficient in the lower corner, as if it had been cut away to afford admission under the inferior slab within side. This may be observed in the following representations of the eastern end and southern side. The hill rising behind it in the engraving, half obscured by clouds, is Caradon.

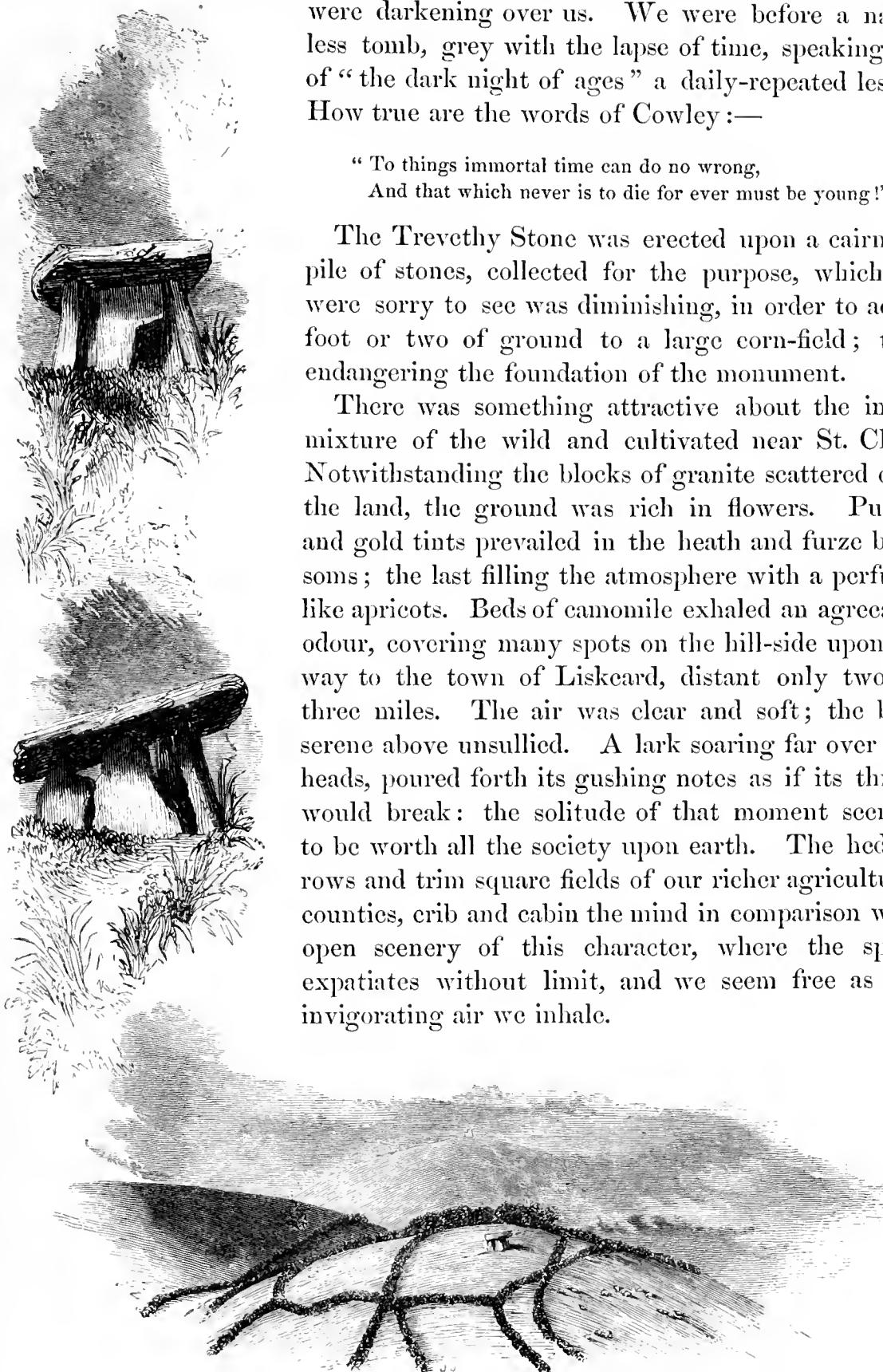


It was impossible not to feel, while we were covered by the shadow of a monument erected for some mighty chief of the past, that “forty centuries” were darkening over us. We were before a nameless tomb, grey with the lapse of time, speaking out of “the dark night of ages” a daily-repeated lesson. How true are the words of Cowley:—

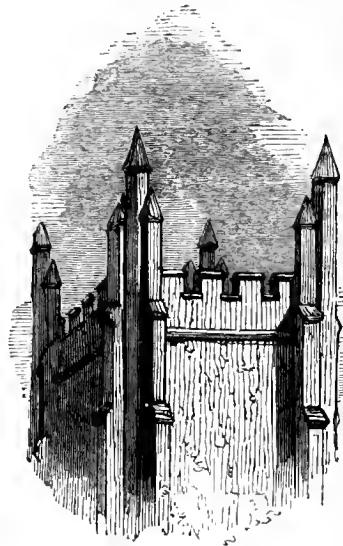
“ To things immortal time can do no wrong,
And that which never is to die for ever must be young !”

The Trevethy Stone was erected upon a cairn, or pile of stones, collected for the purpose, which we were sorry to see was diminishing, in order to add a foot or two of ground to a large corn-field; thus endangering the foundation of the monument.

There was something attractive about the inter-mixture of the wild and cultivated near St. Clare. Notwithstanding the blocks of granite scattered over the land, the ground was rich in flowers. Purple and gold tints prevailed in the heath and furze blossoms; the last filling the atmosphere with a perfume like apricots. Beds of camomile exhaled an agreeable odour, covering many spots on the hill-side upon the way to the town of Liskeard, distant only two or three miles. The air was clear and soft; the blue serene above unsullied. A lark soaring far over our heads, poured forth its gushing notes as if its throat would break: the solitude of that moment seemed to be worth all the society upon earth. The hedge-rows and trim square fields of our richer agricultural counties, crib and cabin the mind in comparison with open scenery of this character, where the spirit expatiates without limit, and we seem free as the invigorating air we inhale.



We posted from Liskeard to Callington : the road presenting a succession of the most formidable hills that ever troubled weary horses. About half way we observed, on the left side of the road, the little church of St. Ive, of which the Duke of Cornwall is patron ; it once belonged to Tavistock Abbey, and had been a preceptory of the knights hospitallers, restored by Queen Mary in 1575. The hamlets of Cadson and Diner-dake are in this parish. The manor was once the property of the Killigrews, from whom it came, by marriage, to the Wreys. Mr. W. Morshed, by his will, in 1739, gave his lands of Keason, here, for the education of poor children ; but his bequest has never been carried into effect. Several manor houses are become the dwellings of farmers ; among them is Appledorford, once belonging to the Trevenor family. The church of St. Ive is a handsome edifice, with windows of elaborate tracery, and a fine tower of twelve pinnacles ; four at the angles and eight surrounding the buttresses, of a better proportion and presenting a neater appearance than most edifices so superfluously decorated.



The houses in Callington are principally disposed in one main street, tolerably broad. Near the church, on the north side, a short street leads to the Launceston road, which town is distant about ten miles. This road, soon after leaving Callington, and passing Radmore mine on the left hand, and Kit Hill upon the right, having beneath it the Holm Bush mines, goes through a country well cultivated and in some places highly picturesque. In one spot, between four and five miles from Callington, the road descends into a well-wooded valley ; after passing, upon the right-hand, Whiteford House, charmingly situated, the seat of Sir John Call. In this valley the Inny flows on its way to the Tamar, into which it falls opposite a place called Inny Foot. The Inny rises in the moors near Davidstow. On the opposite side of this stream a very steep hill is ascended, and upon the summit stands a small inn, from which the distance to Launceston is five miles.

Callington has been a market-town since the reign of Henry III., when it belonged to the family of Trevenor ; and it possessed, from a remote period, the grant of an annual fair. It was made a borough by Queen Elizabeth, but was disfranchised under the Reform Act. The town and parish have increased in population, owing to the activity of the mines in the vicinity. It is governed by a portreeve, annually elected. There is no edifice in Callington worthy of notice, except the church, which has three aisles ; the centre aisle being very lofty. It was built about 1460, by Nicolas de Ashton, who with his wife and family are interred here ; their effigies yet remain engraved upon a brass plate. There is an alabaster monument in the church to Lord

Willoughby de Broke, lord of the manor, who died about 1502, being then steward of the duchy of Cornwall. This church is under the same presentment as that of Southhill, and is properly a chapel of that parish. In the church-yard is an ancient octagonal stone cross, or rather the shaft, carrying a representation of the crucifixion. Callington, where King Arthur is said to have had a palace and kept his court, is five miles from Newbridge upon the Tamar. The road to Tavistock, which crosses this bridge, lies along the side of Hengist Down. The level it takes without approaching near the summit, the highest part of which is Kit Hill, before named, affords one of the finest views in the kingdom. Kit Hill summit consists of granite in massive craggs; schistose rocks repose against the base, and, upon this summit, the mine has been worked, the quartz discovered in which was impregnated with wolfram. The country commanded from this elevation is of immense extent, including nearly the whole course of the Tamar, the sea terminating the horizon southwards, both in Plymouth Sound, and still farther west towards Looe. Dartmoor Tors limit the prospect to the eastward, while northward it appears illimitable. Westward the tors and hills about Caradon are seen, one beyond the other, all appearing spread like a rich carpet of Persia's loom underneath the feet.

Taking the road from Callington to Saltash, for a short distance, and then turning down a lane on the northern side, we arrived where a second lane branched off to the right hand, and two or three cottages nestled in a hollow. Near these is a farm-house, close to the back of which is situated Dupath Well. The building is entire; the walls and roof are of granite, the roof ribbed and groined with the same material. A spring of very pure water rises near the door, and is received in a stone vessel, overgrown with briars. Overflowing the granite trough, at the edge of which it rises, the water runs into the little chapel, inundating the floor, and then flows out at the end, under a small window worked in the stone. Further on the stream is dammed up, and broods of ducks and geese find solace in the water once so renowned. The spot is a very pretty one, though encumbered and defaced with all kinds of husbandry rubbish. Several green shady paths meet here, wet from the neglected water, once the routes of pilgrims to visit this storied and pellucid spring.



Deeply shrouded in the gloom of departed time is one of the histories connected with Dupath Spring. It was the site of a fierce combat, the scene of heroic enterprise and deeds of noble daring, for a lady's love. It is well some monument yet remains, replacing that which she, the disconsolate, raised to bear witness how nobly and how well her knight had combatted in her behalf. It was at Dupath Spring that he met his rival, who was not the beloved of her for whom he came to challenge the mortal combat. He had neither known her in that verdure of youth, when if an attachment of the heart be formed, it hangs like the cherished dream of some lost delight upon the spirit, only to strengthen itself by recurrence, and to deepen the sadness of the recollection. Gotlieb was a Saxon, wealthy indeed, and sufficiently proud, while from his rank he was entitled to ask the daughter of the noblest baron in the land; but he was not qualified with the "prevailing gentle art," which is sovereign in winning the love of woman.

Sir Colan had known the lady in his earlier years, but had presumed no farther than to be satisfied he was viewed with eyes of strong partiality. In possession of little wealth,—which circumstance was sufficient to render hopeless the consent of the father of his mistress,—after exchanging vows of constancy with her, he went abroad, for the purpose of seeking both fortune and reputation, through the perils and hazards of war, according to the custom of the time. Sir Colan obtained both fortune and reputation, returning home full of hope in the smile of her whom he loved better than life. On his arrival, he was informed that the hand of his beloved mistress had been solicited of her father by Gotlieb, and that it had not been refused, although the maiden expressed her repugnance to the marriage. There was only the alternative of challenging his adversary to prove his right, according to ancient practice; and this alternative was embraced by Sir Colan with joy. The time was fixed, the place of the combat was appointed near Dupath Spring, far from the eyes of the multitude; for few were those permitted by the consent of the combatants to be present. The contest was fierce and long; for both were skilful in the use of arms. Sir Colan received the first wound, which rather seemed to inspirit than discourage him. As if nerved with fresh energy, he pressed his adversary so vigorously that he inflicted upon him a severe wound, and by a second effort drove his sword between the joints of his armour, and slew him on the spot. He was not himself unscathed; his wound soon rankled, and the more from his impatience to make his mistress his own before the altar. This impatience retarded that which a more enduring disposition might have secured. Day by day his danger increased. At last he was informed that death must soon be upon him. They solicited him to send for an ecclesiastic without delay to shrive his soul, and urged him to forget earth in the prospect before him of soon ceasing to be a partaker in the hopes or disappointments of the living. The wounded knight smiled, but made no other reply than that which has been so beautifully put into his mouth, in

verse, by an elegant writer,* whom we have already quoted, but who gives the knight the name of Siward,—

“ ‘Bring me,’ he said, ‘the steel I wore
When Dupath’s spring was dark with gore,
The spear I raised for Githa’s glove,
Those trophies of my wars and love.’

“ Upright he sat within his bed,
The helm on his unyielding head ;
Sternly he leaned upon his spear—
He knew his passing hour was near.

“ ‘Githa, thine hand !’ How wild that cry !
How fiercely glared his vaeant eye !
‘Sound, Herald !’ was his shout of pride—
‘Hear how the noble Siward died !’”

Leaving a spot consecrated by this touching story, and passing along a narrow road, eastward of the well, we came at once upon a cottage underneath the brow of a green hill. One of the finest thorn trees we ever saw, grew only a few yards in its front, and at the root of this thorn gushed forth a spring of the purest water, received in what had evidently been a stone font of antique workmanship ; the overflowing water afterwards ran down a small dellivity. On one side of the spring stood a young woman, washing some articles of linen, comely, and for her station well dressed ; so that, in combination with the scenery and the cloudless sky, we almost fancied ourselves to be in the south of Europe. Inquiring our way from one of the sweetest rural pictures we ever beheld, to the banks of the Tamar, we were directed to a path “about a gun-shot off,” rather a singular description of distance for a female to adopt ; perhaps she was the wife or daughter of a game-keeper or poacher, and accustomed to the term. We entered a coppice, and quickly found ourselves in the right road. We had not gone far before we came upon the workings of an abandoned silver mine. “A wild sort of an adventure this undertaking, friend,” we observed to a man who was passing ; in allusion to the abandonment of what, evidently from the works, had been begun with great spirit.

“ Wild enough, to think of finding silver that would pay them here,” said he whom we addressed.

“ It was a London speculation, I suppose ?”

“ I believe so ; I have heard all sorts of stories about these kind of things, when people did not know what to do with their money. They say silver urns were shown about London as made of the silver out of some mines here ; and where there is a chance of making money a Londoner is never behind-hand.”

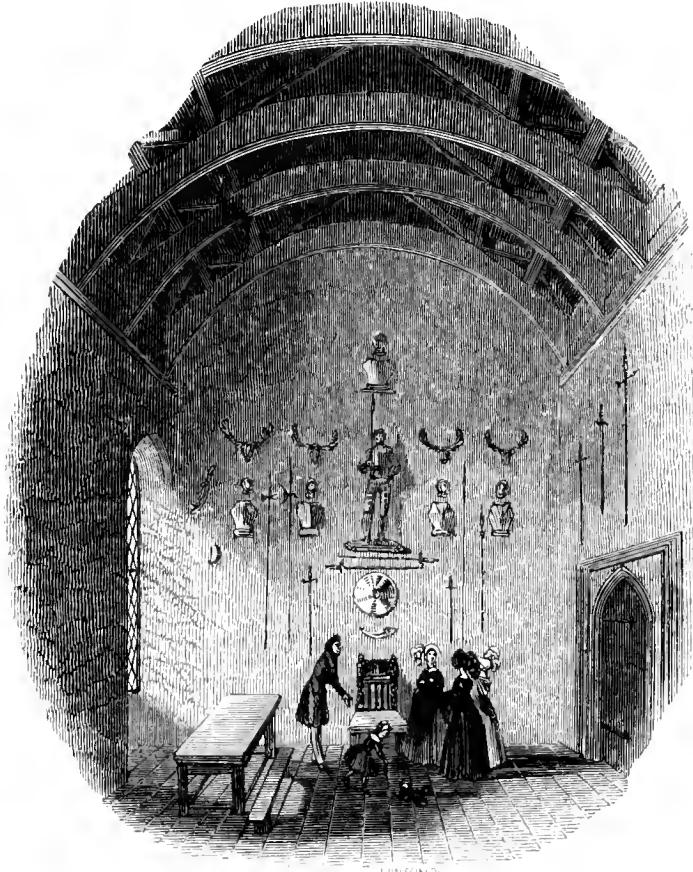
“ Then you think there was no chance of any thing good turning up here ?”

* The Rev. Mr. Hawker.

“I must not say that; there is the proverb, you know—‘Hingston down well y’wrought, is worth London town dearly bought;’ but I believe experienced miners thought the same as I do about the matter. Whether this was a London or a Cornish adventure, I do not know; but I do know some London ones, not many miles off, where money was plenty at first, and there were some that did not lose by the loss. Old miners could tell many stories about these undertakings.” Here our conversation terminated, our informant passing off by a different road from that which we were going.

We quickly reached a village called Metherell, and came in sight of the Tamar, winding far below among dense woods; and crossing a field, in which was a triangular building that at a distance looked like a church tower, we found ourselves at the back of the old mansion of Cothele, buried in woods of oak, ash, and chestnut, a delightful seclusion. The house stands a considerable height above the Tamar, yet below the brow of the hill at the foot of which that river glides so gently and stealthily along. This ancient embattled house is built

round a quadrangle, one side of which is occupied by the hall, hung with old arms, armour, and stags’ horns; one figure in complete mail stands at the upper end. Heads of antelopes and deer recall the chase of ancient times. A massive wooden table and form are placed across the window, which contains a fragment or two of painted glass. On the north side of the house, there is a square tower, in which the apartments are larger than elsewhere. A door, in the north-west angle of the hall, leads to the interior apartments, which are furnished after the fashion of the time of Elizabeth.



Cabinets of antique make; old music books, one of which bears date 1556; brass dogs on the hearths, such as were used before coal fires were introduced; carved worm-eaten chairs, and beds of antique fabrication; with furniture ready to fall to pieces from age, stand exactly as they stood when tenanted by stiff-ruffled ladies and gentlemen. Some of the rooms are hung with tapestry. One

contains the history of Romulus and Remus, exceedingly well executed. The tapestried rooms puzzle the stranger, from their having no appearance of a door, the tapestry being uplifted to enter them. Some carving on the cabinets is well worthy a close inspection, for its beautiful execution. In all parts of this old mansion there are objects exceedingly interesting to the lover of antiquities. Drinking vessels, china and earthenware, various domestic utensils, and many things of which it would puzzle a modern domestic to divine the purpose,—

“Brown floors below of polished oak,
And ancient tables round about,
Of Noah’s broker, perhaps, bespoke,
When the ark’s family went out.”

There is an old chapel, the painted windows of which have been injured. This is a great curiosity, and highly interesting from its exhibition of the simple places of worship in the domestic architecture of the past time. Still remaining attached to this chapel is the altar furniture; on a part of which the figure of the prophet Jeremiah is embroidered, perhaps by some “ancient” of the families of Cothele or Edgecombe. There is in addition a set of the twelve apostles, worked upon purple velvet sprinkled with gold.

We were once surprised by evening in those rooms,— long years have since passed,—the impression was striking.* The moon was up, the haryest moon; and the “tales of other times” seemed about to be realized. The tapestry looked alive, as the moonbeams, streaming through the narrow windows, partially but dimly lit the space within. We looked out upon the black dense woods from one of the apartments, conjecturing what might have been the personal appearance of those who had been the inhabitants of that house. Many a fair arm had rested upon the same stone window sill; and many a fair

* Perfectly illustrated in the lines:—

“Twilight comes on, and wraps in gloom
The rooms now changed to ghostly places;
Windows, like loopholes in a tomb,
Make spectres seem the fairest faees.

“The tapestry frowns, the owlets scream,
Each footstep yields unearthly sounds,
Mirth dies, the red stars dimly gleam,
Unbodied beings go their rounds.

“The armour in the hall is moving,
The helm-plumes wave, and from their cases
Swords seem to start; all clearly proving
How senses sometimes quit their places.—

“And man, creation’s whim, the wonder
And god of his own vain condition,
Becomes, before no voice of thunder,
The craven worm of superstition!”

face gazed from thence upon the same moon and the same woods. In the recesses of the same oriels, the painted light colouring their features, the lovers of ages gone had whispered soft things together. Stately dames had trod those chambers, and what was then deemed the pomp and pageantry of rank had fluttered in the full sense of all but their own nothingness. Every thing now was silent, deserted, dead:—where did the missing ones sojourn ?

“Echo answered, Where ?”

Cothele was the seat of the family of that name until the reign of Edward III., when Hilaria de Cothele, heiress of William de Cothele, married William Edgcombe, or, modernised, “Edgecumbe,” and the house came to the present family. Connected with Cothele as Lord Mount Edgecumbe must feel himself,—very few individuals in England remaining in possession of a family residence, unaltered for so long a date,—he may well take a pride in its maintenance.

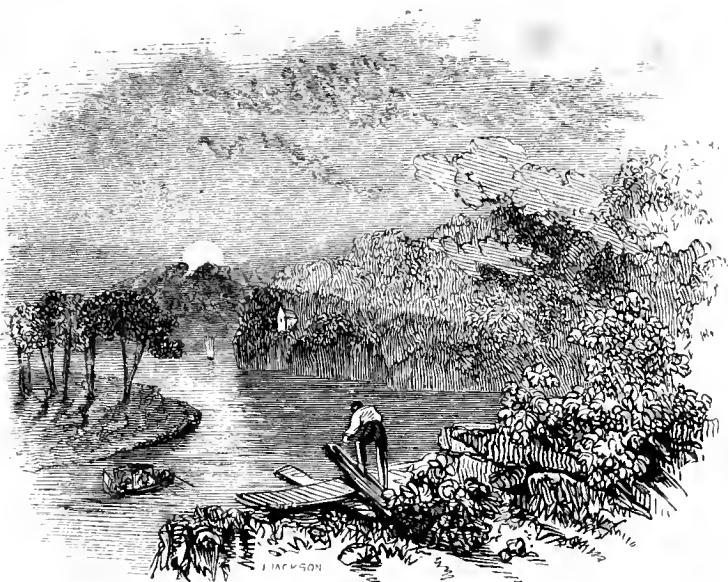
But the interest of Cothele is not confined to the antique mansion itself; the woods, which go down from the house to the river, contain some noble trees. The chestnuts are of enormous bulk; and the largest, now cut down, were the astonishment of all who saw them,—being above a thousand years old, and flinging out gigantic limbs that challenged the proudest oaks for size and picturesque beauty. It is interesting to contemplate this mighty senility among the ancients of the forest, when previously led into a certain train of associations. Amid the grandeur of their decay every gigantic limb looks great truths. We had just left the dwelling of other days, and stood under the very boughs that, still alive, had cast their shadows upon those who inhabited the desolate chambers we had quitted—those passed to the other side of the widening gulph opened between them and ourselves. Irrecoverable as the separation is, we seem at such moments to discover a link which, though but of gossamer, is a connexion between their humanity and our own. Here the foliage rises—

“Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest growth.”

A sinuosity of the river contributes to increase the imposing effect of these dark masses. We looked upwards towards the outline they described upon the heavens with admiration, fore-shortened as they were, and standing out from the azure above. There is a projecting point on the foot-path which leads towards Calstock, running parallel with the river all the way from the chapel; and there is a little quay upon this path, from whence these woods are seen to great advantage. From this place the following view is taken.

The chapel just mentioned, and of which the roof is observed at some distance among the woods, is connected with a memorable incident. It stands upon a perpendicular elevation, which projects from the bold sweeping hill above, and is reared upon the only rock which presents itself along the base of the elevation; except one or two close to the water, rising very little above it, and

richly tinted with lichen. Sir Richard Edgcombe being suspected of partizanship with the Earl of Richmond, during the reign of Richard III., it was determined to secure him, and he was closely pursued from his house into the woods. Having gained a little upon his pursuers, the thought struck him, just as he reached the summit of the rock upon which the chapel stands, to put a stone into his cap and fling it into the stream, while he himself slipped down the face of the rock; for, although of a fearful height, roots, trunks, and branches of trees were growing out from the chinks, by which it was easy to descend some portion of the way, so far indeed, as not to be seen from the summit. The rock projects into the water, therefore its face is not visible from the same side of the river. Sir Richard's pursuers thought he had drowned himself, and gave up the pursuit. He thus gained time to cross over into Brittany; and upon his return built the chapel, in grateful recollection of his escape. Carew relates the story somewhat differently, and says that Sir Richard threw his cap into the water while his pursuers were hot at his heels; but it is evident that in such a case he could hardly have escaped. The chapel is small and plain. In one of the windows is some painted glass, having the female effigy of a saint, the crucifixion, and the family arms. On the altar is a gilded crucifix and the image of a bishop; and upon the wall an old painting of a female holding a book, while opposite to it is the representation of an angel, with a sceptre. Sir Richard Edgcombe was comptroller of the household to Henry VII.; and having been sent upon an embassy to France, died at Morlaix, upon his way home, in 1489, and was buried there. The representation of him here shows a knight in armour, kneeling before a desk, and by his side a bishop, the counterpart of the figure upon the altar, which some affirm to be the resemblance of Thomas à Becket. It was here, at Cothele, that the mother of Richard Edgcombe, who was the first baron, created in 1742, was singularly recovered from death. She had been ill, had apparently expired, and her body had been deposited in the family vault; the interment over, the sexton, who knew that a gold ring, or rings, were upon her fingers, went into the vault; and opening the coffin, proceeded to dislodge the superfluous ornaments, and in so doing pinched the fingers, perhaps not very mercifully. All at once he observed the body move; he became terror-struck,



and fled, leaving his lanthorn behind him. The lady soon recovered sufficiently to get out of her coffin, and move away from the place of her interment. She regained her health, and had a son five years after this singular event.

Cothele stands in the parish of Calstock, the latter being a living in the gift of the Duke of Cornwall; and the fine hanging woods, tinted in autumn with hues that seem peculiarly their own, in warmth and richness, almost reach from Cothele to that little town, where there is a ferry over the river. Calstock is about five miles from Callington. The church stands upon the summit of a lofty hill, overlooking the Tamar, and commanding a noble prospect; but the ascent from the water is tedious. In this church is a burial vault of the Edgcombe family, built in 1588. There are monuments to Pearse Edgcombe, who died in 1666, and to the Countess of Sandwich, the widow of the gallant Earl who lost his life in combat with De Ruyter, in 1672.

These allusions to the scenery on the banks of the Tamar require some notice of that celebrated Cornish river. The Tamar rises upon Sherston Moor, in the parish of Moorwinstow, not far from the source of the Torridge, which flows into Devonshire, and near a third stream, which reaches the sea westwards. The Tamar has a course of fifty-nine miles to Plymouth Sound. Passing near Yeowellston, where a road crosses it out of Devonshire, and receiving two or three insignificant streams from each bank, it flows tolerably direct until it reaches the aqueduct-bridge, which carries over it the Holsworthy branch of the Bude canal; the Launceston branch running nearly parallel with its course on the Cornish side. Near New-Hay it furnishes a reservoir for the Bude canal. At North Tamerton, about fifteen miles from its source, to which place it gives a name, it is crossed by a bridge of stone, and begins to put on that character of interest which increases as it flows southwards; at every bend displaying changes in the highest degree attractive to the lovers of picturesque landscape. Near Alvacot it runs between eminences clothed with coppice woods in a narrow vale; and a little above, receives from the Cornish and Devonshire sides several streams. It then passes Great and Little Tamerton; and near Newbridge is joined by the Werrington.

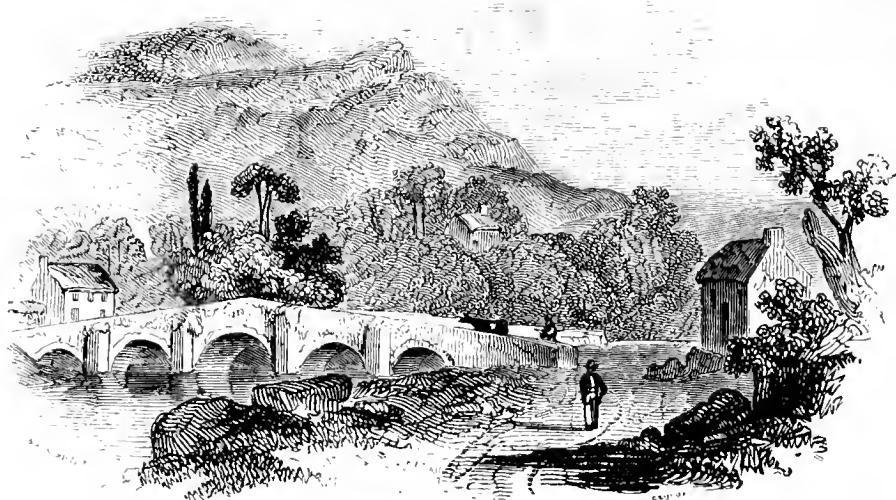
It is said that the banks of the Werrington river were the scene of the loves of Edgar and Elphreda. The meeting of the lovers is asserted to have been here; and is strengthened by the fact of the spot where they met being to this day called "Ladies' Cross," about two miles from Launceston, and a mile or more west of the Tamar, in a part of the parish within the limits of Devonshire. Tradition adds, that the bed in which the king and his mistress slept was long preserved there. Elphreda was the daughter of Orgarius, Duke of Cornwall, and was one of the loveliest women of her time. The fame of her beauty reached the ears of Edgar, who sent his favourite nobleman, Earl Ethelwould, of East Anglia, to ascertain if what was said of her beauty were

true, intending in that case to ask her hand in marriage. Ethelwould set off for the West, and soon reached the residence of Orgarius; when he himself was so taken with the beauty of the lady that he wooed her, and obtained her father's consent. Ethelwould returned to the king, and made a very indifferent report of the lady's charms; saying she was fair, but not answerable to the report made of her; at the same time he asked the lady of the king for himself, as by obtaining her hand he should thereby greatly increase his fortunes. The king, confiding in his favourite's honour, gave his consent, and Ethelwould solemnized the marriage. Soon afterwards the fame of Elphreda's beauty was sounded louder than ever at court, and the king began to suspect the deceit which had been practised. He went down to Exeter, and sent forwards word that he would meet with Duke Orgarius in the forest of Dartmoor; Ethelwould and Elphreda being then staying at the residence of Orgarius. Ethelwould, suspecting the king's motive, unfolded to his wife the real state of the matter, and how he had disparaged her beauty to the king, and entreated her to dress herself to the least advantage, that in mean array she might be less regarded. Her husband then, renewing his entreaties with flattery and a loving kiss, hoped he had succeeded in his object,—ill judge as he was of woman's ruling passion! Elphreda began to reason with herself upon the folly of concealing her beauty from a monarch whose queen she might have been. “Must I needs befool myself to be only his fair fool, who has so despightly kept me from being a queen! He may answer it to his master, who hath bubbled me with a coronet for a crown; and made me a subject, who might have been a sovereign.” Then, “right woman in doing nothing more than what is forbidden,” say the chronicles, she made the most of her beauty. She bathed and anointed herself with the sweetest perfumes, curled her rich locks with care, and sprinkled them with diamonds; over her breast pearls and rubies glittered like stars; and from her ears depended diamonds of the richest water, sparkling as she moved gracefully along, more angel than woman in appearance, to the presence of the king, whom she received with a grace and obeisance that looked like enchantment. Struck with admiration, and disgusted at the perfidious conduct of the man who had abused his confidence, the king went out hunting, and finding a retired spot where opportunity favoured, upbraided Ethelwould with his perfidy, and slew him. Edgar afterwards took Elphreda for his wife, and had two sons by her, Edmund who died young, and Ethelred, afterwards king of England; who reigned in place of Edward, the son of Edgar by a first marriage; but who, when hunting near Corfe Castle, was treacherously murdered by order of Elphreda, as he was proceeding to visit her unattended, in the sixteenth year of his age, A.D. 979. Elphreda afterwards became a penitent for her crimes, and died in the monastery of Worwel, in Hampshire, covering herself with crosses, and in dreadful fear of the Evil One taking her to himself.

The Attery next joins the Tamar, and just below it is Poulston Bridge; after

which, a wooden bridge intervening, that of Greyston spans the river in a very beautiful situation, as may be judged from the illustration.

The Lydriver from the Devonshire side, and the Inny from Cornwall, the last near Cather Mather woods, now fall into the main stream.



This may suffice for a description of the river downwards to Inny Foot. We will now meet that point, proceeding upwards from Plymouth Sound. On the Cornwall side, after quitting the Narrows at Devil's Point, the private gardens at Mount Edgecombe are perceived in all their redolence. Next, the house appears, at the end of a fine avenue of overshadowing oaks and elms. Further on is a road that leads to Maker church, and a rock crowned with an obelisk. These are succeeded by the creeks of Millbrook and St. John. The former, called by Leland a "rich ficher town," was a borough, but was excused from returning members; being too poor to pay four shillings a-day to its representatives. Near Millbrook is the brewery for the Navy. Torpoint, a bustling village in time of war, and a chapelry of East Antony, having a ferry across Hamoaze to Morice-town, succeeds; and is the mail road to Falmouth by Plymouth. Thanks, a seat of Lord Graves, is a little further on, upon the Cornish shore; and soon after, the woods of Antony House come down to the water, in dark-green promontories, and form the southern entrance of the Lynher river, the view of which abounds in picturesque objects. Ince Castle, nestled in wood, seems to close up the view; cornfields and meadows appearing yet higher over the trees. The opposite point of land, forming the entrance of the Lynher, is that upon which stands the town of Saltash. The Devonshire side, from Devil's Point, is full of interest, derived more from art than nature. Arsenals, wharfs, a powder magazine, and the town and lines of Devonport, cover a large portion of the shore. A pretty creek runs up to a place called Weston Mill, and the land comes down rather abruptly to the river as far as the Saltash ferry; where, by one of those selfish vagaries of feudal times, the natural boundary was broken, and Cornwall crosses a river, three furlongs wide, to attach a piece of land a mile or two square in the sister county. All the way to this place the ships of war in ordinary are stationed,

and so fine is the harbour that they have space to swing round at single moorings. Narrowing at the ferry, the Tamar soon expands again, each bank vying with the other in beauty. The river now puts on a lake-like form. The Cornish shore falls in above Saltash, which stands upon one horn of a fine crescent, convex westwards, answered on the north by the promontory on which is situated the church of Landulph, with its embowering trees,—the bean ideal of a place for the weary to be at rest; and over these, smiling corn-fields and pastures rise still higher. Round this northern point a gentle hollow again intervenes, with the village of Cargreen upon its northern side.

The manor of Landulph once belonged to the Courtenay family; and the old mansion house of Clifton yet remains, with its hall and chapel; both much decayed. The church of Landulph is remarkable for containing, upon a small metal tablet, the following inscription:—



“HERE LIETH THE BODY OF THEODORE PALEOLOGUS,
OF PESARO, IN ITALY,
DESCENDED FROM THE IMPERIAL LINE OF THE LAST CHRISTIAN EMPERORS OF GREECE,
BEING THE SON OF PROSPER, THE SON OF THEODORE, THE SON OF JOHN, THE SON OF THOMAS, SECOND
BROTHER OF CONSTANTINE PALEOLOGUS, THE EIGHTH OF THAT NAME, AND LAST OF THE
LINE THAT REIGNED IN CONSTANTINOPLE, TILL SUBDUED BY THE TURKS,
WHO MARRIED WITH MARY, THE DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM BALLS, OF HADLEY, IN SUFFOLK, GENT.,
AND HAD ISSUE FIVE CHILDREN,
THEODORE, JOHN, FERDINANDO, MARIA, AND DOROTHY.
HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE AT CLYFTON, THE 21ST OF JANUARY, 1636.”*

The history of two sons of this descendant from one, of whom Mahomet II. declared he “had found many slaves in Peloponnesus, but no *man* save him,” is unknown; but Dorothy, the younger daughter, was married, at Landulph, to William Arundell, in 1636, and died in 1681. Mary, who died unmarried, was buried in the same church in 1674.

About twenty years ago, the vault in which Paleologus was interred was

* There is an error in this date, as the entry of his burial is October 20, 1636.

accidentally opened ; and curiosity prompted the lifting of the lid. The coffin was entire, made of oak. The body was sufficiently perfect to show that the dead man exceeded the common stature. The head was a long oval, and the nose believed to have been aquiline. A long white beard reached low down the breast. Theodore, the elder son of Paleologus, was a sailor ; and died on board the *Charles II.*, as is proved by his will, dated 1693. He appears to have possessed landed property, and to have left a widow named Martha. The marriage of Theodore's sister, already mentioned, is entered in the register, “*Dorothea Paleologus de Stirpe Imperatorum.*” In Landulph, then, it is probable, rests the last survivors of a great dynasty, descended from the race of Comneni, the sovereigns of Byzantium.

From Landulph, the course of the river becomes north-west as far as the point upon which Cliffton stands ; the Cornish shore presenting several pretty indentations, above one of which is the farm called Hay. Returning to Saltash, and tracing the Devonshire bank from the passage-house, the Tamar's lake-like form is equally preserved by an indentation upon that side, presenting a scene of extraordinary beauty. A creek, called Budshed Creek, runs up to the village of Tamerton Foliot ; and a little northwards, separated by a point of land which severs Budshed from the Tavy, here joining the Tamar, the landscape is truly striking. The narrow and wood-covered shores of Budshed contrast their deepness of foliage with the waters beneath, that flash brightly on one side of the creek, and lie dark as death upon the other, from the sombre hue of the objects mirrored in their bosom. A long vista opens up the Tavy ; bounded on one hand by the shades and rich foliage of Warleigh, for a considerable distance, and then by the woods of Maristow, the house being seen behind all. Glancing up the Tamar itself, towards Hall's Hole, having on the right the small creek of Liphill, the river, if possible, increases in beauty. Over the mainlands on the north, towards Beer Alston, the tors of Dartmoor, beyond Tavistock, rise in darkly-grey undulations against the azure of the sky. The glance east down the Cornwall shore, discovers hills, fields, and woods, thrown back in an amphitheatrical form. The river here, viewed at high water, when it presents an expanse of above a mile wide, and an unbroken reach of between four and five, is enchanting. Delicious are the rural nooks upon the shores ; and while the scenery is ever disclosing fresh beauties in wood, hill, pasture, rock, and stream, the mind is kept alive, and the fancy perpetually employed in anticipation. Here the waves sparkle, every dash of the oar raising a sensible freshness, and diffusing flashes of light from the reflecting crystal ;—there the water seems to sleep in a tranquillity like that of the blessed,—green coloured from the reflected herbage, the very “*rio verde*,”—the “*green water*,”—of the Spanish ballad.

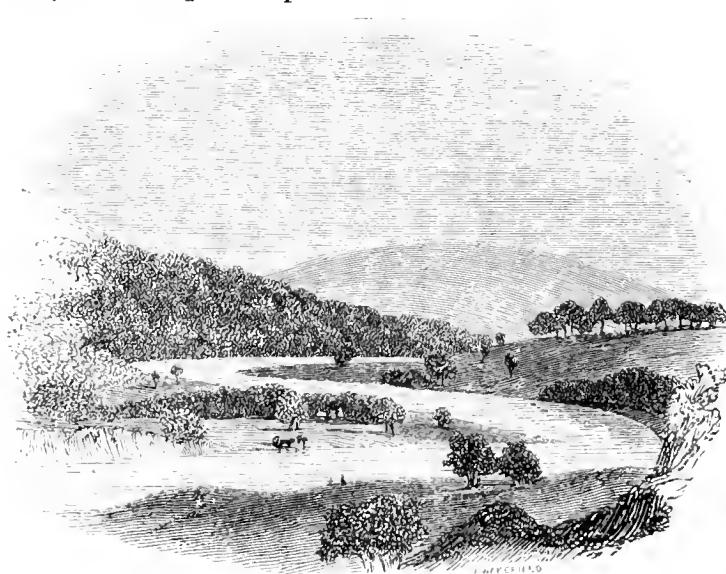
But our oar must be plied ; it is not fitting to linger too long about the loveliness that so carries the mind captive. The river grows narrower. On

the Cornwall side is a promontory, meeting a corresponding hollow upon that of Devon; and here commences one of those serpentine curves to which the Tamar owes a great part of its picturesque attraction. The first point passed, keeping close in the channel which lies upon the Devonshire shore, at once a north-western course is exchanged for a south-western, and this is changed again very soon for a north-eastern. Upon clearing the first curve, nearly in a line with a projecting point of land on the Devon side, Pentilly Castle appears over the Cornish bank, rising abruptly from the water,—a vision of beauty upon a noble eminence. Pentilly is a building in that modern Gothic taste which has yet to acquire some definite name. It was erected from the designs of the late Mr. Wilkins, and looks well from the river. The cost to its owner, Mr. John Tillie Coryton, was 50,000*l.* All around is well-wooded; the foliage, luxuriant. There is a wildness too about the spot, and wild objects appear. The graceful heron may be seen watching its prey; and many other aquatic birds. Coming round the land, and catching the house suddenly from the water, the effect is much heightened. The stranger unconsciously “suspends the dashing oar,” that he may enjoy, to the fullest extent, a scene so charmingly picturesque.

It was opposite Pentilly, some years ago, that a singular accident occurred from lightning. Mr. James Tillie was then owner of the castle, as it was called, since removed to make way for the modern building. Mr. Tillie had pushed off his boat into the river, with a few friends, intending to fish; and the party, with servants, were waiting the proper time of the tide for the salmon; when, on a sudden, a violent clap of thunder was heard, and an adjacent field and meadow seemed to be in a flame. A ball of fire, at the same moment, shot over the hedge of a steep wood on the opposite bank of the Tamar, and passed diagonally across the boat, from the bow to the stern-quarter, with the speed of thought. Mr. Tillie's servant received a violent blow on the shoulder and head. A gentleman who sat next to him was struck deaf for a considerable time. Mr. Tillie was in the middle of the boat, and distinctly saw the ball pass him, about three feet distant from his face. He described it as oval, and somewhat pointed. He was struck on the back part of the head; his eyes closed for the moment, and he sprang up, he supposed, two or three feet, from the shock; and yet was afterwards surprised to find himself upon his legs, imagining he was still seated. The corner of his hat was taken away, as if it had been shot off by a bullet. Another servant was thrown on a fishing net, and remained senseless for several hours afterwards; his face was blackened; while a tenant of Mr. Tillie, named Pethan, was struck on the temple by the ball, and fell dead into the river. He was instantly taken out, with his dress on fire. He had no wound, of consequence, upon his person, but his clothes were torn, and smelled of sulphur. Three persons were standing upon the shore, among whom the ball fell. One received a violent blow upon the head; the second had his eye-brows singed; while the third, between whose

legs the ball went down into the sand, only perceived a sudden warmth come upon him.

Upon the north side of Pentilly Castle, a little distance off, a small stream falls into the Tamar, near the foot of an eminence called Mount Ararat, crowned with a tower. The whole hill to the grounds from the house is finely wooded. With this solitary tower is connected a story of Sir James Tillie, one of the owners of Pentilly, who died in 1712, and left the estate to his sister's son, James Woolley, who took the name of Tillie. Some said that he was an atheist; others, that he was a *bon vivant*, who cared nothing at all about religion, and acted up to the sensual maxim, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." His enjoyments in this world, being of such a cast, he desired that, when he was dead, the recollection of them might be kept up, among the living, by the mode of his interment; and that he might be placed in a chair before a table, garnished with bottles, glasses, pipes, and tobacco, in his customary dress, and that he might thus be placed in an apartment under the tower. He was placed, according to his desire, as respected the site of his interment, not in a chair, but in a coffin. It had been reported that the whole matter was a fable, and that no such inhumation ever took place; but we were informed, by a gentleman well acquainted with Pentilly, that some years ago a lady of the family being desirous of discovering whether there was any truth in the tale, had the vault or chamber opened, and the dead man's remains were discovered to have been deposited there in a coffin; while, in the upper part of the tower, his bust was found in white marble. The estate came afterwards to the grandson's child, John Coryton; whose son is John Tillie Coryton, Esq., the present owner.



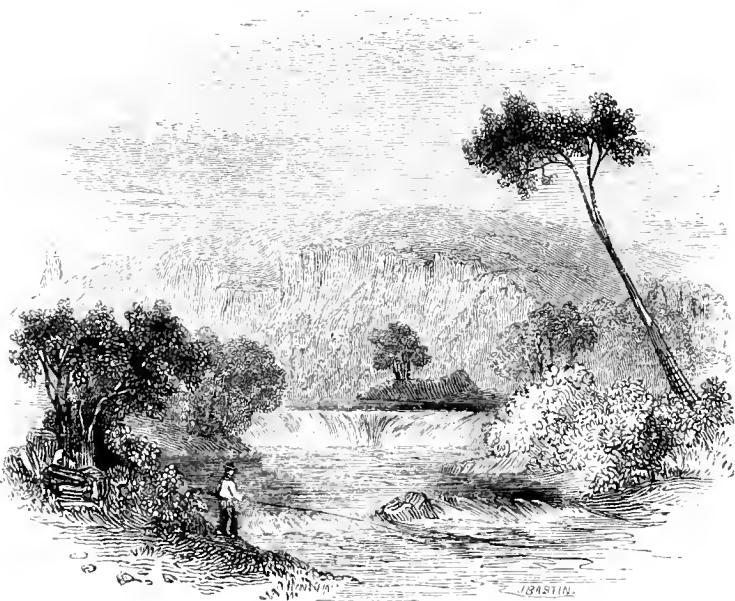
quay of Cothele, about two miles above Pentilly Castle. Here the river is bounded by the most luxuriant wood on both sides, up to a hollow called Dane's Comb, on the southern side of Cothele House. When, gliding along as if it embodied all the tranquillity in the world in its own bosom, the Tamar

The side of the river opposite Pentilly rises high, and consists of rock, with here and there a little wood. It is remarkable, that as one side of the river puts on a less interesting character, the other generally, from its attraction upon the opposite shore, restores the balance of beauty.

The Tamar now makes a long curve between the hills, until it reaches the

washes the chapel rock at Cothele, and bends at a sharp angle, taking a south-east turn, and passing under the town of Calstock ; a poor place, but, from position, contributing much to enhance the effect of the picturesque scenery around. From Calstock it winds round Harewood House, the seat of Sir Salusbury Trelawny, most charmingly situated, and almost surrounded by the river ; and passing Morwellham Quay, upon the Devonshire side, to which place sea-borne vessels ascend with the tide, it makes a retrograde turn, and comes back to within half a mile of Calstock, measuring overland ; though, by water, the distance is above three miles. The Devonshire bank is bounded by the lofty heights of Morwellham, and the towering crags called Morwell Rocks. The Cornish shore is low, as if there had once been a lake upon that side. Few spots can exceed in grandeur this part of the Tamar. Granite rocks with perpendicular faces, except a few hollows filled with vegetation, extend a considerable distance along the river. Some, time-rent and shattered, seem scarcely to maintain their places. Now, peaked in immense masses, they tower towards the sky, as if their bases were set deep in the bowels of the world. Here, oaks grow from small rents or recesses, where they can fix their roots ; in other places, the rocks scarcely show a little heather or tangled grass. This scenery continues up to what is called the Weir Head. About the Weir Head there is much that resembles some scenes in Derbyshire, but upon a larger scale. Here a weir crosses the Tamar, in order to feed a lock which conveys barges higher, the water falling about three feet. This spot generally limits the voyages of boats up the river.

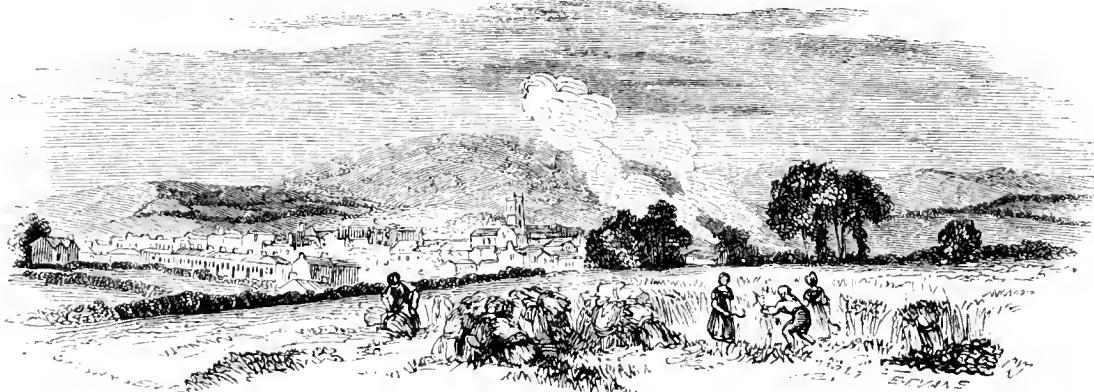
It must not be imagined that this fine river loses its attractions among the granite precipices at the Weir Head. These rocks continue to Newbridge ; and, as the reader will observe in the steel engraving, the scenery here is such as is rarely surpassed in beauty. The picturesque effect of the bridge is remarkably good. It is joined, on the Cornish side, to the bottom of a steep hill, up which the road conducts directly to the great elevation of Hingston Down : on the Devonshire side, towards Tavistock, the shore is much lower. The distant scenery consists of noble wood-covered eminences, smiling meadows, with cultivation and wildness intermingled, the stream flowing gently and transparently along. Newbridge too is as novel in form, as happy in position,



and makes an enchanting picture. Its surrounding beauties increase, upon ascending the hill on the Cornish side:—

“ Still the prospect wider spreads,
 Adds a thousand woods and meads ;
Still it widens,—widens still,
 And sinks the newly-risen hill.”

When the river is traced further upwards, it preserves a character equally fine, though less expanded. The vales become narrow, the sinuosities rather lengthen, green woods replace rough ground, and fertile meadows occasionally border the stream, that now rolls over pebbles, with soothing murmurs, or rushes over beds of schistine rock. Soon afterwards Warm Wood appears, and then the Swiss cottage of the Duke of Bedford, at Endsleigh, and next Endsleigh itself, in a situation of surpassing beauty. A more delicious retirement cannot be imagined; the woods on both sides come down to welcome the gushing stream, that bears health and vigour upon its current, as it dances in the glorious sunbeams, or glides along, through the umbrage deep and gentle, and “without o'erflowing, full.” Here the Tamar makes almost a double cirelet, and receives the Inny at the point where we quitted it, to describe the ascent from Plymouth Sound.



We now return to Callington, here delineated; the distance to Saltash is nine miles, through a district well cultivated. On the way to Saltash, upon the left of the road, stands the church-town of St. Dominick. Francis Rous, a distinguished personage under the government of Cromwell, was a native of Halton, in this parish, and, becoming provost of Eton, was buried there in 1659. Charles Fitz-Geoffry, the rector, who died in 1637, was the author of some poetry, published in the reign of James I., in a book, now very scarce, entitled “Choice Flowers and Descriptions.”

The road passes through St. Mellion, which contains the unimportant villages of Bealbury and Keason. Crocadon House was originally the birth-place and residence of John Trevisa, who translated the Bible, and several abstruse works. His family becoming extinct in 1690, the estate was purchased by the Corytons, and occupied by them until possessed of Pentilly Castle. It is partly demolished, and the remnant is a farm-house.







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In the church of St. Mellion there is a monument to the memory of William Coryton, dated 1651. He was member of parliament for Launceston, when Charles I. endeavoured to establish absolute power; and was imprisoned, together with Hampden, Pym, and others, for refusing to be taxed, without the consent of parliament. He was afterwards active in procuring the petition of rights, and was prosecuted, in the Star-chamber, for detaining the speaker of the House of Commons in his chair. His monument bears the following inscription:—

“ This marble stone is placed on
 The thrice-renowned Coryton ;
 (But his own name, a trophy, shall
 Outlast this his memorial.)
 Grave, wise, and pious, Heaven him lent
 To be his age’s president.
 Both good and great ; and yet beloved ;
 In judgment just, in truth approved.
 Honour’d by the offices he bore
 In public ; but by meekness more.
 Loyall in warre, in peace he stood
 The pillar of the Commons’ good.
 Wordes may not set his praises forth,
 Nor praises comprehend his worth ;
 His worth doth speake him thus, in briefe,
 Cornwall’s late glory, now its grief.”

Penton’s Cross is an insignificant village, from whence a road leads to Landulph, having an entrance to the grounds of Pentilly, on the side of the estate opposite to the Tamar; the road afterwards passes between the churches of Botus Fleming on the left, and Landrake on the western side. The last-named church-town is four miles from Saltash, in the direction of St. Germains. Botus Fleming is three miles north-west of the same town. The manor once belonged to the Valletorts and Courtenays; it is now the property of Mr. Charles Carpenter, whose seat is called Moditenham, and lies east of the church; in which there is the figure of a Crusader recumbent. The scenery in the neighbourhood is of a very pleasing character. A pyramidal monument stands near by, erected to the memory of a Dr. Martin of Plymouth, eighty years ago. At this place the Earl of Bath, being at the time governor of Plymouth, in concert with Mr. Waddon, lieutenant-governor of Pendennis Castle, with whom he was upon a visit, negociated for the delivery of both fortresses to the Prince of Orange. Besides this infidelity to James II., some verses circulated through Cornwall, purporting to be written by a Roman Catholic priest, but most probably issued for the purpose, by threatening the clergy with the loss of their livings, detached them all, except two, from their allegiance to the Stuarts. The verses were as follow:—

“ Henricus Octavus
 Sold the land that God gave us ;
 But Jacobus Secundus
 Shall refund us.”

The town of Saltash consists of one main street, so steep that a carriage cannot go up or descend. At the bottom of this principal street a mean-looking cross-street runs parallel with the Tamar. At the northern extremity the ferry-boat lands its passengers from the Devonshire side. A turnpike leads from the ferry along the river for some distance, perfectly level, and falls into the Callington and Launceston road. Saltash is a corporate town. Many places are admirably situated in a landscape, and look inviting at a distance, that are really mean,—such is Saltash; the position is admirable, standing on a point of land that juts out into the Tamar. Seen from the water on the northern side, the houses rise tier above tier. Upon the southern side a few fields intervene, and conceal the Lynher river, while in front, deep and broad, the Tamar glides at its own “sweet will.” There is no building in the town worthy of notice, except the old chapel of ease, dedicated to St. Nicholas, built upon the same solid rock as that on which the town stands. The town-hall, with a market-house beneath, was erected about thirty years ago. The chapel is a gothic edifice, with a low, strongly-built tower. It contains a monument to the memory of three brothers, named Drew, who were drowned. The assizes for Cornwall were held in this town in 1393, and it still possesses singular privileges. It was a free borongh in the reign of King John, and returned members to parliament from the time of Edward VI.; among whom were Waller the poet, and Clarendon the historian. The shipping possessed by the merchants here in Elizabeth’s time was considerable; vessels of the largest size came up to the town. A carrack, taken by Sir Francis Drake in that reign, cleared of a very rich cargo, is said to have been burned here by accident.

But if the town itself be mean, the prospect from the upper part makes ample amends for an ascent through a miserable street, whence the road branches off to St. Stephen’s church, upon the left of the Callington turnpike. Here, at a gate looking south-east, is a noble view, stretching over the whole harbour of Hamoaze, covered with vessels of war in ordinary; glancing over Maker Heights and Mount Edgecumbe, and commanding the distant country around Plymouth and Devonport, as well as the woods and shores of Anthony. Art and nature are here combined with great effect. Bright waters, dark woods, black war-ships, arsenals, ruins, creeks, and the ocean, are displayed in a rich harmony of landscape, that is scarcely to be equalled. The noble sheet of water forming the port of Plymouth harbour, mirrored beneath the eye from an elevation just lofty enough to command the whole without confusing distant objects, and the foliage of the hue which Gilpin observes is so rich in the West of England, fill the mind of the spectator with indescribable pleasure.

Leaving this gate on the left, and having glimpses of the same scenery for some distance, we soon reach the parish church of St. Stephen. It is an ancient structure, built of slate, with a lofty tower. In the churchyard is seen a stone, denominated a *leitch*, or *leach stone*, peculiar to some parts of Cornwall,

upon which the coffins are placed that are brought for interment. There are monuments here to the memory of members of the Buller family; and there is a tradition that one of the dukes of Cornwall, Orgarius, was buried here, a body having been found wrapped in lead, reported to have had inscribed upon it, as well as could be made out, that the deceased was a duke, whose heiress married a prince; referring to Elphreda and Edgar, whose story has been already given. The

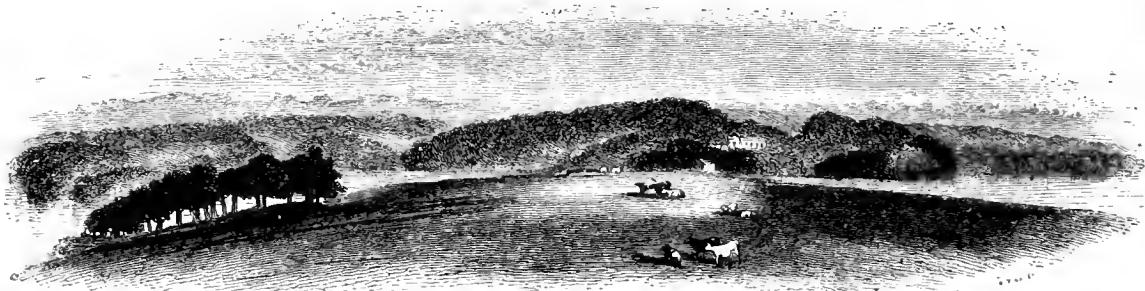
dimensions of the body were said to be those of a very large man. St. Stephen's church is but a short distance eastward from the fine old castle of Trematon, which appears crowning an eminence of much picturesque beauty. The ground in approaching this ruin on the east is marked by great boldness. A deep ravine intervenes, and must be passed before attaining the steep and toilsome ascent, which leads upon that side to this most perfect of all the remains of the ancient castles of Cornwall, until it was mutilated about thirty years ago, in an inexcusable manner, for the erection of a modern house. Ivy mantles the walls and battlements. The mound is covered with trees, rising abruptly from the gorge on the eastern side; upon the western it is of much less elevation, from the nature of the ground. The silence and solitude of the approach, and the impression the scene produces, marked by grand outlines, render Trematon and its embattled walls objects of well-merited admiration.

This castle was held under the earls of Cornwall, in the reign of William Rufus, by Reginald de Valletort, and was built before the Conquest. In 1339, the Valletorts being extinct, Henry de Pomeroy, as heir of Richard de Valletort, relieved the castle to the Black Prince, with all right and title to the same, and it then became the property of the duchy of Cornwall. When we first visited it, many years ago, the walls of the keep and those of the base-court were entire, even to their battlements. The area enclosed within the outer walls was about an acre. The walls were six feet thick, pierc'd with loop-holes, and there was a walk just within the battlements, all round, upon which the besieged might stand in case of attack, to defend them. The buildings within this court were gone. The gateway was a square tower, and in good preservation, consisting of three arches, with grooves for portcullises. This was the entrance to the base-court, at the eastern end of which, upon a lofty mound, stood the dungeon or keep, the wall of which was ten feet thick, and



between twenty and thirty high, without windows, and of an oval form. The entrance of the keep was on the west side; there was a sally-port under, and the whole was surrounded by a deep moat. From the battlements the view of the scenery over hill and vale, land and water,—was enchantment itself. Nothing was wanting to delight the eye, or rivet the attention. Even the little valley immediately below, watered by a creek from the Lynher river, exhibited a mill and cottages, forming a charming glen, contrasting its humble and quiet scenery with the magnificence of the castle-hill, and the prospect seen when the eye glanced at more distant objects.

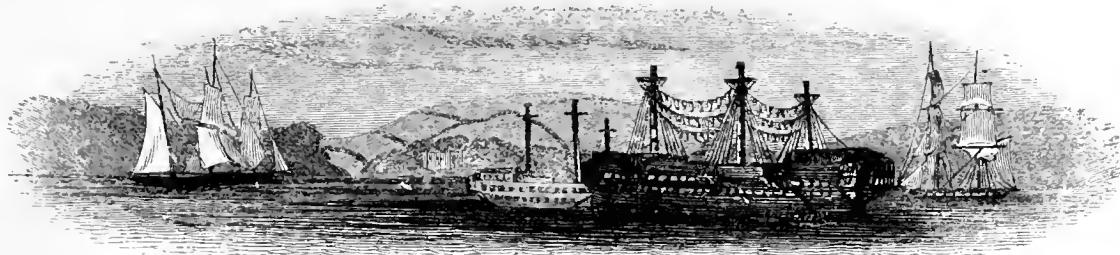
We descended from Trematon to a ferry which crosses the Lynher river to East Anthony, passing the walls of a building said to have been the chapel of the manor-house of Shillingham. In our way we were much struck with the view of the opposite side of the Lynher, down to which, and pendant over the



waves, came the dark groves of Anthony House, the seat of the Right Hon. Reginald Pole Carew. Behind the deep foliage of these woods, corn-fields and pastures were seen, up to the brow of the distant hills. Far beyond, the whole of Hamoaze spread its waters between; and, rising further off, the line of land, with the church tower and tufts of trees at Mount Edgecumbe, appeared, called Maker Heights, over the nearer and darker scenery, grey from distance. In the middle picture, almost buried in foliage, Anthony House exhibited its roof and the windows of some part of the upper story. We have endeavoured to give some idea of this beautiful union of scenery in the above sketch.

In crossing over we passed upon the right Ince Castle, anciently called Innes, once the property of the earls of Devon, beautifully situated up the Lynher, and at no great distance from the ferry. It is a large building, with turrets at the angles, and was last inhabited by Edward Smith, Esq. We found it untenanted; Mr. Smith belonged no more to the living; and here we should be wanting, if we did not mention our respect for a gentleman of science and urbanity, whose hospitable reception of us many years ago we cannot forget. The ships of war in ordinary occupy the front of the vignette on the opposite page; Ince Castle is in the distance.

Anthony House, on the southern bank of the Lynher, is a large mansion, charmingly embosomed in woods. It was built by Gibbs in 1721, in the



fashion of that time, for Sir William Carew. It contains some good pictures, but nothing so interesting to ourselves as one of Richard Carew, at thirty-two years of age, the honest and pleasant historian of his native county. There is a fine head of Sir Kenelm Digby, by Vandyke,—and what head of Vandyke's is not fine?—fine almost as nature herself. In the church of East Anthony is the monument of Richard Carew, with several others; among them, that of Lady Margery Arundel, who died in 1420, consisting of her effigy engraved upon a brass plate. That of Carew, the historian, gives his birth in 1555, and his death in 1620. The following verses were found in his pocket. It appears that he was at prayers in his study about four in the afternoon of the 6th of November, 1620, when struck by the common destroyer. His grandson placed the lines in the church.

" Full thirteen fives of years I toiling have o'erpast,
 And in the fourteenth, weary, entered am at last ;
 While rocks, sands, storms, and leaks, to take my bark away,
 By grief, troubles, sorrows, sickness, did assay ;
 And yet arrived I am not at the port of death,
 The port to everlasting life that openeth ;
 My time uncertain, Lord, long cannot be,
 What's best to me's unknown, and only known to Thee.
 Oh, by repentance and amendment grant that I
 May still live in thy fear, and in thy favour die!"

We found here a memorial to Jane, relict of Sir Alexander Carew, whose husband, while secretly making terms with the Royalists, he being commander of St. Nicolas' Island, in Plymouth Sound, on behalf of the Parliament, was beheaded upon Tower Hill for his treason, in 1644; his widow survived, it appears, until 1679. There is also a monument in this church to the memory of Captain Graves, R.N. of Thanks, who greatly distinguished himself in attacking St. Jago in 1740. Among other effects of lightning, one is recorded as having happened here in 1640, when fourteen persons attending divine service were struck down by it and injured. The view of the port and arsenal of Plymouth, from the hill at Torpoint, is singularly striking. Torpoint is a chapelry of Anthony parish. The creeks of St. John and Millbrook intervene between this village and Mount Edgcumbe. St. John's rectory, at the head of the creek of that name, contained nothing that repaid our visit; so leaving Millbrook on the left, which we have already mentioned, we crossed over to the

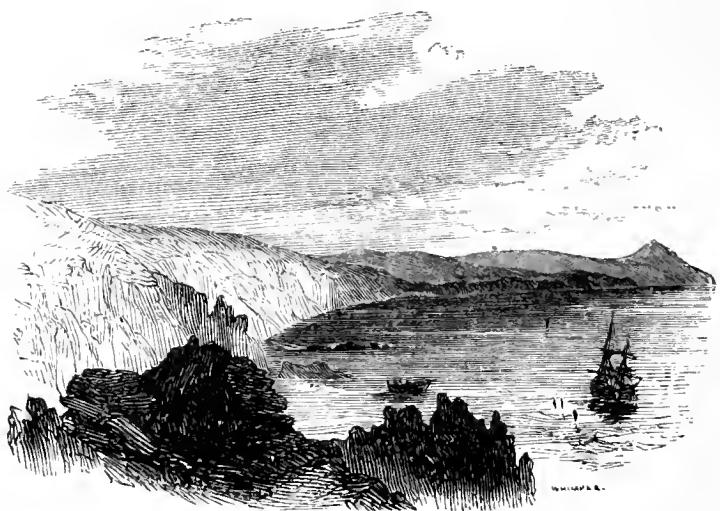
sea in Whitsun Bay. Here a noble expanse of ocean burst upon us in full majesty, stretching its blue waters from the celebrated promontory, called the Rame Head, in a fine concave to Looe Island.

We had come to this part of the shore to see an artificial grotto, excavated in the cliff, of which we heard a report rather too glowing; but the magnificent ocean scenery amply made up for any disappointment we experienced in regard to this object. The grotto to which we allude is not far from Higher Tregantle village. The place is called Sharow.

There was formerly a con-

siderable pilchard fishery carried on there. A lieutenant in the navy, named Lugger, was stationed at Higher Tregantle during the American war, and being much troubled with the gout, had perseverance enough to cure himself by a common-sense prescription of his own. The cliff at one place goes down perpendicularly for twenty feet, and then projects in a sort of platform, about the same number of feet, again descending, step fashion, to a considerable depth. In the perpendicular part, this officer began an excavation in the schistose rock, and in time completed a grotto, fifteen feet long and seven high, with a seat round it. In the centre he placed an oaken table, and carved in the solid rock sixty-six lines of poetry, not very comprehensible. They are a description of an imaginary palace hard by, and make allusions to a fishery once carried on in the bay. The view from the entrance of this grotto commands the whole bay, and "Sharow Grot" has long been a wonder in the neighbourhood. Still better, the labour of the excavation cured Mr. Lugger's gout.

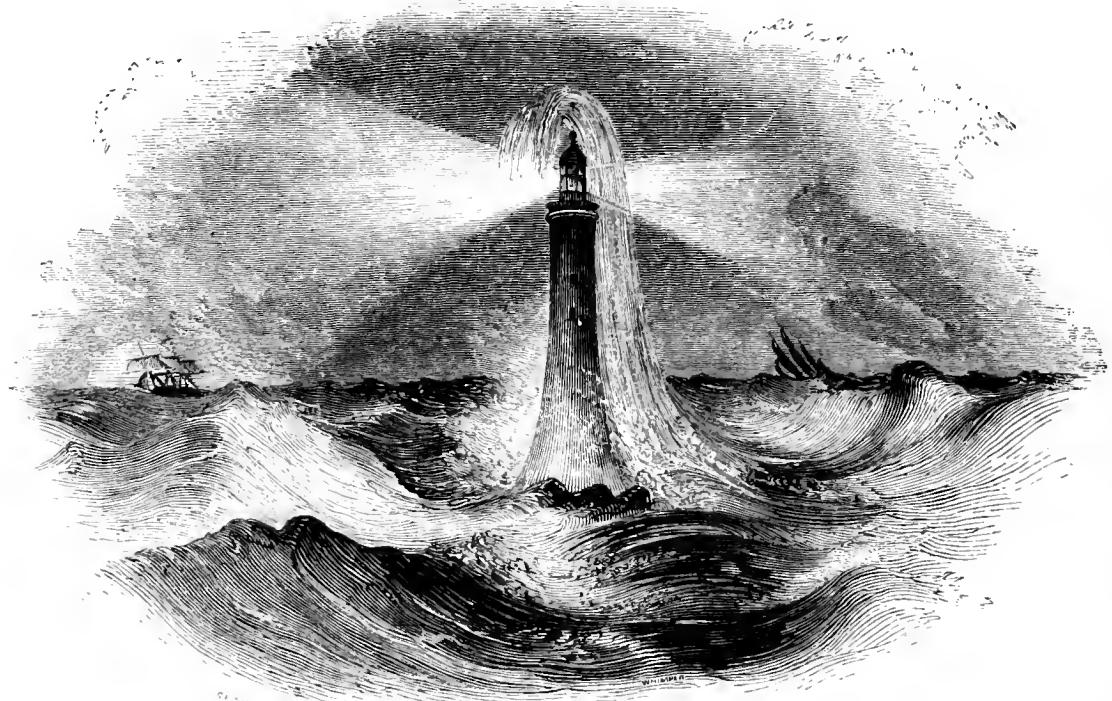
While standing beneath the arch at the entrance of this grotto, we will just sketch the history of the mast-like structure seen from thence at the verge of the ocean horizon, to the reflecting silver of which the mariner is so deeply indebted for his security. The Eddystone rocks lie in a part of the channel off the Cornish coast, more than any other dangerous from their position. There are several rocks in a very small space, and close around them is ten fathoms of water. A single rock, higher than the others, presents a perpendicular front in one direction, but to seaward, as indeed does the whole reef, it slopes down under the waves with a smooth surface: and upon this rock the light-house stands. In the year 1696, a Mr. Winstanley undertook to erect a building which should serve as a light-house, and render the navigation of this part of the channel more secure. Accordingly, being duly authorized, and



provided with the materials he deemed necessary, Winstanley completed his task in about three years. We have seen a representation of this singular work, and are astonished how it resisted the action of the sea for a single winter. It was constructed of timber, with numerous projecting parts, which were calculated to hold the waves, and aid in its own destruction. The work did stand from 1699 to 1703. In the month of November, in that year, some repairs being imperiously required, and just completed, Winstanley left the Barbican at Plymouth to proceed to the rock. As he was embarking he was told that the sky portended bad weather; and some doubts were expressed to him of the stability of his work. Winstanley came from Littlebury in Essex; and it does not appear probable that he was, until too late, acquainted with the fury of the seas rolling in before a south-west gale in the mouth of the channel. Piqued probably at what was said, he observed, as he was stepping into the boat, that he only desired the most violent storm that ever blew might happen when he was at the light-house; so secure was he of the strength of his building. The thing he desired unhappily occurred. The same night, the 26th of November, 1703, there arose one of the most tremendous storms ever experienced in that part of England, not only strewing the shores with wrecks, but doing much damage on land.* In that storm, Winstanley and his light-house disappeared for ever; nor was the smallest fragment of the edifice ever afterwards discovered, save a bit of iron, a cramp, most probably, that remained attached to the rock. Soon after the destruction of the light-house a fine vessel was lost on these rocks, and every soul perished. In consequence, a Mr. Rudyard undertook the task of erecting another light-house. He seems to have been an ingenious man, and to have combined both wood and stone in the work with considerable skill. After this second light-house had stood above forty years it was destroyed by fire, and the destruction was attended by several singular circumstances. In 1755, after the workmen had been completing some repairs, it was discovered by the man upon the watch to be on fire. It was about two o'clock in the morning. The man aroused his comrades, and they did all they could to subdue the flames; but unfortunately the sea was seventy feet beneath the lantern, where the fire broke out, and they had to descend that distance for water, which afterwards they had to throw four yards higher than their own heads. The fire gained ground, but all further exertions to subdue it were stayed by the pouring down of the melted lead from the covering of the cupola. The man who was uppermost, employed in

* From the words of Winstanley himself, a judgment may be formed of the fury of the seas in this part of the channel. He says, in an extant letter, "Finding in the winter of the fourth year the effects the sea had upon the house, and burying the lantern at times, though more than sixty feet high, early in the spring I encompassed the building with a new work, four feet in thickness, from the foundation, making all solid near twenty feet high; and taking down the upper part of the first building, and enlarging every part in its proportion, I raised it forty feet higher than it was at first, and made it as it now appears; and yet the sea, in time of storms, flies in appearance *one hundred feet* above the vane; and at times doth cover half the side of the house and the lantern, as if it were under water."

throwing the water, received a good deal upon his neck and shoulders, and from looking up, the mouth at such a time being involuntarily open, some of the lead passed down into his stomach,—a thing which he insisted upon was the fact while ill at Plymouth, where he soon afterwards died, being ninety-four years of age. Upon a *post-mortem* examination, the poor man's notion was found to be correct, some ounces being taken from his stomach. The rock afforded but a narrow ledge above the sea, beyond the base of the light-house, to which, driven down from story to story, as the fire burned, the poor men at last descended. Fortunately, some fishermen of Cawsand being out, saw the fire, after it had been burning from two until ten in the morning, and proceeded to the rock. The sea was calm, but not altogether free from the ground-swell, or undulation of the waves, which, during the calmest weather, frequently breaks upon the rock, forbidding communication as effectually as a gale of wind. The poor men were soon obliged to leave the ledge at the base of the light-house, and get into a hollow in its side, it being low water. There they sought shelter from the burning beams, red-hot bolts, and melted lead that fell off and threatened their destruction, after the lowest room was no longer tenable. That room was at a considerable height, as the lower part of the light-house was solid, and consisted of alternate layers of oak beams and granite courses. Upon landing at Plymouth one of the poor fellows, panic-stricken, fled, nobody knew whither; as he was never heard of again.



The celebrated Smeaton constructed the present building in 1757. It is built of Cornish granite, the stones dovetailed into each other, and the first course into the rock. Thus the whole is a mass of solid stone, nearly a third of the way up the building. Its strength is undoubted: it having resisted the

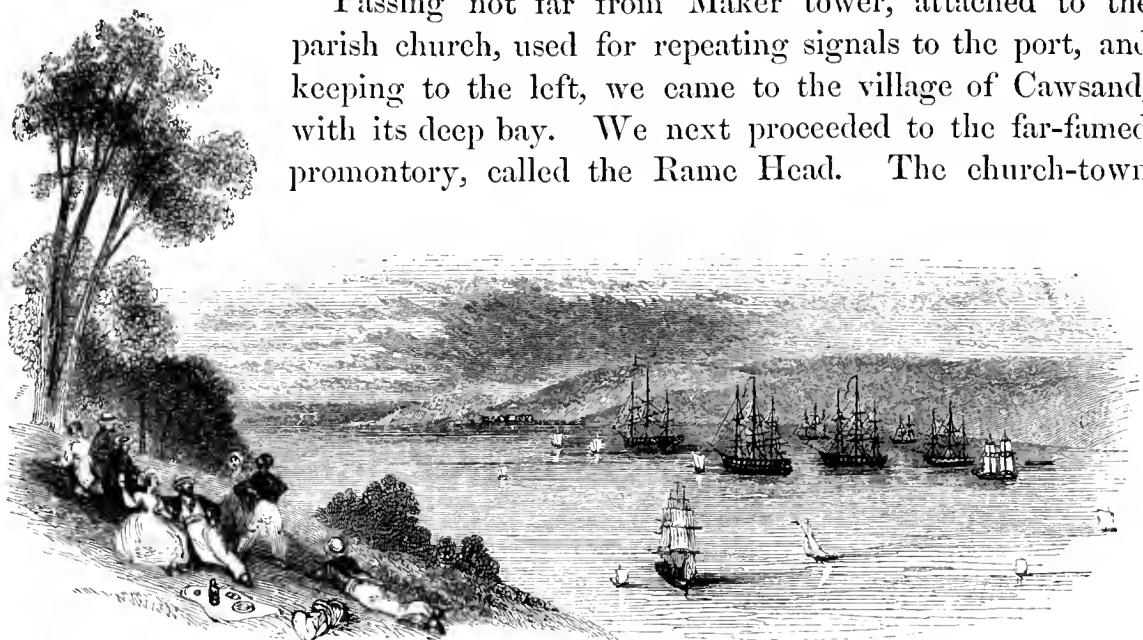
most violent storms, a tremulous motion only having been felt, which is a mere vibration that would be almost felt on a rock of adamant, in such a singularly exposed situation. The graceful shaft of this work was formed upon the model of the trunk of an oak tree. To the base of the lantern the height is seventy feet, and the whole between eighty and ninety. Such is a brief sketch of this noble work. To form an idea of the fury of the sea to which it is exposed, it must be remembered that it is twelve miles from the nearest land, opposite the eastern end of Whitsun Bay, in full exposure to the Atlantic waves, that roll unbroken with majestic power towards these rocks, which scarcely appear above the surface in fine weather. Here their proud crests are stayed, when within a hundred or two of yards they approach like giants in full consciousness of their strength, over a depth of thirty fathoms. The reef stretches north and south about one hundred fathoms, interrupting the different tidal sets in this broad part of the channel, and thus augmenting the fury of the sea when in a state of tempestuous agitation. From this inclination towards the south-west quarter, the mountain waves in succession from the deep sea run up along the slope of the rocks beneath, and break with uncontrollable fury. Imagination can conceive nothing equal to their violence. We have seen them fly thirty or forty feet over the ball of the light-house, above the lantern, burying it in their raging spray, though it is not less than eighty or ninety feet above the rocks, and one hundred above the ocean level. We have seen the sea break high up towards the lantern on the day after a hard gale, when little wind has been stirring.

The position of a light-keeper here, some years after the first establishment of a light, and when the complement of light-keepers was but two, was a singular one. The two men attended to the lights four hours alternately. One of the two died, and a signal was made to the shore; but the weather, as is often the case for several weeks, forbade any landing upon the rock. The body of the dead man became offensive. The survivor feared to remove it, lest he should be accused of murder; and it being a month before the communication could be effected, the odour was so offensive that it was with difficulty the boat's-crew could approach to fling it into the waves. Three men were subsequently kept upon the establishment of this extraordinary place.

We have adverted to encroachments, no doubt effected for selfish purposes, upon the original boundaries of Cornwall and Devonshire, sometimes of the most unaccountable character. Thus, though separated by the estuary of the Tamar from Devonshire, a part of Mount Edgecumbe, including the house, is declared to be in that county. The little village of Cawsand is divided by the line, and locally by a small gutter, into the villages of Cawsand and Kingsand. This gutter a house covered, in which an officer was some years ago said to have taken up his residence, foiling the harpies of the law by retiring from his sitting to his bed-room. The whole parish of Maker is still ecclesiastically in Cornwall, but for civil purposes only apart, though originally it all

belonged to that county, as it does geographically. We shall not, therefore, essay a description of Mount Edgecombe here; it being immaterial within which county boundary we enter upon the task.

Passing not far from Maker tower, attached to the parish church, used for repeating signals to the port, and keeping to the left, we came to the village of Cawsand, with its deep bay. We next proceeded to the far-famed promontory, called the Rame Head. The church-town



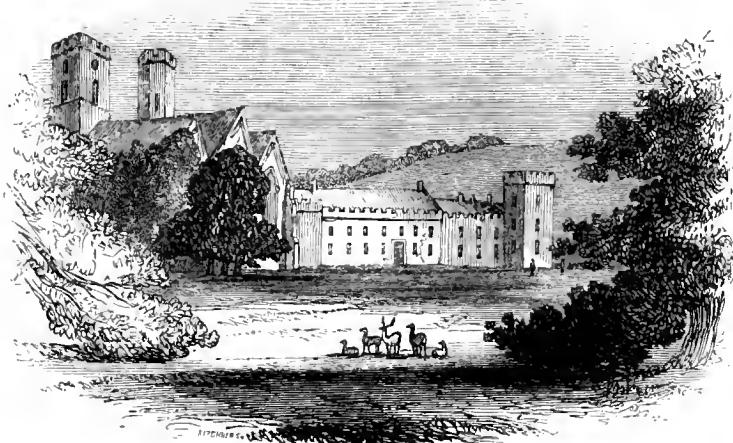
of Rame exhibits nothing worthy of notice, but the head of the promontory commands a fine sea view all the way to the Lizard. On its summit is the remnant of a vaulted chapel, which serves for a sea mark.

We now returned to Hamoaze, and engaged a boat to St. Germans. The day was fine, the air soft, the heavens one sheet of unsullied azure, while every distant object came sharply out. The shadows of the mastless ships of war blackened the waveless water as they lay upon it like slumbering leviathans, while the rich shores seemed a fit abode for happy spirits. We arrived opposite Sheviock woods in the evening. These woods fringe the left bank of the Lynher, ascending. The parish of Sheviock contains but one village, situated upon a hill, strangely enough named Crofthole. It is about five miles on the road from Torpoint to Liskeard. Nearly in the same direction, southwards, in Whitsun Bay, is a fishing station, called Port Wrinkle. A bridle road leads along the edge of the cliffs here as far as Looe. These cliffs are called Batten Cliffs, and it requires some resolution to pass them on horseback, from the path being for some distance along their verge, where a trivial deviation would dash both horse and rider to pieces on the crags beneath. Sheviock church is old and ugly, with a species of cone in place of a tower. It is said to have been built by one Dauney, whose wife agreed to construct a barn hard by, and that the barn cost $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ more than the church; which is not unlikely. In this parish is Trethil, once belonging to the family of Wallis,—a name celebrated in the person of Captain Wallis, the discoverer of Otaheite; whose daughter, the widow of Mr. Stephens, of Tregenna Castle, St. Ives, is, we believe, still living.

We landed a mile or more from St. Germans, which is a poor village, although the parish is large, and contains numerous seats and hamlets. It is worthy of notice principally for its church, which was once the cathedral of the bishopric of Cornwall. This church belonged to a priory, the revenues of which, at the destruction of the monasteries, were valued at 243*l.* 8*s.* There is a free school here, endowed by Nicolas Honey.

The church is built in the Saxon style of architecture, specimens of which are rare in the county; and is said to have been founded by king Athelstan. The present portion of the ancient building,—for the chancel fell down in 1592, just after the service was concluded, thus contracting the dimensions;—the present portion is 105 feet long by 67 broad, and consists of two aisles and a nave. In the part now used as the chancel, there is an ancient seat, called the bishop's chair, standing on a bit of old tessellated pavement. The north aisle is divided from the nave by five short thick columns. All the capitals are square, curiously ornamented in the Saxon manner. Six round arches range above the columns, apparently of the age and style of those in St. Alban's abbey. The south aisle has pointed arches, and is altogether of a dissimilar order. Some painted glass is yet remaining in the windows. On the wall, behind the gallery, is an inscription, containing the names of the bishops of Cornwall until thirty years after William I., when the sees of Cornwall and Exeter were united. The names are those of St. Petroe, Athelstan, Coneanus, Ruidocus, Udridus, Britivinus, Athelstan, Wolfi, Woronus, Woloeus, Stidio, Aldredus, and Burwoldus. There are monuments here to members of the Elliot family; and one, by Rysbrack, to Edward Elliot, is magnificent. Walter Moyle, of Bude, so well known for his learning, lies interred in this church; and there is an aerostical epitaph to John Glanville, unworthy the trouble of copying. Not so the following lines to the memory of Mrs. Glanville:—

“ While faithful earth doth thy cold relies keep,
And soft as was thy nature is thy sleep,
Let here the pious, humble plaee above,
Witness a husband's grief, a husband's love,—
Grief that no rolling years can ere efface,
And love that only with himself must eease;
And let it bear for thee this heartfelt boast—
"Twas he that knew thee best, that loved thee most!"

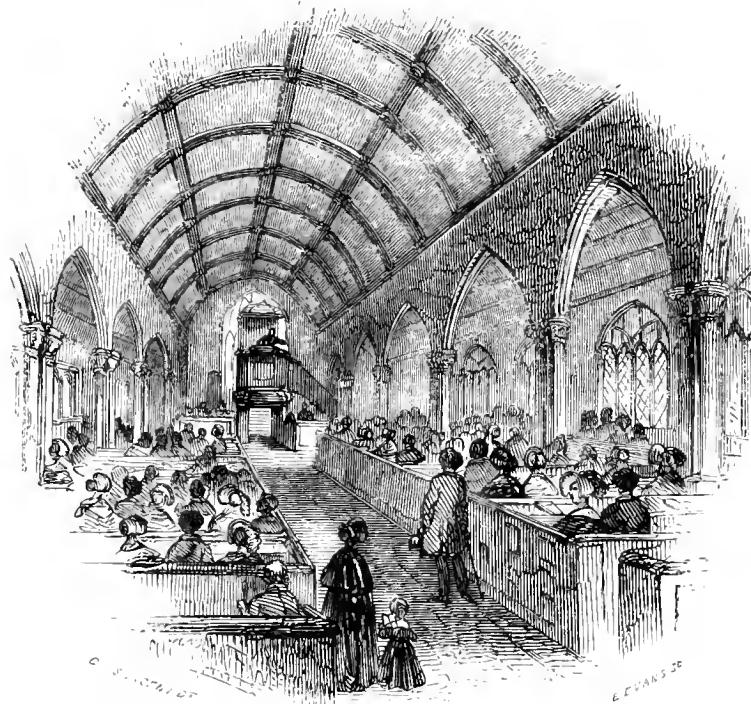


There is nothing worthy of remark in Port Elliot, it being altogether a plain building. The house contains a few good pictures, principally portraits. The estate has been much improved since it came into the possession of the present family, and we were much struck with the judicious manner in which the grounds have been arranged. Wood, rock, and water combine to render Port Elliot a pleasing country-seat. The ancient priory came into the possession of the Elliot family by an exchange of property with the Champernouunes. The refectory of the priory is in the space now occupied as the dining-room of the Earl of St. Germans. The burying-ground was taken into the lawn of the house by the late Lord Elliot, who obtained some power of the bishop for that purpose, and the sepulchral memorials of course were all removed, which occasioned much discontent among the parishioners. The parish is large, and possesses many seats, generally of resident gentlemen. Bake, the old residence of the Moyle family, is now the seat of Sir Joseph Copley. Catchfrench belongs to Mr. Francis Glanville, and lies a little out of the road from Torpoint to Liskeard, a distance of seventeen miles, abounding in beautiful scenery. Here are also Aldwinnick, the seat of Mr. C. Trelawny; and Cold-rinick. On the right hand, about four miles from Liskeard, stands the church of Menheniot, the vicinity of which exhibits much lovely scenery and valleys of great picturesque beauty. In this parish, the house that lately served as the poor-house, was once the residence of the ancient family of Trelawny: it is little more than a ruin.

Liskeard is a considerable town, situated on the side and at the foot of a rocky hill, and is one of the oldest in the county, having been made a free borough by Richard, Earl of Cornwall, in 1240. It returned two members to parliament from the time of Edward I. to the passing of the Reform Act, but only one since. The manor was part of the possessions of the dukes of Cornwall. It had a castle, the site of which only remains, and a chapel in what is called the Park. There is a grammar school here, endowed with 30*l.* by the corporation; and a charity-school for poor children, founded by the trustees of the Rev. St. John Elliot. The church is large, standing upon an eminence near the eastern entrance of the town, with trees around. The granite tower is poor, and ornamented with heads, fancifully conceived, having upon it the date of 1627. The church consists of three aisles, plain, and undecorated, and is partly built of granite, and partly of slate. The town-hall, originally erected in 1707, has been altered since in the upper part; and is supported upon granite columns, beneath which the market is held. This hall was recently strewed with rushes upon particular occasions, as was the custom of old time. There was once a nunnery here of the Sisters of St. Clare, which is now converted into dwelling-houses; and there is a well, called Pipe Well, considered to possess sanatory virtues. The streets are irregular, but well built and clean; those most devoted to purposes of trade are in the lowest part of the town, and run nearly east and west. Here is an open space or

square, through which the mail-road passes; on one side of which stands Webb's hotel, a very fine establishment, remarkably well kept, and without a superior in the county.

About four miles north-west of Liskeard is St. Neot's church-town, having one of the finest parish churches in the kingdom. It occupies the site of a monastery that stood there in the time of Edward the Confessor, all of which subsequently disappeared. The present church is built of granite, and is supposed to be of the date of 1480. It stands in a pleasing vale, well wooded and watered. The interior roof is of wood, lozenge-shaped, and ornamented. The building includes two aisles and a nave. At the east end is a stone coffer, once containing an arm of St. Neot, left by the holy founders of St. Neot's, Huntingdonshire, when they stole the rest of the body to carry thither, A.D. 974. Some drunken workmen, in 1795, rifled even this last treasure, which, on being opened, disclosed a hollow in the wall, closed with a stone. This hollow contained about a quart of fine earth, adhering in clots, and of a dark colour. Some "uncouth rhymes," in praise of St. Neot, are suspended by the side of the relic, said to have been written before the Reformation. St. Neot lived about the year 896, and the painted windows in this church, containing his history, have made the church renowned. There are sixteen windows in all.* Two contain representations of events in the Old Testament, from Adam to Noah. A third has the legend of St. George, and a fourth that of St. Neot. The remaining eleven windows have images of saints, most of them renowned. The account of St. Neot thus depicted, represents his retirement, which it is said in the legend was from a desire to escape the multitudes that followed him. After living in Cornwall for seven years, he went to Rome, and obtained leave to build a monastery here, which he accordingly finished. Near the monastery was a never-failing spring. It appears that whatever concerned St. Neot was the especial care of heaven; he found three fishes in this spring, which his piety would not suffer him to touch, until



* These have been lately restored, at a great expense, by Mr. Grylls, to whom the vicarage belongs.

he had received supernatural instructions why they appeared so conveniently near to his abode. He, therefore, prayed for information, and an angel descended on purpose to tell him that he might make his dinner of the aquatic fare, provided he ate but one at a meal. If he could be so self-denying he was informed he would ever continue to find the number of three kept up for his sustenance. Being one day very ill, and his appetite qualmish, Barius, his faithful domestic, thought of the fish, which he might dress two or three ways, and meet his master's delicate stomach by one mode of cookery, if the other would not answer. He accordingly went to the well, and taking two of the fish, boiled one and fried the other. Bringing them up on one dish, he presented them to St. Neot, with that concern natural to so exemplary a domestic. The saint, apprehending that mischief had been done to the sacred fishes, asked his servant, with great trepidation, whence the fish came. Barius, with all the innocence of one who has done no evil in his own belief, stated the fact, and that by the step he had taken he was in hopes to please St. Neot's palate. "How," said the indignant saint, "hast thou dared to violate an express command, and to take more than one fish at a time, presumptuous fellow that thou art?" The saint then commanded Barius to take back the fish and fling them into the spring, while he himself fell prostrate in prayer, in consequence of his servant's sin. Barins soon came back overjoyed, and told the saint that the fish, although cooked two ways, and well done, were no sooner thrown into the water than they disported about as lively and active as if they had never been grilled or boiled at all. St. Neot, not willing to lose his dinner after such a wonderful event, sent his servant to catch one of them again, which, on being cooked and served up, miraculously restored him to health.

We returned to Liskeard, and taking a road on the southern side of the town, passed for two miles through a beautiful, well cultivated, but hilly country, until we came to a path-field shortening the way to the church of St. Keyne. From this field, northwards, there is a fine view of Liskeard, and the towering granite-crowned hills that lie some miles beyond it. The only house

near the church of St. Keyne is an inn. The gates of the church-yard were locked, and we could discover nothing of the renowned well. We observed a stone cross built into the church-yard wall, one arm of which projected



beyond it, and gave us no very high idea of the parochial regard for antiquities,—sacred or profane. This edifice is constructed of schist.

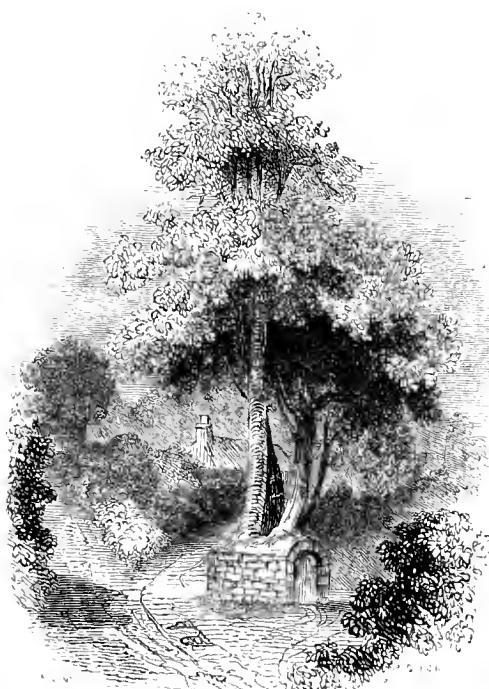
We were obliged to enter the inn to inquire our way to the celebrated well. We found two females and several children, and learned that the ancient repute of the water, in its own neighbourhood, has not diminished, great faith being still reposed in its virtue of conferring domestic authority.

St. Keyne, or Keyna, upon whom some bestow no very reputable character, though others allow her a considerable degree of piety, was daughter of Braganus, a prince of Brecknockshire, in Wales; and being fond of a wandering life, left her home on a pilgrimage to St. Michael's Mount. St. Cadoc, her nephew, about the year 590, set off after his aunt, but could not persuade her to return, until she was visited with an heavenly admonition upon the subject. Both saints were hospitably received in Cornwall, and although king Arthur was his contemporary, St. Cadoc engrossed a good deal of the public regard. Being thirsty, as he was going to the Mount, he struck his stick into the earth, and a spring of pure water bubbled forth, curing all the diseased persons that had due faith in its efficacy. The Cornish, full of gratitude for such benefits, erected the church of St. Keyne to the lady, who, in return, gave them the well, so potent in domestic affairs. This well lies down a green lane, a good *run* from the church; it is on the left side, surrounded by foliage. Over it there are five trees, an oak, one very noble elm, and three ash. The water is pure and well tasted, but the well is of so small a circumference that there is barely room for the trunks to stand. Round it a wall is raised, isolating it completely. It is a puzzle to discover how the roots of trunks six inches in diameter are disposed of, in order to obtain due nourishment. One of the ash trees is dying. Upon the decay of the previous trees, mentioned in 1602 by Carew, Mr. Rashleigh, of Menabilly, nearly a hundred years ago, planted those which now exist. Carew gives the following account of the well in rhyme:—

“ In name, and shape, and quality,
This well is very quaint;
The name to lot of Keyne befel,—
No over holy saint.

“ The shape, four trees of divers kinds,
Withy, oak, elm, and ash,
Make with their roots an arched roof,
Whose floor this spring doth wash.

“ The quality, that man or wife,
Whose chance or choice attains,
First of this sacred stream to drink,
Thereby the mastery gains.”



Dr. Southey wrote a ballad about this well, too long to quote. It concludes with the following stanza:—

“ I hastened as soon as the wedding was o'er,
And left my good wife in the poreh;
But i'faith she had been wiser than I,
For she took a bottle to chureh!”

This was not the case exactly, if the following story be that from which the lake poet took his subject: it is vouched to be authentic. A farmer not far from Liskeard had two daughters, named Mary and Jane. They often talked together about the well, and the advantage it proffered; yet both thought it would seem strange to set off after the marriage rite, and leave their bridegrooms in the lurch—the good men too might outstrip them in getting to the well. Many were the schemes canvassed by the two girls to compass an object they deemed so desirable. Mary was of a pertinacious disposition,—firm and unyielding. Jane was a gentle creature, with perfect simplicity of character; but both gave strong credit to the virtues of St. Keyne's well. Mary's notion of marriage was that of a convenience,—to secure herself a settlement, and to be her own mistress. Jane thought nothing of herself, if she could but be certain of securing the whole heart to the possession of which she might aspire. Jane first had a lover, and matters proceeded in the common track, up to the time fixed upon for the marriage. Mary, somewhat piqued at her sister's good fortune, reminded her that, as soon as the marriage ceremony was concluded, she was ready to render her any assistance in outwitting her husband. To the surprise of Mary, Jane answered, that she had told her lover their secret, “for how could she keep any secret from William?” and that he had bargained with her, and stipulated in return that he would not himself drink the desired draught. Mary was indignant; she upbraided Jane with betraying their secret. Jane meekly replied, she could have no secrets from him she loved. Mary was sullen at the marriage dinner, and no longer reposed confidence in her sister; but time wore off every other consequence of this difference.

Mary had no lover for several years, and had entered upon that state of womanhood which many liken in character to the amphibious. She was hardly gone so far as to be beyond hope a confirmed old maid, and yet she was young and blooming no longer. A widower, knowing she was a notable housekeeper, paid her his addresses. Unfortunately, he had heard something of the dispute about the well between the sisters, but was not aware of the particulars. Half in jest, he one day said to Mary,—“ So, my dear, you are determined to fly out of church to the well of St. Keyne, after the ceremony; I shall take care you don't get there first.”

“ Who can have told you such nonsense, Robert;—I should like to drink first, too.”

“ My dear Mary,” he replied, partly in jest, and partly in earnest, “ recollect that it is rule a wife and have a wife, with me.”

"I don't understand you, Robert; you do not mean to be a tyrant, and not to love me tenderly, I hope."

"Was I a tyrant, Mary, to the poor dear creature I buried only last June? You knew us both well enough to answer that question yourself. Did I not love her, am I not constant, do I not fondly cherish her memory?"

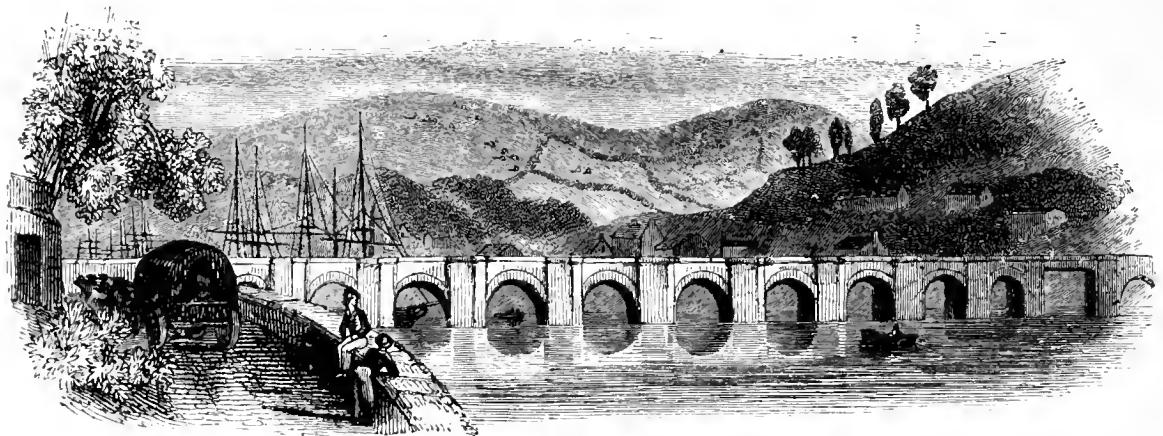
"It is all very well talking," replied Mary; who was wisely determined to go to the altar notwithstanding, recollecting her own age. "He spoke of ruling a wife," thought she: "I do not like that, and I am glad he let me know so much beforehand."

Mary was more than ever determined to secure both the husband and the authority; but it was necessary to outwit her lover, and he having extracted the promise from her that she would not, as she had threatened, set off for the well when the ceremony was over, and thus "make them appear foolish to their neighbours," to use his own words, she was puzzled how to manage the matter; for drink she was more and more determined to do, with her characteristic pertinacity. The wedding-day came; the ceremony was concluded; the party set off for the house of the bridegroom's father, where dinner was provided; when Mary called Robert aside, and hastily applying a bottle to her lips, turned to her husband and said, "Not to appear foolish to our neighbours, my dear Robert, now we are *alone* I may drink, you know;" and she applied the bottle hastily to her lips—then, holding it up to Robert, said, "You have a wife, rule her now, if you can!"

Leaving St. Keyne's well, and passing down into the lower part of the valley, the road comes suddenly upon the Looe river, which flows through a narrow but very beautiful defile, well wooded, and abounding in picturesque sites. The hills look into the recesses of the vales, so as to admit of a continual change of scene. All around is verdant and fertile; abrupt eminences are crowned with tufted groves; corn-fields wave; and the beautiful cattle of the sister county are seen browsing, at times, almost over head. The little river flows along, clear as amber, amid rocks, knolls, and cottages, looking like peace itself. A narrow canal, from Liskeard to Looe, runs, in some places, parallel with the river; but, owing to the nature of the ground, in no way deforms the landscape by its stiffness. We have never seen a sweeter vale; all so much in miniature, so snug and narrow, and ever varying. About two miles above Looe this beautiful valley expands into a fine estuary, presenting no outlet, and fringed with woods, clothing lofty promontories; the water putting on the appearance of a lake. The southern termination of this estuary is in the sea, which is concealed by a stupendous hill; near the foot of which are the towns of East and West Looe, which are behind the fine old bridge, of which the following is a representation.

East and West Looe are small towns, consisting of a few narrow streets, or rather alleys. In East Looe stands a little chapel, with a low embattled tower, not far from the entrance into the river seawards. There is a small

breastwork at the mouth of the port, which has several times been injured by the waves, and this alone protects the town from their fury. Vessels of considerable tonnage may enter; but they must be able to take the ground, for at



low water the harbour is almost dry. West Looe is situated at the base of a very lofty hill, over which, until a new road was made, the only outlet to the westward was almost inaccessible, from its steepness. New roads have been made in other directions, and these picturesque towns are now easily accessible from Torpoint, Liskeard, or Fowey. They lie as if at the bottom of a huge punch-bowl. Gardens and cottages line the hill-sides, filled with shrubs, flowers, and fruit trees; literally “hanging gardens.” Here myrtles bloom, and geraniums exude their fragrance, throughout the year; all is romantic and striking to the stranger. West Looe is situated in the parish of Talland; East Looe in that of St. Martin. Some little distance from the mouth of the harbour is Looe Island, on which stood a chapel dedicated to St. George. It is covered with grass, and inhabited only by rabbits, and is the property of the Trelewney family. Sir Charles Wager was a native of West Looe. A great earth work, supposed to be Roman, commences above West Looe, and is continued towards Lostwithiel, a distance of many miles.

The parish church of St. Martin, having some remains of Saxon architecture, is about a mile and a half north-east of East Looe. It contains a monument to the memory of Phillip Majolue, a merchant of some note. There is also a memorial to the Rev. Jonathan Toup, who wrote annotations on Suidas and Theocritus, and was thirty-four years rector of the parish. He died in 1785.

The town of East Looe was incorporated in 1567; and West Looe in 1575. In East Looe a mathematical school was founded in 1716, under the will of John Spacot, Esq. of Penhale. There is a town-hall in West Looe, which was once a chapel dedicated to St. Nicholas; all the buildings are close to the river. Morval, the manor of which was once the property of the Glynn family, belongs now to Mr. John Buller. The church stands near the house. The last is a fine specimen of the old mansions of the English gentry. At Wring-worthy, near Morval, while the latter was the property of the Glymns, a

member of that family was barbarously murdered by the retainers of one Clemens, whom he had superseded as under-steward of the Duchy of Cornwall. The county seems to have been kept in great terror by this ruffian ; for the widow of the murdered gentleman petitioned parliament that her appeal might be tried by a London jury, and that in default of the appearance of Clemens, he might be dealt with as convicted ; which prayer was accorded. The inventory of the stock, which appears to have comprised all the household property of Mr. Glynn, and which was carried off, is curious, as it shows of what that stock consisted in the house of a gentleman during the fifteenth century.

Opposite Morval, a branch of the Looe river runs up to Duloe. The church contains a monument to one of the Coleshill family, dated 1483. The parish is divided into the West, North, and South districts.

Not far east from Duloe is the parish church of Pelyn, or Pelynt, a spacious edifice. In this church are some monuments of the Buller and Trelawney families, and the following epitaph :—

“ Here lies an honest lawyer ; wot you what ?—
A thing for all the world to wonder at !”

The following is inscribed here to the memory of Edward Trelawney,—an anagram of the name :—

“ O what a bubble, vapour, puff of breath,
A nest of worms, a lump of pallid earth,
Is mud-wall man : before we mount on high,
We cope with change, *we wander, alter, die !*”

Trelawn, the seat of the Trelawney family, is in this parish. Jonathan Trelawney, who died in 1721, was one of the seven bishops sent to the Tower by James II. The Cornish were preparing to march, in order to set him free, and the burthen of a song current at the time runs—

“ And shall Trelawney die ?
And shall Trelawney die ?—
Twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why !”

Toiling up the steep hill behind West Looe, the traveller, diverging to the left upon the summit, reaches Talland, with its little cove, about two miles distant. The church stands upon a hill that goes down abruptly into the sea ; and near it is the manor house, surrounded by trees, and now occupied by a farmer. There was formerly a cell of Benedictine monks at Talland. About a mile further on this coast is Polperro ; part of which is in this parish, and part in Lansallos, where an ancient bishop, St. Hyldren, is buried. Polperro possesses a secure port for ships of 150 tons burthen, in one of the most romantic spots it is possible to conceive. Over the town are some ruins of a chapel dedicated to St. Peter.

The inhabitants support themselves principally by the pilchard fishery,

and the refuse of the finny tribe is suffered to accumulate on the dunghills, in order to be used for manure, so that the odour is very offensive.

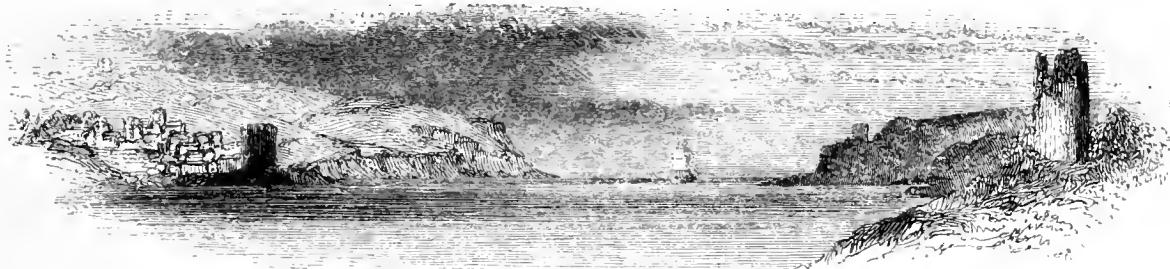
The road out of Polperro, towards Fowey, is through a profound ravine, which leads to higher ground, and this last terminates at Bodinnick Ferry, opposite the town of Fowey. This ferry crosses one of the safest and most beautiful of harbours, and lies in the parish of Lanteglos, in the church of which parish are some memorials to the Mohun family, two of whom died in 1508 of the sweating sickness.

The situation of Fowey, now only a fishing town, is highly romantic; lying upon its own estuary, which is environed by lofty wood-crowned hills, and navigable for six miles towards Lostwithiel. Opposite Fowey, but more towards the entrance of the harbour, is the village of Polruan, in Lanteglos parish, with its creek, and over all are the ruins of a chapel. Fowey consists chiefly of one long street, parallel with the harbour. The houses are built of stone. The hill to the westward of the town rises so rapidly as scarcely to allow the ascent of a carriage. Upon this hill-side, the church, a strong old edifice, with a lofty tower, stands at no great distance from the water. It consists of three aisles, and may be dated about the time of Edward IV., to judge from the style of its architecture. The roof is adorned with carved work and figures, principally cherubs, supporting armorial shields. It has a number of memorials to different individuals. The best in workmanship, and most singular in point of inscription, is that to the memory of John Rashleigh, who died in 1581. This church is dedicated to an Irish saint, the first bishop of Cork, who is entombed here; his name was St. Trim-barrus.

At the termination of the principal street, we entered by a rope-walk upon a meadow, at the extremity of which is a square tower, the outer part wanting;



having fallen into the sea within the last thirty years ; it was the ancient defence of the port. Farther on, passing several little coves, among rocky promontories, we reached a second tower, upon which guns were formerly mounted, and to these are answering towers upon the opposite, or Polruan side of the harbour.



The entrance from the sea is narrow, and was once defended by a chain drawn across. Nothing can be more beautiful than the scenery round this lovely haven, so environed with romantic heights, and commingling every thing attractive that can enhance the charm of fine landscape. The shores are bold; the harbour safe, deep, and waveless; and the climate soft and agreeable. But the days of Edward III. and Henry V. are departed, and with them the glory of Fowey. The contingent to the fleet of Edward on the expedition to Calais from Fowey was greater in ships than from any other port in the kingdom.* Out of sixty vessels belonging to Fowey, forty-seven ships and seven hundred and seventy men went with the king. The Fowey sailors were styled the “Fowey gallants,” and quartered their arms with Rye and Winchelsea, from the circumstance of refusing to “vaile their bonnets” at the command of those ports when they were sailing by them, upon which the cinque-port seamen came out to enforce the demand, got well beaten, and were obliged to fly back into their own harbours. The Fowey men entering the French ports, kept them in constant alarm. They enriched themselves both by plunder and trade, and the French were so annoyed that they fitted out an expedition against the town, which landed secretly at midnight, when they killed all they encountered, setting it on fire. The braver part of the inhabitants repaired to Place House, and resisted the French so effectually that they retreated to their ships. In the reign of Edward IV. the Fowey men were accused of piratical practices, and of actual rebellion against the crown. A burgess was executed, and the Dartmouth men were ordered to take away their ships, a blow which Fowey never recovered; although, in the reign of Charles II., the brave townsmen saved a fleet of merchantmen from eighty Dutch sail of the line, beating off the Hollanders with the guns of their little towers. Hugh Peters, who was executed for supporting the parliament cause by the ministry of Charles II., was a native of this town.

* Yarmouth sent forty-three; Dartmouth thirty-two; Plymouth twenty-six; London twenty-five; Bristol twenty-two; Portsmouth five. The king had only twenty-five of his own ships.

We have mentioned Place House, which is still standing. It was the property of the Treffrys, the male branch of which becoming extinct in 1658, the last of the family bequeathed it to William Toller, his nephew, upon condition of his taking the name of Treffry. It is now the property of Mr. J. F. Austen, who has recently added Treffry to his former name,—a gentleman who is carrying into effect considerable improvements in the vicinity of his residence, and restoring Place House in perfect good taste.

Not far from Fowey, to the westward, upon Tywardreth Bay, is Menabilly, the seat of Mr. William Rashleigh, containing a most valuable collection of minerals, having above 1,000 specimens of copper alone. In the grounds there is an artificial grotto: pebbles, crystals, and shells are the materials of the building. The form is octagonal, and six of the sides contain collections of different Cornish ores of tin, silver, copper, lead, and iron. Fossils, agates, jaspers, quartz, fluor spar, together with shells, coralloides, and similar objects are very appropriately arranged among them. Here are two links of the chain which was once used to close up the harbour of Fowey in the reign of Edward IV., taken up by some fishermen, entangled in their nets; the links are of a triangular shape, covered with shells, and the iron nearly decomposed. One of the finest specimens of chaledony ever discovered is treasured up here. We were much struck with a beautiful table in the centre of the grotto, composed of thirty-two specimens of Cornish granite; each specimen the segment of a circle, and very highly polished. Mr. Rashleigh's house stands near the shore of the bay, around which there are extensive sands; at Tywardreth church-town a Benedictine monastery once stood. Many Roman coins have been found about the shores of this bay. Here are the stream works of Porth, which were much injured by the sea in 1801; they are chiefly remarkable for having been worked before iron was used for mining tools. Several of these have been found in the works, shaped like pickaxes, and made of holly, oak, and box-wood. There are other villages in the parish, as Par, which gives a name to the sands at the head of the bay, Highway, and Polkerris. A monument stands in the church to the memory of Thomas Collins, the last prior of Tywardreth monastery, who died in 1532.

Returning to Fowey, and ascending the beautiful river of that name to Lostwithiel, we passed, on the left hand, the church of St. Veep. In the valleys, as we have before observed, the wooded scenery of Cornwall must be sought. We have rarely seen a vale of greater beauty than this,—so shaded, tranquil, and gracefully curved. A branch of this river runs quite up to St. Veep, where there was anciently a priory. Walter de Exon, who left behind him the life of the renowned Guy Earl of Warwick, once resided there. A monument stands in this church to the memory of William Bastard, a barrister, who left the tenement of Netherecombe to the poor of this parish and to that of Duloe for ever. St. Winnow's church is beautifully situated upon the eastern side of the river, at a spot which, for picturesque effect, may challenge

any *morceau* of river scenery in England. This church contains a number of monumental tablets.

Boconnoc church dates its erection about the time of Henry VI. To the disgrace of the parochial authorities its numerous old monuments were some years ago taken down and thrust into a vault. The whole interior is defaced,—tracery, mullions, and rood loft. One bit of sculpture that has escaped the spoiler's hand, is supposed to be a votive tablet for the recovery of a sick child. A gigantic figure (St. Christopher) is watching over a sleeping infant, while Death stands at the foot of the cradle, at the head of which an hour-glass is in the act of falling. There is no tower to Boconnoc church, notwithstanding which it contains three bells, suspended three feet from the ground, in a belfry only eight feet high: they are rung with the foot. About two miles northwest of this church is that of Broadoak, or Braddock, exhibiting nothing worthy of observation. Upon Braddock Down a skirmish between the troops of Charles I. and the parliamentarians took place.

Boconnoc, a fine seat in Boconnoc parish, having been purchased by the grandfather of the great Earl of Chatham, is, therefore, connected with that illustrious name. It is a convenient house, with the finest grounds in the county: the house was began by Lord Mohun, and finished by Governor Pitt. Boconnoc has some good paintings, and a fine bust of Lord Chatham, under which are the following lines:—

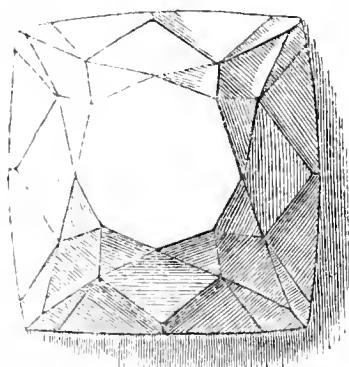
“ Her trophies faded, and reversed her spear,
See England's Genius bend o'er Chatham's bier;
Her sails no more in every clime unfurled,
Proclaim her dictates to the admiring world.
No more shall accents nervous, bold, and strong,
Flow in full periods from his patriot tongue;
Yet shall the historic and poetic page,
Thy name, great shade, devolve from age to age—
Thine and thy country's fate congenial tell,
By thee she triumphed, and by thee she fell.”

The grounds of Boconnoc are retired, varied, and broken. The little river Lerrin runs through them into the Fowey, along a well-wooded valley. The timber is principally oak and beech. A pleasant ride has been made among the woods, six miles in length. A lawn of 100 acres adjoins the park, which last contains an obelisk to the memory of Sir Richard Lyttleton, 123 feet high, erected in 1776: it stands in the midst of an old entrenchment, cast up, perhaps, in 1645, as a similar work, upon a neighbouring hill, is known to have been made by the troops of Charles I. This monarch, in his struggle for absolute power with the parliament, took up his head-quarters in the house; and while here, made a second ineffectual attempt to corrupt the Earl of Essex, then commanding the army of the parliament. There remains a narrative of the events which then took place, corrected by the king's own hand.* Charles

* By Sir Edward Walker; it abundantly displays the inconsistencies of Lord Clarendon's history.

continued at Boconnoc about a month, and then quitted Cornwall for ever. An idle story has long been current here of the king's being shot at, and that the ball struck an oak tree on which his standard was displayed. The upper part of this tree was blown off in 1783 during a storm. The king was receiving the sacrament, it is said, as the ball went through it; and for more than a century, a woodpecker's hole was shown as the identical place. After the shot was fired, the tree, shocked at the event, would never afterwards put forth any but variegated leaves! Now the most minute accounts of the movements of Charles I., and all that happened to that unhappy monarch, are extant, written both by friends and enemies, but no allusion is made to such a circumstance. It is probably another version of a shot really fired at the king, when he was at Hall Walk, near Fowey, by which a fisherman was killed.

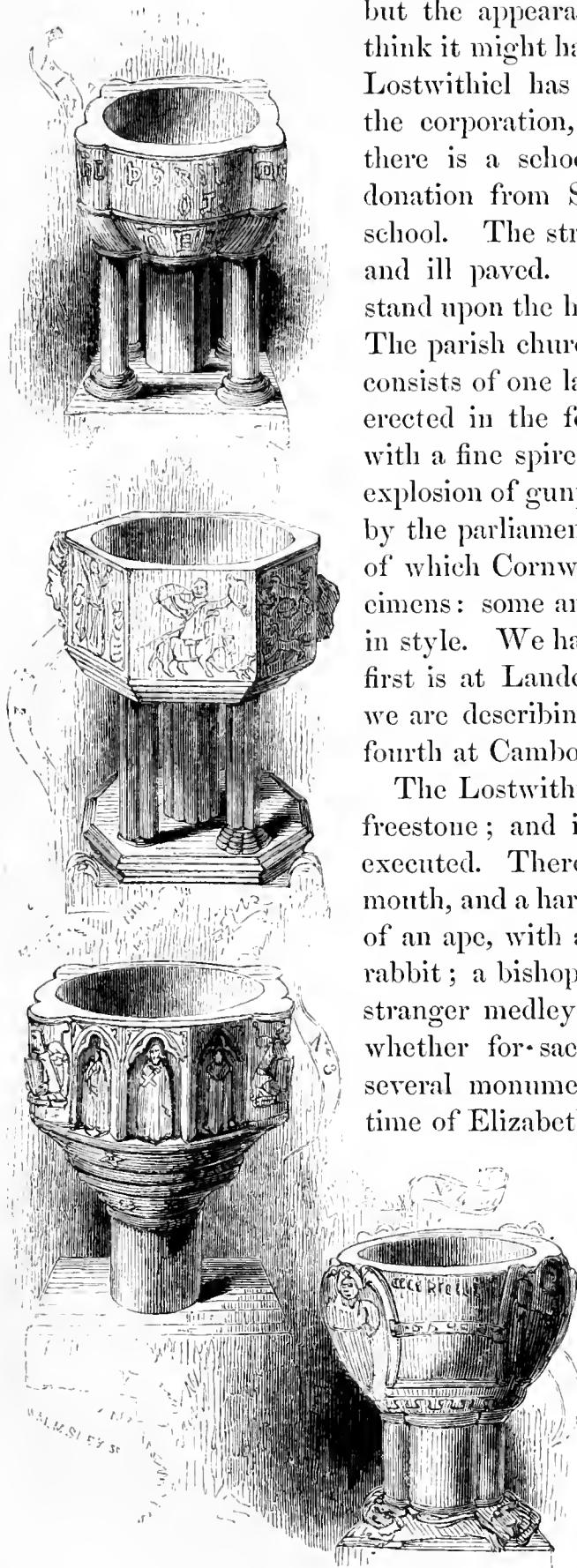
Mr. Thomas Pitt, Governor of Madras, who died in 1727, was the purchaser of the celebrated Pitt diamond in India. He was the son of a trader at Brentford,



and a native of the west of England. He purchased in India, for the sum of 48,000 pagodas, the diamond, known as the Pitt diamond, for which the Regent of France gave 135,000*l.* It cost 5,000*l.* cutting, and the chips and filings were valued at 7,000*l.* The weight is 136½ carats; and a commission of French jewellers valued it at 12,000,000 of livres (about 500,000*l.*) It is one inch and one-sixth long, and three-quarters of an inch thick, and is among the crown jewels of France. It is here represented of the exact size.

The slander uttered against Governor Pitt, in consequence of his good fortune, propagated by the well-known lines of Pope, supposed to refer to him, induced that gentleman to vindicate himself from the charge of having surreptitiously obtained this jewel, by publishing the details of the transaction, which fully cleared his character, in the negotiation, from any thing but fair mercantile dealing. The elder son of Mr. Thomas Pitt was named Robert, and, succeeding his father in possession of Boconnoc, had three sons, the eldest of whom was the first Lord Camelford, whose son fell in a duel; and the youngest the great Earl of Chatham, whose son William was afterwards Prime Minister of England. The house and grounds of Boconnoc became subsequently the property of the late Lord Grenville, through marriage with the Hon. Anne Pitt.

Lostwithiel, two or three miles west of Boconnoc, is a small but ancient borough, partly in the parish of its own name, and partly in that of Lanlivery. We have rarely seen an inland town more agreeably situated; lying in a deep and romantic hollow, watered by the translucent river Fowey, over which it has a bridge. This town was made a free borough by Richard, King of the Romans, and sent members to parliament from the time of Edward I. until it was disfranchised under the Reform Act. It is said that there was once a palace of the Earls of Cornwall in this little town, but upon no valid authority;



but the appearance of some ruins gives reason to think it might have had a castle or place of defence. Lostwithiel has a grammar-school, supported by the corporation, as well as one for writing; and there is a school endowed by the trustees of a donation from Sir J. Elliot, and also a Sunday-school. The streets are three in number, narrow, and ill paved. The houses are about 140, and stand upon the high road from Plymouth to Truro. The parish church, dedicated to St. Bartholomew, consists of one large and two small aisles, and was erected in the fourteenth century: it is adorned with a fine spire. This church was injured by an explosion of gunpowder, and was used as a barrack by the parliament army. Here is a curious font, of which Cornwall retains many remarkable specimens: some are evidently Saxon, others Gothic, in style. We have given four of these fonts. The first is at Landewednack, the second that which we are describing, the third at Padstow, and the fourth at Camborne.

The Lostwithiel font is octagonal; the material freestone; and it is covered with figures very ill executed. There is a huntsman with a horn in his mouth, and a hare upon his finger; lions; the head of an ape, with a serpent round it; a dog, with a rabbit; a bishop's head; and the crucifixion. A stranger medley never decorated a vessel before, whether for sacred or profane use. There are several monuments in the church. One of the time of Elizabeth, with figures in relief, erected to

the memory of Temperance Kendall, who died in 1579, the wife of William Kendall. The parish is confined to a portion of the town, and to a few meadows. The shire-hall is a building of great antiquity, used as a stannary court; to which adjoins the stannary prison, the only one in the county.

A mile north from Lostwithiel are the fine ruins of Restorme

Castle, situated upon an eminence, the foot of which is watered by the river Fowey. They are beautifully mantled with ivy, and surrounded with trees. This castle was a residence of the Earls of Cornwall. The outer walls inclose a circular area of 110 feet, and are nine thick: they are surrounded with a

deep moat, overgrown with briars. The entrance is on the south, under a square turreted gateway, now in ruins. The apartments extended round the interior, against the outer walls, and consisted of two stories of chambers, mostly lighted from the court within. There are traces of two staircases, and a chapel, twenty-six feet long, by seventeen wide. We have never seen a ruin more completely clothed with vegetation. There was once a chapel in the park, not far off, and dedicated to the Trinity.

Lanhydrock House, three miles from this town, is an old edifice, built of granite, occupying three sides of a quadrangle. Some of the rooms, ornamented in a very uncouth manner with plaster, bear date 1636. This was once the residence of the Robartes, Barons Truro, and Earls of Radnor, and is now inhabited by the Agar family, who are their representatives. The church is a very pleasing little edifice, mantled in ivy. Lanlivery, adjoining Lostwithiel, is a living, the property of the Kendall family of Pelyn in the same parish, and several monuments to different individuals of that family are erected there:—the earliest for Walter Kendall, in 1547, to whom the advowson of the vicarage was first granted.

The distance to St. Austle from Lostwithiel is eight miles; the road in one place almost touches upon the head of Tywardreth Bay, by Par Creek, near the church of St. Blazey, or Blase, styled *Fanum* in the year 1294, when it was taxed under that name.* Bishop Blaise landed at the head of the bay, say the Cornish people, and his effigy is preserved in the parish; yet as the good bishop was beheaded A.D. 298, and in 1087 the church was not thus named, this landing seems rather a difficult point to establish. The church was more probably dedicated to the patron of the wool-combers, some eight or nine

* In this parish, where his father kept a small inn, was born Ralph Allen, of Prior Park, Bath, the friend of Pope and Gay, who farmed a part of the Post-Office revenue.



hundred years after his decease. The festival of Blaise is still kept on the 3d of February, though the villages in the parish have much declined in population. St. Austle is a poor town, but the parish is populous, and extends over 10,018 acres. It was so named from St. Austol, a hermit. The church, an interesting fabric, is dedicated to St. Austin, and decorated with all kinds of sculptural monstrosities. The tower is handsome; the second story contains eighteen statues in niches, richly ornamented, resembling personages it is not easy to designate. Various implements used by miners are represented on the walls and seats. Over the south porch is an inscription, supposed to be the Cornish words *Ry Du*, "Give to God;" a second contains the letters I. N. R. I., but these interpretations of both inscriptions have been disputed. St. Austle has a small worsted manufactory. In the town pavement is a flat stone, called the "*Men gu*" stone; a witch is said to have been burned upon it, and bargains were formerly made, and proclamations read over it, but the original purpose is unknown. There are several villages in this parish, but none, save that of Charlestown, situated upon Tywardreth Bay, is worthy of mention. This may be called the port of St. Austle, as it contains a pier for sheltering vessels, a basin, and a number of fishing boats, with a considerable trade. A large portion of the clay found near St. Austle, called china clay, but really disintegrated granite levigated and washed, is shipped from thence to the manufactories of pottery in Staffordshire and other parts of the kingdom. Near St. Austle is the ancient tin mine of Polgooth. To the north-west of the town is a second singular tin work, called Carelaze Mine, which is open to the day. Nothing can be more dreary than the aspect of the earth's surface in these districts. The Carelaze mine, excavated out of a barren hill, looking like a huge punch bowl, a mile in circuit, is from twenty to thirty fathoms deep, and though it has been worked for 400 years, is still productive, and still enlarging its enormous circumference. The stamping of the ores is carried on within the mine.

The parishes of Luxullian and Roche lie, the first north-north-east, and the last north of St. Austle. The living of Luxullian belongs to Sir J. C. Rashleigh: that of Roche is vested in trustees, under the will of Mr. Thornton, of Clapham. It was named Roche from a family of that name, who once held the manor. About a quarter of a mile from the church are the celebrated Roche rocks, breaking through the barren heaths around, upon the highest of which is a chapel, dedicated to St. Michael. It was said to have belonged anciently to a hermit, and to have been last tenanted by a leper: it forms a striking object from a great distance around. In this parish also is Hensbarrow Hill, from whence there is a most extensive view over the country from sea to sea. From St. Austle a short railway goes to Pentuan stream work, near which the stone of that name is obtained. There are numerous barrows on the downs in this neighbourhood; but the curiosity that attracts the attention of the superstitious is a phosphoric or electrical light,

which appears near the turnpike at Hill Head, somewhat less than a mile out of the town. In summer rarely seen, it is visible almost every night in winter, and has been so, from time immemorial. In general stationary, it moves but little from the spot where it appears, but sometimes mounts upward, and again descends. On approaching the place where it is observed, it disappears, though all the while visible to persons at a distance. The direction has been accurately observed by taking the angle at night, and examining the spot in the day; but the cause has never been discovered.

Polgoooth mine is on the road to Truro, a mile or two out of the town. It is in the parish of St. Mewan, the church of which stands upon the right hand side. Here, too, is the celebrated tin mine of Hewas, though part of the workings are in St. Ewe parish, in which several specimens of gold have been found, and traces of the habitations of the Jews when they worked the tin mines. The seat of the Tremayne family, called Heligan, is pleasantly situated in St. Ewe. A hill, crowned with a singular mass of crags, from whence there is an extensive view, is a remarkable object in St. Mewan, called Mewan Beacon. The church of this parish is very old, and terminates in a pointed roof without pinnacles. The traditional story is, that by some supernatural agency it was prevented from being carried higher, as the largest stones laid upon the building in the day time, being removed in the night to a considerable distance, the work could never be completed.

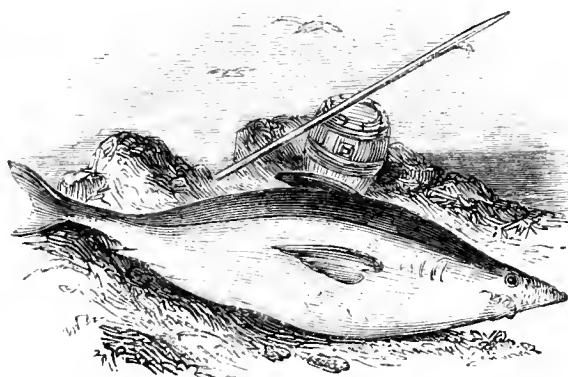
Mevagissys stands south of St. Austle about six miles, and east of Tregony about the same distance. This was one of the most noted fishing towns in Cornwall, until the visits of the pilchard to its shores became less frequent. The name is derived from a couple of the saints in which Cornwall once so much abounded,—St. Mevie and St. Issy. The bay is truly fine, and opens full east, disclosing a vast expanse of sea as far as the Rame Head. The town lies at the termination of a very agreeable vale, but was difficult of access for carriages until a road was opened of late years to remedy the inconvenience. The streets are wretchedly narrow; and from this cause the fish are obliged to be carried in baskets to the cellars, between two men with poles over their shoulders. Mevagissys contains some good houses, and the interior of the humblest is remarkable for its cleanliness: yet the odour of the fish is not prevented from being perceptible to the stranger. The fishermen are a fine, active, and daring race of men, trained to hardship from their boyhood. They have a good pier to secure their boats, but the harbour is dry at low water. There is no endowed charity in the town, notwithstanding which, it is amply provided with schools. The church stands in a sheltered nook, out of the town, and is destitute of a tower: having no peal, the sexton plies a hand-bell through the streets to call the people to divine service. A little jealousy in their piscatory calling exists between the fishermen of Gorran Haven, about three miles distant, and those of Mevagissys; the Gorran men accuse the latter of having sold their bells, for money to pay for pulling down their tower; tradi-

tion stating that a tower formerly existed, and disappeared, nobody can tell by what means. The soil about this town is fertile, though the surface is very irregular. The manors of Pentuan, Penwarne, and Trelevan stretch over the entire parish. Penwarne was the property of Richard Carew, the son of the historian, called the "One-handed Carew." His hand being shot off at the siege of Ostend, he returned with it to his quarters in the evening, when, presenting the shattered and severed limb to his landlady, he observed, "There is the hand that cut the pudding this morning."

As Mevagissy is one of the Cornish fishing towns most noted for the capture of the pilchard, we will now give some account of that important source of profit to the county, which will prevent a recurrence to the subject hereafter. On the western coast, where the high price of corn and butcher's meat is out of all proportion to the labourer's wages, he is unable to obtain either. Fish and the potatoe plot constitute his sole dependence. It is to be feared that the potatoe will, as in Ireland, soon become the sole nourishment of the poorer class in English counties where fish is not to be had. The dense population of the west of Cornwall, in which production can be little increased beyond the present limit, renders importation from a distance necessary, and adds the price of carriage to that of a high market. In every little cove, where it is possible, some of the families living near contrive to keep among them a boat for fishing, and thus they supply themselves, and are able to dispose of the surplus to their neighbours. They preserve the fish by salting or drying. Sometimes this resource is exhausted, from the continuance of stormy weather for weeks successively, and then the condition of these poor people is deplorable in the extreme. In such cases, one of them, remarking on their hardships during stormy seasons, said to us, "We do the best we can, though sometimes half starved."

But the fishery of the pilchard not only gives the poor food and employment, in the season, but returns a considerable profit to the capitalist who supplies the *materiel* for the pursuit upon a large scale. The pilchard resembles the herring at the first glance, but is shorter. The dorsal fin is so exactly adjusted, that it may be balanced, by holding the extremity of the fin between the fingers, of which the herring's form will not admit; the scales, too, adhere closer than those of the herring. Whence this fish comes, or whither it goes, is an impenetrable mystery of nature's keeping. The pilchard is never found so far north as the southernmost part of Ireland; nor, indeed, except a stray fish, have any been found north of Cornwall; they sometimes approach the shore in greater numbers, and much nearer than at others; most probably coming northwards from the deeps of the Atlantic. Their arrival is about the third week in July, and they remain to the end of September. They have numerous enemies in the fish of prey which follow and devour them. The grampus, catfish, blue shark, dog-fish, and that rare small species of shark, called the Porbeagle, about four feet long, devour vast numbers.

The Porbeagle, of which this engraving is a representation, belongs to the true shark tribe, the sub-genus *Carcharias* of naturalists.



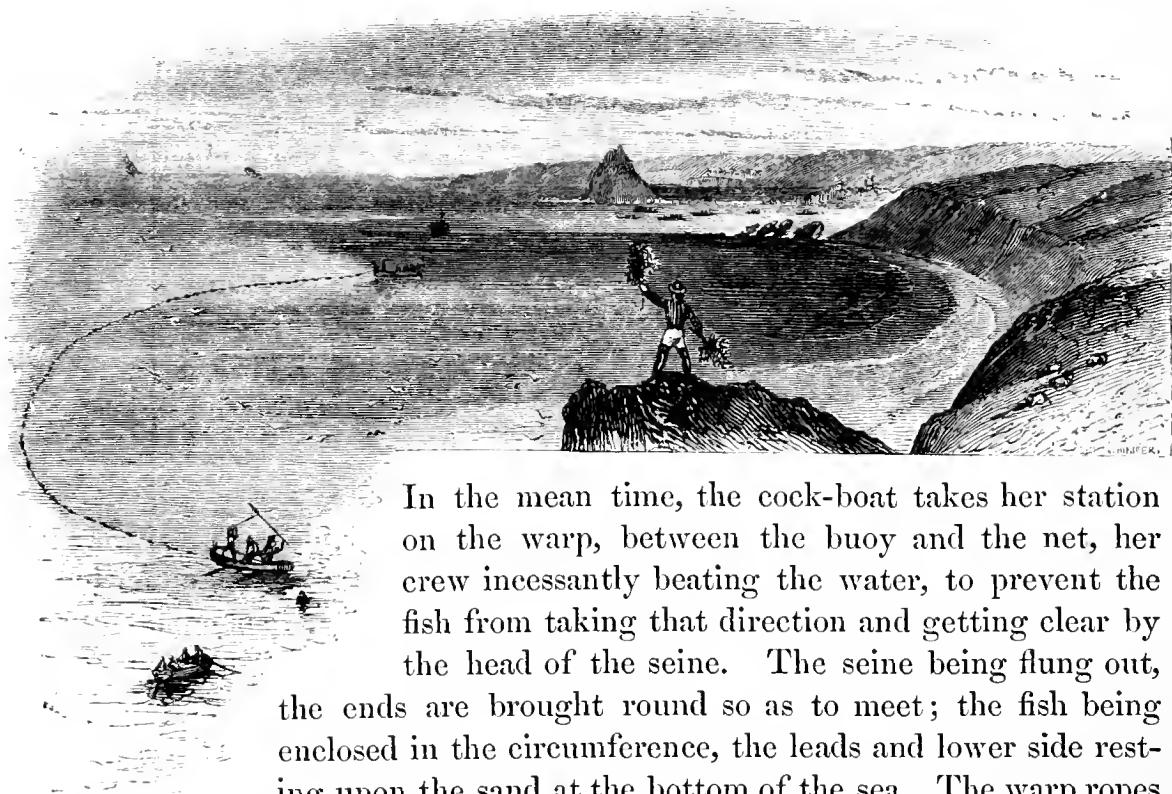
St. Ives is upon the north coast what Mevagissy is upon the south, in this fishery. Besides these two towns, Looe, Polperro, Fowey, Gorran Haven, St. Mawes, Falmouth, and Mounts Bay, pursue the fishery to a considerable extent, though not at all seasons with equal success. The seine, or net, measures from 220 to 260 fathoms long, or more than a quarter of a mile, and is sixteen fathoms broad in the middle. It is fastened on each side to two stout double ropes, and at each corner to four strong warps, about fifty fathoms long. The upper edge is rendered buoyant by corks, while the lower is sunk to the bottom, by lead weights attached to the opposite side. Thus when thrown into the sea, it stands upright as a wall, the lower side resting on the bottom, lest the fish should escape under; and hence this kind of fishing is only carried on in fifteen or sixteen fathoms of water. The net is carried in a boat of about eight tons burthen, and is folded so as to be thrown overboard by two strong experienced men, without the least entanglement; one at the head-rope or corked side, the other at the foot-rope or leaded border. In the seine boat there are five rowers besides the bow oarsman, who watches the huer, and directs the steering from his signals. The *huer*, from the French word *huer*, “to call,” or “cry out,” is always a man of great experience; since upon his judgment depends the success of the fishery. Before dawn he is upon some lofty cliff, ready to observe the sea, just at that part of the summer when a warm July or August haze comes over its surface, which the people say, brings “heat and pilchards,” from their occurrence at the same season. From the cliffs a shoal of fish is readily perceived by an experienced eye, as it is accompanied by a change in the hue of the water over them, which is shaded on the surface by their uncountable multitudinousness; the shadow or peculiar tint they cause, moving along with them. Perhaps the boats are close to the beach, away from the huer, and opposite the town, ready to obey the signal of their chief; and, except a man or two left to take care of them and watch the huer, it is possible the rest of the crews and the inhabitants of the place may be buried in slumber. The grey of morning heralds the sun’s appearance,—now his disc is upon the horizon that is streaming with the new-born light,—and the huer may be descried with his gaze directed over the ocean. In each hand he carries a green bough, with which to telegraph his orders. Morn advances yet more, and the sun’s orb bathes the eastern horizon in gold,—but to the sun the huer’s back is turned, his regard is where, below him in another direction,

the waveless ocean sleeps, like “an unweaned child.” All is silent, or the silence is only broken by the gentle soothing music of the ripple upon the yellow sand, borne upon air “fresh as a bridegroom.” Still the huer makes no signal; the streets being yet voiceless, and the beach deserted. On a sudden he looks more attentively to seaward,—looks again,—shifts his position, and looks still more intently,—now he sees the approaching shoal. He makes the signal to the boats; one of their crews, left in charge, rushes up the beach into the streets, crying “Havar! havar!”* from the old Cornish word “havas,” “Found! found!” The word is caught up, and rings from house to house along the shore. The boats are fully manned, three in number, and push off; while many smaller craft along-shore are getting ready to follow, at the proper time, to land the fish. “One and all,” the Cornish watchword, unites the spectators and the actors in the busy scene; and “Havar, havar!” echoes among the rocks. The fine athletic form of the huer is descried urging forward the boats, the crews of which are tugging at the oar, with all their might. In the first boat, manned by nine or ten men, the seine is carried, carefully covered with a tarpaulin; the next boat carries what is called the tuck-seine, with which the fish are taken up out of the larger seine, when they are hemmed within its meshes; the third, called the lurker or cock-boat, carries only three or four hands. These boats are well supplied with ropes, anchors, grapnels, and whatever the emergency may chance to require. The rowers tug hard until they arrive opposite where the huer stands; perhaps a mile or more distant. He makes the signal for them to anchor, three or four hundred yards from the shore, off a fine sandy cove; and, accordingly, the seine and tuck-seine boats drop their anchors; but the cock-boat proceeds to sea, in order to reconnoitre the shoal. The huer is still intent upon his duties; aloof from all, he weighs the best mode of proceeding. To fulfil his office well, he must possess a quick eye, a placid temper, an active mind, be prompt in resources, be gifted with strength of body and the capacity of enduring great fatigue; he must be good-humoured and sober, know how to make his men respect him, be perfectly impartial, and inflict fines for punishments upon his crews when they neglect their duty, or exhibit marks of intoxication. But see, the shoal is approaching,—the people are crowding down to the distant beach; many of them anticipating the comforts a successful haul will bring to them and their families, in the wages they will receive for curing the fish; the less sanguine calculating their sore privations, in case of disappointment.

For a time all is uncertainty; at length the huer sees a moment which he deems opportune; he makes the signal to weigh anchor and remove the tarpaulin from over the seine. All is now silent, and every eye is fixed upon the chief, who, calm and collected, is too absorbed in his business to employ his thoughts upon results in place of existing action. He is anxious that the

* This cry is only in the westernmost fisheries. It has been thought best not to occupy space by making local geographical distinctions, when the subject is generally applicable.

shoal should not give him the slip, which too frequently happens. He makes the signal to throw over the seine. Two strong and stout seiners begin by flinging overboard the warps affixed to the corners of the net, and fastened to a buoy previously prepared. The rowers, directed by the bowman who watches the huer, pull with all their might; while the two men in the stern sheets, one at the upper or corked side of the net, and the other at the lower, the warp being run out, are flinging the net into the sea to encircle the shoal.

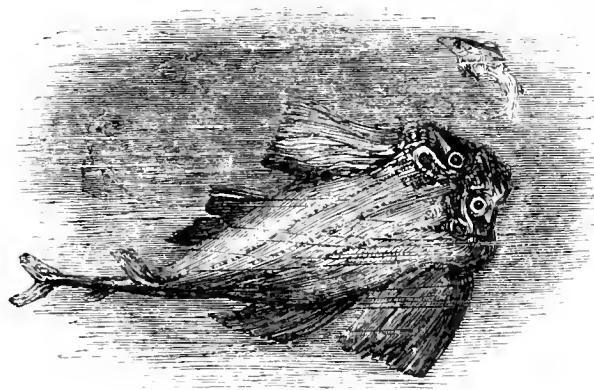


In the mean time, the cock-boat takes her station on the warp, between the buoy and the net, her crew incessantly beating the water, to prevent the fish from taking that direction and getting clear by the head of the seine. The seine being flung out, the ends are brought round so as to meet; the fish being enclosed in the circumference, the leads and lower side resting upon the sand at the bottom of the sea. The warp ropes are first united close to the network, and then the ends of the net are lifted, and the net tied close to the meshes from top to bottom, the ties being about a fathom asunder. This is done as rapidly as possible, and the ends of the net again dropped. The fish are now safe, and might remain for days, or even weeks, in security, unless a gale of wind were to arise. From the junction at the ends of the net an anchor is carried out, and two or three grapnels from other parts of the circumference, to prevent it from being pressed upwards by the fish. The seiners' crews, and those of the numerous boats that have joined them from the shore, give three huzzas, by way of salute to the huer, who stands afar and alone as before. These are answered by the people on shore, till the cliffs ring again. Nothing can be more animated than the scene, combined as it is with the glories of land, ocean, and sky.

The next thing done is to drop the tuck seine within the larger net, in order to bring the fish to the surface, and load the boats which throng to the spot to carry them on shore. This generally takes place at low water, and is often prolonged into the night, the soft moonlight night of summer. No

sight can be more enchantingly beautiful. The tranquil sea, broken by the numerous oars, that seem sporting with brilliants, heightened by contrast with the black boats continually in motion over its bosom, shines like one measureless and glorious mirror, to where the sky melts into its lustre. There is so little difference in Cornwall between the warmth of the night and day at this season, that no chill damps the pleasure of the time spent in watching the busy labour. The fish, lifted out of their native element, are literally poured into the boats as the tuck seine is emptied, and their white wet sides look like streams of liquid silver. The joy of human hearts, flung into the extreme beauty of the picture, renders it one of the most interesting which imagination can conceive. Sometimes strange fish are found entangled in the nets; as this angel fish, or monk, a shark of a singular form, but a rare species. The terrible white shark seldom appears, and equally seldom the harmless basking shark. Sun-fish are sometimes caught of a large size.

Five hundred hogsheads at once is thought a fair capture. In one season, 60,000 hogsheads have been taken throughout the county; averaging each 3,000 fish, and making in all 180,000,000. What an infinity of production must thus exist in the ocean! The number of fish in a hogshead will depend on their relative size from fatness, which differs much in different years, running from 2,500 to 3,000. The fish are now taken to the cellars, and placed in rows, with a layer of salt between each row. It requires eight bushels of salt to cure a hogshead of pilchards, so as to sustain the hot climate of Italy, where they are often kept for twelve months. After remaining in salt thirty-two days they are packed in easks, in regular layers, and submitted to considerable pressure. The vaeaney thus caused is filled up, and the fish pressed a second time, and again pressed and filled. After being submitted the third time to this proeess, the eask is headed, and is fit for exportation. The pilchard being very fat, is better for this pressure; and returns about a hogshead of oil, for every twenty hogsheads of fish. Nearly half the salt once used is preserved, and used again in the following season; after whieh, it is found to be one of the best manures that can be laid upon land, and is readily sold for that purpose. A hogshead of this fish, ealled when thus treated, "fumades," from the Spanish "fumados,"—is equal to three barrels of herrings, as it contains four hundred and a quarter of dried fish. The cost of the boats and seine together is about 1,200*l.*; and 50,000 bushels of salt may be the average consumption. It is not easy to discover the number of persons employed in this fishery; but it must be considerable, though not equal to several random statements put



forth on the subject, and that of the capital employed; which last, some calculate at above 300,000*l.* The fish have been sold, from as low as eighteen shillings, up to thirty-six, the hogshead.*

The herring fishery is principally carried on at St. Ives; as, though abundant on the northern coast of Cornwall, this fish does not double the Land's End, and pass up the English Channel. Of other modes of fishing, there is a great variety. The driving net, it may be as well to observe, is only used at a distance from the land, for fear of scattering the shoals, which it is so advantageous to keep near the shore.†

The church of Gorran is about two miles from Mevagissy: this parish is bounded on the east by the sea. There are sites of entrenched places of defence in this parish; one near Portmellin, a fishing cove, enclosing about 100 acres, on the manor of Goloures, not far from the Deadman Cape. Here is a double entrenchment, above twenty feet high, and the remnant of a mound, still called Castle Hill. The manor of Bodrigan, in Gorran, once

* One half the salt used serves again; and that which is spoiled sells for manure, at 10*d.* the bushel. The broken fish bring 1*d.*; garbage for the soap-boiler, 6*d.*; and dregs for the currier, 10*d.* per gallon. The cask costs 3*s.* Ten women salters, get 10*d.* per hogshead. The seine men have 8*s.* per week each, about seventeen to a seine. Then there is a most onerous tythe exacted, against reason, justice, and the rights of humanity; for which custom is pleaded, that has been made custom by inability to resist past exactions; on seines it is compromised for 1*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* per seine. In 1769, no less than 485*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.* was paid for tythe; the twelfth of the fruit of the poor fisherman's hazardous labour is extorted from him,—an exaction which ought not to exist in a free country; and which, if legally just, is not so morally, and ought to be commuted at the public charge.

† The principal fresh-water fish in Cornwall are trout and eels. Of trout, there are the grey, in the Alan river; the black, in the Fowey, sometimes above two feet long; the Bartholomew trout, in the same river, generally taken in August; the Loe Pool trout, a distinct species. The salmon pele, or trout, is common. The salmon is taken in the Alan, the Tamar, and the Fowey. The jack, perch, and carp are not found, unless in artificial waters, stocked by individuals. But the ocean is the great fish-magazine of Cornwall. There is the whale, called the blower; the grampus, about eighteen feet long, and weighing half a ton; the porpoise, dolphin, blue shark, greater dog-fish, and porbeagle, which follow the shoals of small fish; the porbeagle is commonly called the sea attorney, among fishermen; the fox-shark, called the thresher, from its being frequently seen to belabour the grampus with its tail. Skates and rays abound, of all kinds, with the three tailed, and a species without spines. Angel and mermaid fish, frog-fish, sea-devils, pearl or luga-leaf, turbot, whiff, halibut, sole, *solea levis*, called the lanthorn, from its transparency, congers, free-eels, sand-eels, sea-adders, needle-fish, saw-fish, rock and common cod, the power or poor fish, whiting-pollock, rawlin-pollock, blind haddock, whiting, hake, ling, tunny, (a species of mackerel, weighing 1 cwt.) common mackerel, scad or horse mackerel, whistle-fish, the *dracunculus*, the draco marinus, or sea-dragon; bass, mullet, red and grey; surmullet, John Dory, pipers, grey, streaked, and red, and gurnard or rocket, tub-fish, the comber, herring, pilchard, shad, sprat or sparling; the skipper, girrock, black-fish, sea-bream, wrasse, butter-fish, gold-sunny, cook, cookling, and father-lasher. To enumerate every species would be tedious. The turtle is sometimes, but rarely, met with; one has been taken off the Land's End that weighed 6 cwt., and another off Falmouth, 8 cwt. Seals are common on the northern coast, but are become shy of man. The principal shell-fish are oysters, muscles, cockles, limpets, wrinkles, crabs of all kinds, lobsters, the long crab, shrimps of every variety, hermit shrimps, bernards, and scallops. Of zoophytes on the shores there is no end; among them are polypi of many species, sea-slugs, sea-worms, sea-nettles, sea-jellies, star-fish, blubbers, cuttle-fish, the luligo, or ink-fish, sea-anemonies, in all their varieties.







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belonged to the distinguished family of that name, which held large estates in Cornwall. The male line was extinct in 1330, but was revived by one of the Trenowiths, who married the heiress, and transmitted the name to Sir Henry Bodrigan, in the time of Richard III. Sir Henry, having served the reigning sovereign, was attainted of treason by Henry VII., and endeavoured to conceal himself upon his estate of Bodrigan. The emissaries of the king pursued him, but aware of their arrival, he retired by a back door, tradition says, pursued, by his neighbours, Edgecumbe and Trevanion, who were, perhaps, looking to a share of his estates in the way of reward. From the shore Sir Henry got into a boat, and made his escape, and Edgecumbe contrived to get a large part of the property. The castle was a magnificent place. The chapel, hall, and kitchen were pulled down as late as 1786. A large barn, and a house, the residence of a farmer, are all that now remain. The story of the common people is, that near a barrow, now called Sir H. Bodrigan's castle, upon a swampy spot of ground, Trevanion and Edgecumbe defeated Sir Henry, and that he fled to the edge of the cliff, a place called to this day "Bodrigan's leap," whence he sprang desperately down a hundred feet, and lighting upon soft grass and sand received so little injury that he was able to get into a boat lying near, and to reach a vessel, which conveyed him to France. When he got off from the shore, he turned round and cursed Trevanion and Edgecumbe, and their posterity; and the people say, Bodrigan's curse has had its effect to this hour. Sir Henry was a favourite of the people for his generosity and hospitality, and a century ago was still spoken of with great respect by the older part of the population, to whom his history had been transmitted by their fathers.

St. Michael Carhayes, about four miles from Mevagissy and Tregony, contained the old seat of the Trevanion family. It was the mother church of St. Denis and St. Stephen in Brannel; yet the whole population is not above a hundred. Trevanion, or "the town in the hollow place," gave its name to the family of Trevanion,—traced back six generations before Edward IV. The male line became extinct in 1767. But there were two sisters left; one of whom married Dr. Bettesworth, and the other Admiral Byron, grandfather of the poet. The grandson of Dr. Bettesworth assumed the name and arms of Trevanion in 1801. The house at Carhayes, built by the Arundels, stood on a hill, but was afterwards demolished, and a new one erected in the valley. This last was demolished in turn, and a modern edifice of nondescript gothic, from the designs of the architect of Buckingham palace, occupies its place, erected at a great expense, and not yet completed. The park is fine, and the vicinity beautiful. There is a good deal of wood on the estate. From this parish to the eastern side of Carrick Road the country is very fertile, comprising the parishes of Veryan, St. Just, Phillleigh, Gerrans, St. Anthony, and the town of St. Mawes, of the castle of which the steel plate is a representation, taken from the batteries under Pendennis, on the opposite side of the entrance into Carrick Road and Falmouth Harbour.

St. Just, called St. Just in Roseland, extends along the side of Carrick Road from Tolvern, on the north, to St. Mawes' Creek, at the western extremity of which creek stands the town. St. Mawes is a miserable fishing place, with a safe harbour, running some way up the country. It was a borough, disfranchised by the Reform Act. The castle was built by Henry VIII., as an inscription over the gate records. It commands the eastern side of the entrance to Falmouth Harbour, but is a feeble work, in a military sense, the defence of the harbour depending on the strong fort of Pendennis, upon the Falmouth side. This parish is extremely fertile. St. Anthony in Roseland is on the opposite side of the creek to St. Mawes, and is four miles from Falmouth by water; upon its western point it has a revolving light, very useful to vessels approaching Falmouth from seaward. There was formerly a chapel in this parish, dedicated to St. Anne. Gerrans, north of St. Anthony, stands near a small bay, open to the eastward, four miles north-east of St. Mawes. On Cargurrel, an estate in this parish, there is an old fortification, called Dingerein, supposed to have been the residence of King Gerennius, A.D. 506, and consisting of the remnant of a strong earth work, north of Gerrans church. A subterranean passage leads from these works to the sea, cut through the side of a hill-cliff, and now called the Mermaid's Hole: it is large enough for a man to enter upright, and runs about fifty yards inland, where it contracts so that a person must proceed further on all fours; it is considered to have been an old sally-port. King Gerennius is supposed to be buried in the neighbouring parish of Veryan, where there is still existing an enormous barrow, 372 feet in circumference. Veryan lies north-east of Gerrans parish, eleven miles from Truro; and is pleasantly situated, having the sea south-west and north-east, with the Nare Head stretching out between. At Portlooe a fishery is carried on in a pleasant cove, opening south-east. Veryan church consists of a nave and aisle, nearly equal in size. The pillars within have inclined from the perpendicular considerably, and are secured by iron bars. There are some monuments in this church,—one to Richard Trevanion, governor of Pendennis Castle, dated 1712; and there is a school, established by the Rev. Mr. Trist. Philly, or Filleigh parish, lies west of Veryan, bounded northward by the creek which runs up towards Tregony. The old name of the parish was Eglos Ros, the "Heath-church," whence Ros, or Roseland. The church is dedicated to St. Felix. Ruan Lanhorne, between this parish and Tregony, is noted for having had for its rector the Rev. John Whitaker, the antiquary and historian of Manchester. It is seven miles east-north-east of Truro. The name signifies "the iron church near the river;" and near the village are some remains of a castle, which was unroofed in the time of Leland the antiquary. Several of the towers were standing subsequent to the commencement of the last century. Not far from the castle ruins was Trelonk House, belonging to a giant of wonderful dimensions, according to vulgar tradition, who used to be at

continual war with the owner of the castle, and was a second Bluebeard. The combatants hurled rocks at each other, and disturbed even the elements with their conflicts. The house is remembered to have been a large, well-built, old mansion, castellated, and the approach well secured. The church of Lanlhorne is small, and was founded about the year 940. Nearly on the opposite side of the creek lies the little church of Lamorran, or Lan Moran, five miles from Truro; it is a small living, the property of Lord Falmouth. Cornelly, another parish, has its church-town a short distance from the same creek, and nearer to Tregony. Trewarthenick, the seat of the Gregor family, very beautifully situated, lies in the vicinity.

Tregony, eight miles from Truro, is in the parish of Cuby, and consists of one street, of no very striking appearance. It was disfranchised under the Reform Act. This town is supposed to have been the site of the Cenio of the Romans. The old town stood lower than the present, and had a castle, of which few traces remain, while the Fal was once navigable quite up to the houses. Tregony belonged to the family of Pomeroy, and seems to have had a market in the time of Henry I. During the last century, both Tregony and its neighbouring town of Grampound were more remarkable for borongh corruption than for any kind of traffic. By Lord Falmouth Tregony was transferred to Lord de Dunstanville, as the price of his lordship's withdrawal from opposition at Truro. It was then sold to Mr. Barwell, of Sussex, and Sir Christopher Hawkins possessed a portion, during which it was the arena of the most violent, profligate, and corrupt contests. In the church of Cuby, just without the eastern end of the town, there is a monument to Hugh Pomeroy. In Old Tregony, on the north of the present town, there was a church dedicated to St. James, of which some fragments were remaining within memory, and this rectory is held still with the vicarage of Cuby. The parish church of Creed lies two miles north from Tregony; it is situated in a pretty vale, and has some memorials of the family of Quarne of Nancor. The town of Grampound stands on the side of a hill; it first sent members to parliament in the reign of Edward VI., and received several privileges from John of Eltham, Earl of Cornwall, in 1332. There is a chapel dedicated to St. Naunter, in this town, where the rector of Creed performs the service on Sunday afternoons. A market-hall is situated at the east end, and on the west a bridge over the Fal is crossed by the road to Truro, through Probus and Tresillian. The country in the neighbourhood is very pleasing. A new road has been made of late years to avoid the hill going out of Grampound towards Truro; it falls into the old road near Trewithen, a seat of the late Sir Christopher Hawkins.

Probus, three miles on the road towards Truro, has a church possessing the finest tower in the county. Once called Lanbrabois, from Lan Probus, it was held by Edward the Confessor himself; and the parish formerly boasted of eight chapels. The ancient family of Wolvedon, united with the Tregians of

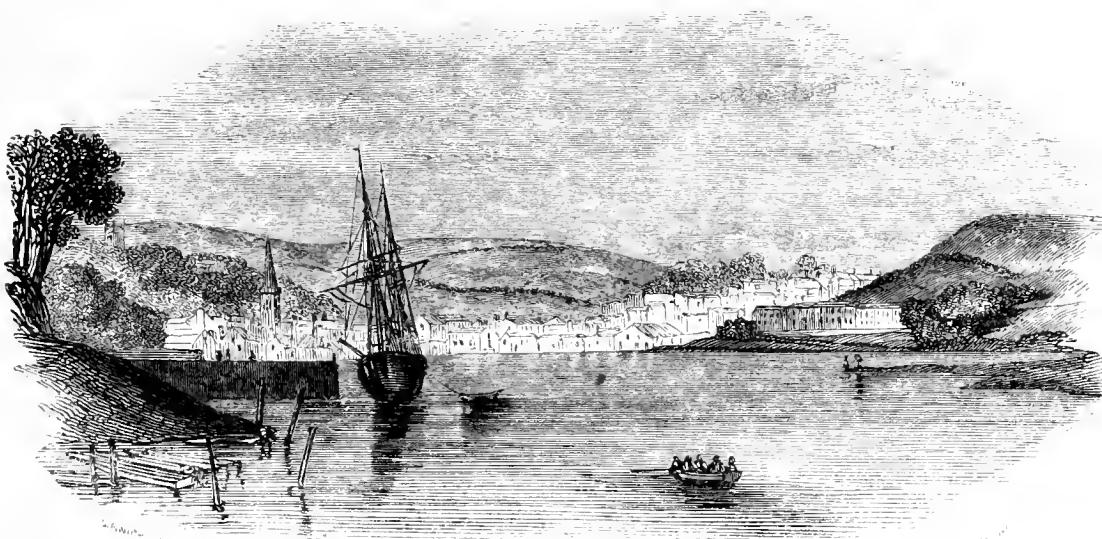
St. Ewe, made this parish their residence, and erected a noble house at Golden, supported by an income in their time of 3,000*l.* per annum. Painful is the history attached to the head of this family, affording a disgusting picture of the execrable spirit of religious persecution, during times in which the only difference between the persecuting parties was that the one burned and the other *only* hanged its victims.

Near Probus there are remains of encampments, which some attribute to the Romans, and others to the Danes, perhaps the work of neither; these remains are considerable. This church tower is exceedingly handsome, built of granite, and rising to 108 feet: it is much embellished with sculpture both of animals and foliage, and was built in the reign of Elizabeth. There are two schools at Probus; one an endowed grammar-school, for which Mr. John Williams, of Treworgy, left 10*l.* per annum in 1688. There is a holiday feast in this parish, called “Probus and Grace,” which seems connected with that rarity, a married saint. Descending a long hill, we came into the road that leads to Bodmin from Truro, adopted of late years to avoid an ascent, and, proceeding for some way along a valley, we entered the village of Tresillian, where the cause of Charles I. received its final blow in Cornwall in 1646. It once belonged to the notorious Justice Tresillian, and was given by Richard II. to one Howley, who married Tresillian’s daughter. It is now the property of Mr. Slade Bennet. There is a bridge here over a stream that falls into one of the creeks of Falmouth Harbour. Cromwell, with his iron horsemen, secured Wadebridge, and Charles’s forces retired to Truro, Fairfax following them to this bridge, where the royal army signed a capitulation in 1646.

Passing through Tresillian, a creek of the sea comes up among wooded hills on the left of the road, and passing Pencalenick, where the scenery is very beautiful, a new cut from the ancient road, upon the right, winds north-westwards, to avoid a very steep hill descending into Truro. Across Tresillian Creek, nearly opposite Pencalenick, is the small church of Merther, in which parish Tresillian is situated. A monastery existed there formerly, of the order of poor Clares.

On reaching Truro, close to the town on the left-hand, is Tregols, the seat of the Spry family. Truro is entered through St. Clement’s-street, so named from the parish in which the street stands, being separated from St. Mary’s parish by the little river Allen, which joins another stream at the quay, and forms the creek or river of Truro. A bridge, called the East Bridge, crosses the Allen, over which a lateral street is continued from that of St. Clement into the heart of the town. The duchy-manor of Moresk, the ancient site of the castle of that name not being now discoverable, extended over all this parish. The manor was given by Edward the Black Prince to Sir Walter de Woodland. Penair, the seat of Captain Reynolds, R.N., Bodrean, the residence of Mr. H. P. Andrews, Pencalenick, already mentioned, and Polwhele, the ancient seat of the Polwhele family, are in this parish; but the principal part of

the population is within the town or borough of Truro. The vicarage of St. Clement is in the gift of the crown. The church* is a plain edifice, containing nothing remarkable, and situated about a mile and a half from Truro, which is here represented from the river.



Truro stands in a hollow among hills, and in three parishes; that of St. Clement has already been mentioned, separated from St. Mary's parish by the little river of St. Allen, which meets a stream, dividing St. Mary's from Kenwyn parish at the quay; St. Mary's parish being confined to the peninsula formed by the two rivers.† St. Mary's contained in 1831 about 2,920 inhabitants. The larger portion of the town is in Kenwyn parish, while that in St. Clement is about equal in population to St. Mary's. The united population within the town is, therefore, considerable.‡ Truro is a town of

* Two epitaphs here "instruct the rustic moralists to die" in the following lines—

"Here lie two little ones,
Whose *ears* were tender as their bones."

The second is equally original:—

"Father, and mother, and I,
Chose to be buried as under;
Father and mother lies buried here,
And I lies buried yonder!"

† Leland describes the Cornish capital much as it stood within human memory. After mentioning the main stream that forms the river, he says:— "The creke of Truro afore the very town is devided into two partes, and eche of them hath a brook comming doun and a bridge, and the town of Truru betwixt them hooth. The Whitefriars house was on the west arme ye Kenwyn-streete. Kenwyn-streete is severed from Truru with this arme; and Clemente's-streete by est is separate on the est side from Truru by the other arme. One parish church in Truru self. Kenwyn and Clemente's-streetes hath several churchis, and bere the name of the sainctes of the paroch churchis. There is a castelle a quarter of a mile by west out of Truru, longging to the Erle of Cornwall, now clere down. The site thereof is now used for a shoting and playing place."

‡ Nearly 10,000, it is presumed, as in 1831 they were between 8,000 and 9,000, judging by the former decennial increase.

more remote antiquity than is generally reported. In 1087 it consisted of two manors, called Trewret and Treured; and it is still distinguished as the borough and manor of Truro. The town, incorporated by King John, but some accounts say by Henry I., was styled the Burgus de Truru. King John made it a coinage town for tin, and it possesses a hall once used for that purpose. Whether the castle was built then is unknown, but it was inhabited by Richard de Lacy, or Lucy, in the twelfth century, and sent representatives to parliament in the time of Edward I. The mound upon which the castle stood, at the head of Pydar-street, after being much reduced for various purposes, is now fenced round, and serves for a cattle market. From the Castle Hill the church of Kenwyn is distant about half a mile, and has been lately rebuilt in very good taste, the fine old tower still remaining. The view from the church-yard is extensive and beautiful.

This is one of our finest country towns of its size; its population and buildings are on the increase; while, from its position at the head of the branches of Falmouth Harbour, and standing about midway between the two seas, it must always constitute a great central point. The streets are numerous and well built. Where Lemon-street opens into the centre of the town, there was anciently a religious house of Clares, besides that which stood north of Kenwyn-street, being an old Dominican chapel and friary. Lemon-street branches from the main street in the middle of the town, and is the outlet to Falmouth, bearing near its termination a monument to the memory of one of the Landers, who died in Africa. Both brothers were natives of Truro. The western road crosses what is called the West Bridge, and passes along Kenwyn-street; while the northern, leaving Kenwyn church on the left, after leading through Pydar-street, runs directly to Piranzabulo. On the right in Pydar-street is an open space, in which is situated a theatre and ball-room, built of free-stone, and decorated with medallions of Garrick and Shakspeare; the eastern side of the square, or cross, as it is called, is terminated by the ill-designed spire and end of the church,—monuments of bad taste, more especially attached, as they are, to one of the most beautiful edifices of the time of Henry VII. that remains in the county, very much resembling that of Launceston. Some fragments of painted glass in the windows yet remain, and carry the date 1518. In the church is a monument to the memory of John Robartes, who died in 1614, and was one of the Radnor family. There is also a monument, inscribed, “To the pious and well-deserved memory of Owen Penals Phippen, who travelled over many parts of the world, and, on the 24th of March, 1620, was taken by the Turks, and made captive in Algiers. He projected sundry plots for his liberty; and on the 17th of June, 1627, with ten other christian captives, Dutch and French, (persuaded by his counsel and courage,) he began a cruel fight with sixty-five Turks in their own ship, which lasted three hours, in which five of his companions were slain. Yet God made him conquer; and so he brought the ship into Carthagena, being of 400 tons,

and twenty-two ordnance. The king sent for him to Madrid to see him ; he was offered a captain's place and the king's favour if he would turn papist, which he refused. He sold all for 6,000*l.*, and returned into England, and died at Lanoran, 17th March, 1636 :—

“ Meleomb, in Dorset, was his place of birth,
“ Aged 54 ; and here lies earth in earth.

“ GEORGE FITZ PENALS PHIPPEN.
“ IPSIUS FRATER ET HUJUS ECCLESIAE RECTOR.”

There is a town-hall and a good market here ; the latter is scarcely large enough for the population of the town. Over the market, removed from a more ancient structure of the same kind, which stood in the centre of the principal street, called Boscawen-street, formerly divided longitudinally by a row of houses, is inscribed—

“ T. B. JENKINS DANIEL, MAIOR,
“ Who seeks to find eternal treasure,
“ Must use no guise in weight or measure.”—1615.

There is an excellent library, established in 1792, called the “ County Library.” There is also a County Infirmary, opened in 1799, consisting of a spacious freestone building. A humane institution was established in 1812 ; and one for lying-in women. The parliament of the Lord Warden of the Stannaries and the Vice-Warden's courts are held here. The endowed grammar-school is noted for having contributed to the education of several very celebrated public characters. It has two exhibitions of 30*l.* per annum, founded by the trustees of the charitable bequests of the Rev. St. John Elliot; and there is a charity-school, endowed with 5*l.* per annum out of the same bequest ; and a hospital for ten poor housekeepers, founded by Henry Williams, in 1631, and endowed with land producing 120*l.* a-year. Foote, the comedian, was a native of Truro, and born in a house near the coinage-hall, not, as commonly stated, at what is now the Red Lion Inn. There are two smelting-houses for tin at this place ; and from hence much tin is exported, after being cast into bars and ingots. The coinage of tin, as practised for many centuries, has been recently abolished ; and the duties upon that metal, due to the Duke of Cornwall, are levied in a different manner, rendering the old practice unnecessary. In ancient times, by a particular grant, Truro possessed jurisdiction over all the harbour, now denominated the harbour of Falmouth ; not that the grant could have recognised the Mayor of Truro as the Mayor of Falmouth, since the latter town did not exist until after the commencement of the seventeenth century. It is clear, therefore, that the visitation of the Heralds in 1620, and their statement of an ancient grant being in existence, respecting the chief officer of a place that did not exist a few years before, must be either untrue, or refer solely to the jurisdiction over the waters forming the harbour.*

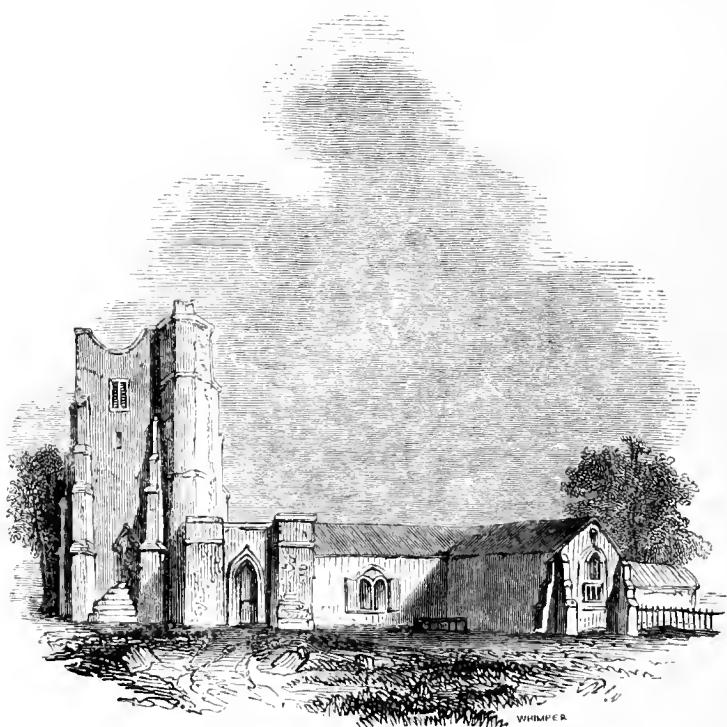
* “ We find also that the Mayor of Truro hath always been, and still is, Mayor of Falmouth, as by an *ancient grant*, now in the custody of the said Mayor and Burgesses, doth appear.” Hale says,

The neighbourhood of Truro is pleasant; the narrow wooded valleys in the vicinity, each with its little brook, are charming seclusions; while hill and vale offer agreeable sites, occupied by villas or mansions, and along the river there are points of great picturesque beauty. The salt water falls to Mopas, at every secession of the tide, nearly two miles lower down, and there ships of more than 150 tons must unload. There is a ferry at Mopas to the parish of St. Michael Penkivel. Near this ferry, in 1747, twenty pounds weight of Roman coins were found, the largest number and latest of Gallienus and Carinus, or before A.D. 284.

The scenery of Truro river, so very beautiful, terminates in Carrick Road. Immediately below Mopas, on the eastern bank, is Tregothnan, the seat of Lord Falmouth, a modern built house, charmingly situated. From a creek of the river may be seen the church of St. Michael Penkivel, here represented, in which repose the remains of the gallant Admiral Boscawen.

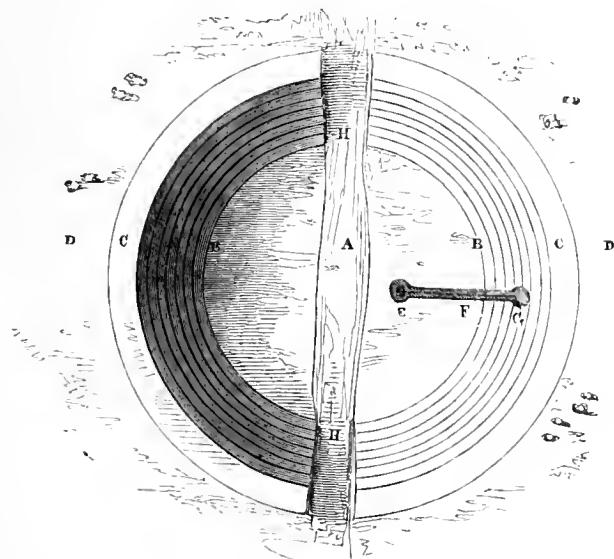
The grounds of Tregothnan extend along the eastern side of the Fal or Val. Trellissick, on the western, belongs to Lord Falmouth as well as Tregothnan. Wood and water here combine to decorate scenery that must be seen to be justly appreciated. Further down are Feock church and several country seats in very agreeable and picturesque localities.

Before proceeding further, we shall take notice of a singular remnant of old times in a neighbouring parish, connected with the ancient language and literature of this county, and of a portion of Devonshire; for it appears that the Cornish tongue was spoken in the South Hams' district in that county as late as Edward I., although the Cornish were driven from the Ex, their old boundary, to the Tamar three centuries before. Adjoining the parish of Kenwyn is that of Piranzabulon, which extends to the sea on the northern coast. It was named Perran, or Piran, from one of those marvellous Irish



"that King John gave Truro the royalty over the whole harbour as far as Caricke Road and Black Rock Island, in consideration of twelve pence paid to the manor court." This right Truro exercised for 500 years, until one of the Kiligrews obtained from King Charles II. the transfer of the privilege from Truro as an augmentation to the rectory of Falmouth for ever. The question was tried in 1709, and decided in favour of Falmouth.

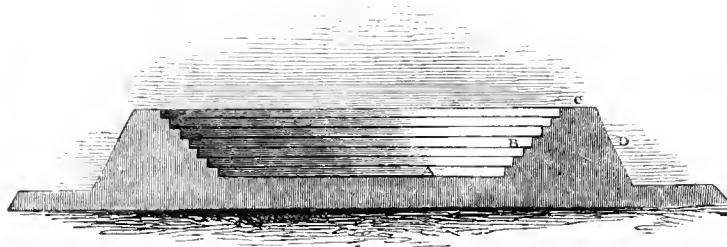
saints, who, when their country was the seat of all the learning of the east and west, according to its own writers, but ages subsequently to its monarchs becoming related to the Pharaohs of Egypt, by marriages at Memphis, used to perform the most extraordinary feats. St. Piran, about A.D. 460, fed ten Irish kings, with innumerable armies, for eight days upon three cows. He lived to be 200 years old without sickness; restored both men and animals to life; and full of years and miracles, at last determined to honour Cornwall. To render his mission more striking, he embarked upon a mill-stone, and safely reached what is now Piranzabulo, or else Padstow, (antiquaries have not yet agreed which.) In Cornwall he became the patron of the tinners, who keep his feast on the 5th of March; and he left a well to them, long held sacred, called Fenton Berran, or St. Piran's Well, not to be confounded with a parish of that name. It is even now of potent efficacy in curing rickets and other diseases to those who have faith in the miracles of St. Piran, or St. Perrau. In this parish there is found the largest *Plaen an quare*, or amphitheatre, used for the performance of miracle-plays, which time has spared. There is another in St. Just, in Penwith, with stone seats, but the present is of turf, and called "Piran Round." Of this structure the following is a correct representation.



A represents the area of the amphitheatre, one hundred and thirty feet in diameter. *B* the benches, in number seven. As the rise of these is but a foot, it is evident they were formed for standing rather than sitting. *C* is the top of the rampart, seven feet wide, on which spectators might stand three or four deep. The outer slope of the rampart goes down into a ditch, *D*, from whence the earth was taken of which it is made. Within the area is a foss or pit, *E*, three feet deep by thirteen in diameter, and round it is a seat or bench of turf. *F* is a trench, running from this pit to the seats where the spectators were placed, four feet six inches wide, and one foot deep, terminating in a semi-oval recess, eleven feet long by nine wide, making a breach in the seats or steps. Most likely the pit *E* served as an orchestra, and the passage *F* was covered, and led to the place, *G*, where the performers retired, which was probably covered also; perhaps this pit represented the infernal regions. The performances, no doubt, took place over the whole plane of the amphitheatre, from every part of which the actors would be visible to the spectators. There are two breaches in the seats, *H H*, which leads to the supposition that there were

two entrances; but the amphitheatre at St. Just shows but one entrance; and one of the present openings appeared to us as if it had been made for a common

foot-path, long since the amphitheatre had ceased to be used for miracle-plays. We have engraved a section of this "Round."



and giving the recession of the seats, and consequently the larger diameter of the uppermost to balance the entrance and pit, the spectators supposed not to be seated, and allowing twenty-two inches for each person, that this amphitheatre, with seven rows standing on the steps, one line at the bottom, and two on the summit, would hold 2,200 persons, and not be crowded. That the spectators stood is evident from the lowness of the steps, which just permits one line to look over the heads of that before it. To this day in Cornwall every thing noted in the way of exhibition is called a miracle-play. From a passage in one of these plays, written 400 years ago, it is a fair point of doubt whether the Cornish believed in transubstantiation. With the order of bishops they seem to have dealt very cavalierly.*

Of writers before the Cornish language was extinct, there was Hucarius of the abbey of St. Germans, in 1040; he left one hundred and ten sermons, and was a holy and learned man. Geraldus Cornubiensis, who lived about 1150, left a MS. in Latin, now among the Cotton MSS. In 1170, John of Cornwall was a favourite with Pope Alexander III.; he wrote concerning Christ's Incarnation (*De Incarnatione Christi*) against Peter the Lombard; Bali, in Leland, says he flourished in 1173; he was styled a catholic doctor. Simon Thurnay flourished at Oxford in 1200, on whom a supernatural judgment fell for his pride in his great learning. Michael Cornubiensis, a Cornish poet, flourished in the time of Henry IV.; his name is also given as Michael Blaunpayne; he wrote Latin verse, and well too; he lived in 1250. The epigram, of which the following is a translation, was written by Michael, upon the jester of Henry IV., who abused Cornwall:—

"Gambled like a goat, sparrow-thigh'd, side as boar,
Hare-mouth'd, dog-nosed, like mule thy teeth and ehn;
An old wife's brow, bull-headed, black as moor;—
If such without, what then are you within?
By these my signs the wise will truly eonster,
How little thou dost differ from a monster!"

* There was a *Plaen an guare* near Redruth, now nearly destroyed; another on the Lizard Downs, near Landewednack,—a road runs through the middle,—it is 117 feet in diameter. In Ruan Major was one of sixty-six feet, and in Ruan Minor one of ninety-three feet in diameter, of which the turnpike-road cuts off a portion. They are all found in the western part of the county.

In other verses he describes Cornwall, at that remote time, as it is at present,—“ No sea so full of fish ; of tin no shore.” He also says that King Arthur always put his Cornish men in the front of the battle. Michael begged an exhibition of Henry in some Latin lines.* From many of his verses preserved in Camden he seems, for his time, to have been no contemptible poet. One Thomas Farnabie, Mayor of Truro, born in 1575, was a student of Merton College, Oxford, and left some learned notes and annotations, with the “ Anthology of Greek Epigrams, and a Latin translation.” A comic pastoral in Cornish is extant;† and the late Mr. D. Gilbert has printed all the Cornish MSS. that have been found translated.‡ It appears that in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, are two MSS.; one on parchment, containing three interludes, or *ordinalia*; the first treating of the “ Creation of the World,” the second of the “ Holy Passion,” and the third of the “ Resurrection.” The second MS., on paper, contains one *ordinale*, “ Of the Creation of the World and the Deluge,” and was written by William Jordan, 1611. A third work existed, entitled “ Mount Calvary,” of much higher antiquity ; and all were translated by Mr. Keigwin, about 1680. Unfortunately the translation of “ Mount Calvary,” and that of the “ Creation,” by Jordan, alone can now be found ; and these Mr. Gilbert has preserved by his edition of them. Jordan was a native of Helston. In the death of a language there is something painfully striking; as being the medium through which for perished ages

* “ Regia rector, miles vt Hector, dux vt Achilles,
Tequia sector, melle vector, mel mihi stilles !”

† The following are two of the stanzas :—

“ Pray whither so trippingly, pretty fair maid,
With your face rosy white, and your soft yellow hair?”
“ Sweet sir, to the well in the summer-wood shade,
For strawberry leaves make the young maiden fair.”
“ Shall I go with you, pretty fair maid, to the wood,
With your face rosy white, and your soft yellow hair?”
“ Sweet sir, if you please, it will do my heart good,
For strawberry leaves make the young maiden fair.”

CORNISH.

“ Pelea era why moaz moz, fettow, teag,
Gen agaz bedgeth gwin, ha agaz blew mellyn ?”
“ Mi a moaz tha’n venton, sarra wheag,
Rag delkiow sevi gwra muzi teag.”
“ Pea ve moaz gen a why, moz, fettow, teag,
Gen agaz bedgeth gwin, ha agaz blew mellyn ?”
“ Greuh mena why, sarra wheag,
Rag delkiow sevi gwra muzi teag.”

There is a notion that strawberry leaves improve the freshness of the complexion by rubbing them on the skin.

‡ “ Mount Calvary,” 8vo, and the “ Creation of the World.” Edited by D. Gilbert, Esq. 1827. Niehols and Son.

perished generations of men communicated alike wants the most trivial, or the “thoughts that wander through eternity.”*

There are no printed books in the Cornish tongue. Dr. Moreman, of Menheniot, in the reign of Henry VIII., was the first who taught his parishioners the Lord’s Prayer in English. In 1640, at Feock, near Truro, the sacrament was administered in Cornish; and the Rev. Mr. Robinson, near the Lizard Point, preached in Cornish in 1678. In 1700, the language was still spoken by the tanners and fish-people of St. Just, and the western side of Mounts Bay. Borlase said, that in 1758 it had ceased to be spoken; but ten years after that,

* One of these interludes is supposed to have been written in the time of Richard III. In the interlude in the Bodleian Library, called “The Creation,” God the Father speaks at the opening; we copy from Borlase, as the translation has been lost:—

“ The Father of heaven—I the maker,
The former of every thing that shall be made—
One and three in truth,
The Father, Son, and the Spirit—
This day it is my will
Of my especial favour to begin the world.
I have said it—heaven and earth
Be ye formed by my counse!”

The metre is agreeable and harmonious. The Cornish runs—

“ Eū Tās-ā Nēf-ȳm Gȳl-wȳr,—
Fōrmȳ-ér pūbtrā vȳth-gwryś;”

consequently the measure is that of Dryden’s verse, “Softly sweet in Lydian measures.” The stanza consists of eight verses, with alternate rhymes; sometimes changed for one of six, when the first and second rhyme together, the fourth and fifth, and the third and sixth. In this drama there are fifty-six characters, and yet more in two of the other pieces. All the hosts of heaven and the infernal regions, even the Trinity, are personified. “The Creation” occupies the ages from the beginning of the world to the erection of Solomon’s Temple. Thus, though the diction of the dialogue is good, all dramatic rules in the plot are set at defiance. A christian bishop is, oddly enough, ordained to look after the edifice of a Jewish sovereign. Still more incongruously, the wages of the workmen who built the temple are places or estates in Cornwall,—Enys, the seat of the Enys family, near Penryn, Penryn-wood, Arwenick, near Penryn, Tregeuler, Kegyllek, and all the field of Behethlen. In this building of the temple, “The Martyrdom of Maximilla,” a legend, is introduced, in which a bishop, a cross-bearer, a messenger, four torturers, Maximilla, Gebel, and Amalek, are the actors. The bishop rewards the torturers for their cruelties with three Cornish estates. It would seem that bishops were in bad odour with the Cornish people, by thus charging one with putting a saint to death; a thing as incongruous as just before making one of them a keeper of Solomon’s temple. The first of wise men finishes the entertainment by reciting an epilogue, in which he charges his audience to come early the next day, to see “The Passion” represented. Solomon then gives the audience their dismissal in these words—

“ In the name of the Father,
Ye minstrels holy,
Tune your pipes,
And let every one depart to his home.”

The “Creation and Deluge,” by Jordan, is inferior to “Mount Calvary,” which is translated into prose; the last being narrative and not dramatic, solemn as well as pathetic. In Jordan’s piece, the directions for the actors or the stage manager are singular; as they explain the nature of many things which could not be learned from the dialogue. First, God the Father is to appear, and then Lucifer,

two old women of Mousehole understood, according to Mr. Daines Barrington, what was said by a neighbour called Dolly Pentreath, than whom they were only ten or twelve years younger. This woman, commonly reputed the last who could speak Cornish, was in her eighty-seventh year in 1773; but would frequently walk three miles out and home the same morning. One William Bodener, in 1776, could write both Cornish and English; and he stated that four or five others then lived who could speak the language. John Nancarrow of Marazion, learned the language in his youth. Mr. Polwhele says, that this William Bodener, of Mousehole, was many years younger than Dolly

who styles himself the “lanthorn of heaven,” and angels of different degrees, both of God and of Lucifer. It is directed that “hell should gape” at one part of the dialogue. “Adam and Eve” are directed to be ready, “dressed in white leather,” but not to appear till called, and “then to rise.” Paradise is ordered to be represented with fruits, flowers, a fountain, and a tree; and the Father is to take a bone out of Adam’s side. Adam is to lie down and sleep, and the “conveyer” is to take Eve from his side; the conveyer answering, it is presumed, to a modern stage-manager. Animals, birds, and fish, are introduced; and a serpent is ordered to be made, “with a virgin’s face, and yellow hair upon her head.” Lucifer is to come, and, slaying the serpent, to enter into its body. The serpent enters the tree and sings. These and many more are directions for the performance.

The play begins by God the Father declaring his intention of creating the world. Lucifer addresses the angels, in his pride, and declares he is better than the Father. Angels of his own party applaud him; while those faithful to God rebuke him. The Father then appears and rebukes the rebel angel; who replies, full of jealousy against man, of whom the Maker had announced the creation. He insults his Maker, and Michael is commanded to turn him out of heaven. A combat ensues, and Lucifer is worsted. [The instructions for the stage are to fight with swords. Lucifer to go down to hell; and every degree of devils and spirits to be sent down to hell, and “lost spirits, on cords, are running into the plain;” or bottom of the amphitheatre, we presume. Hence the whole circle, below the last step, must have been occupied by the actors.] The second act exhibits the creation of man, and his fall. Lucifer is represented as “a sweet angel;” and Eve goes through the tempting of her husband with true feminine skill. Adam clearly sins not from desire for the apple, nor curiosity to know good from evil, but because Eve declares if he does not eat he shall “lose her love.” The stage instruction when the serpent is discovered by God, orders that Lucifer shall come out of the serpent, leaving it in the tree, and “creep on his belly into hell.” In the third act Death appears, Cain and Abel are born, the latter is murdered, Cain banished, and Seth born. Cain’s parents curse him; he answers,—

“ ——— I am enough accursed,
There is no need that you should curse me more ;
I cannot bear what you have dealt to me,
And my own mother too from her whole heart!—
I will fly far from hence, before I rest,—
So thick the curses heaped upon my head,
I doubt if earth hath ere a dwelling for me !”

The fourth act contains the death of Cain and of Adam. Lamech, nearly blind, sets off to shoot or hunt, attended by a servant; and mistaking Cain for a wild beast, slays him. Lamech kills his servant for directing his aim, though it was done unwittingly. Devils appear, and take Cain away; his words when dying, to Lamech, must have been striking in the original tongue; we have turned their meaning into metre:—

Cain. I am deformed, covered with hair,—
I’ve lived continually, now burned with heat,
Now chilled with hoary frost; aye, day and night!
The sons of men I never will’d to see,—

Pentreath, and used to converse with her. He died in 1794, and left two sons, but neither knew enough of the language to converse in it. This engraving is a likeness of Dolly Pentreath, from a drawing made by an inhabitant of Penzance, who died about the close of the last century.

Dolly Pentreath was aged 102 years when she died, and was buried very humbly in St. Paul's churchyard, near Penzance; where some ignorant writers have given her both a stone and epitaph. Mr. Tompson, an engineer of Truro, who had made the old Cornish language his



For beasts were my companions. 'Twas that I
Kill'd the churl Abel, made my suffering.

Lamech. Wherefore did'st thou kill him?
He was thy brother;—'twas a wicked deed.

Cain. He did control me,—I was born before him;

Yet he ne'er reverenced me before the world.

Enraged, I suddenly did slay my brother:

No sorrow bear I for it; but the curses,—

The curse of God, of mother, and of sire;

These are upon me, for that act alone!

My heart is proud as ever; though close by

Death stands, I will not ask forgiveness,

Doubting of mercy for my bygone deeds.

I know that God relentless, will not pardon.—

Oh, I am dying! I'll not forgive even thee.

My soul turns hellwards, to its dwelling,

Winter and summer tide, there to inhabit!" (*Cain dies.*)

Adam now directs Seth to Paradise, where the future is revealed to him by an angel, in a sort of phantasmic scenery; wherein he sees the past and the future, with the scheme of human redemption; reminding us much of Milton's description of the revelation of future events to Adam in *Paradise Lost*. Similar interludes perhaps furnished the great poet with the hint. Seth relates all he has seen to Adam, whom Death soon afterwards takes, and devils come to fetch; but Lucifer interferes, and says Adam is ordained by the Father to rest in limbo; they must not touch him. Lucifer tells the reason wherefore, as adroitly as an Oxford doctor of divinity could do. In the fifth act, Enoch is translated, and points to the sun and firmament as he is carried upwards. Two pillars are erected, and books put into them, written by Seth, containing all that has happened from the foundation of the world;—that the antediluvian history may be preserved. Noah receives his instructions to build the ark. Ropes, pitch, and tools are displayed; at all which Tubal-Cain, and others, laugh. The beasts are put into the ark, rain falls; afterwards a raven and a culver are let fly. The ark is left, an altar built, frankincense burned, and "some good church songs sung." A rainbow, too, appears; (it would be curious to know how they managed their scenery;) and the piece closes with an epilogue.

study, wrote the following epitaph upon Dolly, which he circulated among his friends ; hence the tale of a tomb-stone, that never honoured her remains :—

“ Old Doll Pentreath, one hundred aged and two,
Deceased and buried in Paul parish too :—
Not in the church, with people great and high,
But in the churchyard, doth old Dolly lie.” *

The intercourse of Cornwall with Brittany, and intermarriage of families, was common until the reign of Henry VII. ; this contributed to keep alive the language, in more purity than it afterwards maintained. †

The parish of Piran-zabulo,‡ is half overwhelmed with the sand blown up by the sea. The manor of St. Piran has wholly disappeared beneath the deluge that has rolled over it. No less than three churches are recorded to have been built, and abandoned from this cause ; and in 1835, a building was laid bare by the shifting of the sands, which some believe was the original church of St. Piran.§ It seems rather to have been the chapel attached to a hermitage ; as it measures but twenty-five feet in length, by twelve and a half in breadth, and about the same in height. At the eastern end is an altar, three feet high, plastered over ; and on the north side, a small door ; but there is no window in the whole edifice. A second door enters what may be called the nave of this chapel, decorated with ornamental work. That it is of considerable antiquity cannot be doubted. Laying aside the ridiculous legends current about St. Piran, he is said by Roman Catholic writers to have been a bishop and a follower of St. Patrick, and to have retired in his old age into Cornwall, where he led a hermit's life, taking up his residence about fifteen miles from Padstow. Some of his disciples went with him, and remained until his decease. A white cross upon a black ground, the old standard of Cornwall, was the banner of St. Piran. The progress of the sand, disgorged

* In Cornish :—

“ Coth Doll Pentreath cans ha deau ;
Marow ha kledyz ed Paul plêu :—
Na ed an Eglos, gan pobel brâs,
Bes ed Eglos-hay, coth Dolly es.”

† Some of the expressions in Milton and Shakespear, obsolete elsewhere, may be yet traced in Cornwall. *Tan* was the word once used for fire ; they still say, for “ light the fire,” “ *tine* the fire.” Milton says, “ *tine* the fierce lightning.” “ *Rear*,” for “ early,” used by Milton and Shakespear, is still used in Cornwall. “ *Commerceing*,” for “ conversing,” is Cornish ; so Milton, “ Looks commerceing with the skies.” “ *I censure*,” for “ I am of opinion,” as Shakespear writes, is still used.

‡ In a note, at page 8, on Cornish etymologies, we quote some as bearing the Jewish stamp ; that people having worked the mines in the time of King John. The observation is Mr. Warner's ; and Paran-zabulo very much resembles Hebrew. Whatever the first part of the name may be,—Paran, Perran, Piran, or Berran, so difficult is it to decide about the names of Irish saints who go to sea on millstones, *zabulo* is by another writer derived from the French *sabulon*, “ fine sand.”

§ The miners give St. Piran the credit of first showing them tin, wholly forgetting the trade of the Phoenicians to Cornwall, 1,400 years before St. Piran was born. They keep his feast on the 5th of March, and every one seen in a state of ebriety on that day is called a “ Perraner.” The saint, himself of the true Milesian stock, is said to have held “ thin potations” in very particular abhorrence.

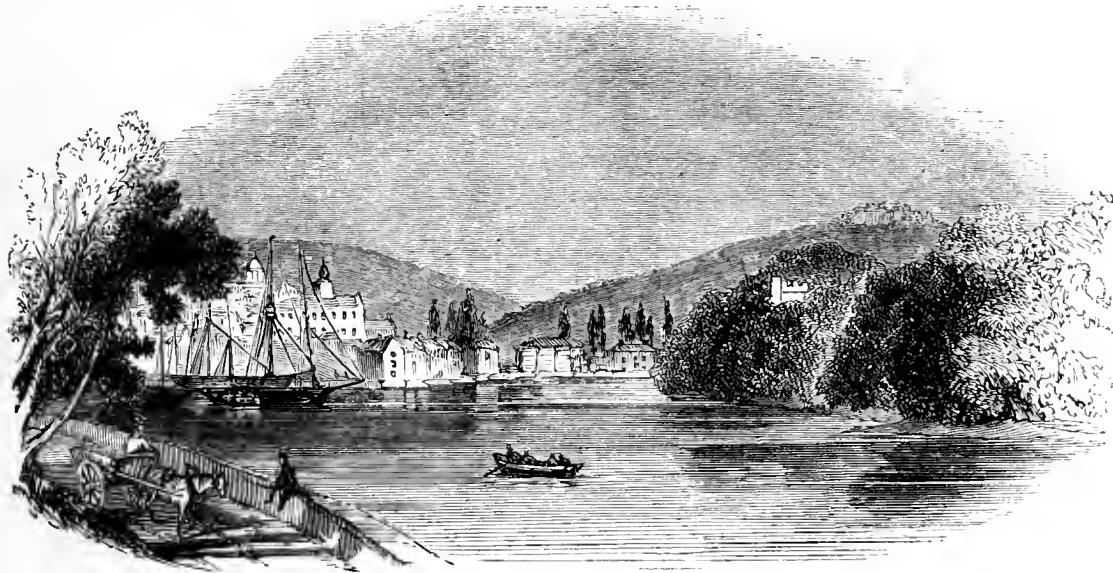
from the ocean depths in such vast quantities, rolling over fertile lands, and changing the aspect of a large superficial space, where in time it frequently condenses into strata of considerable hardness, in fact into sandstone, is a singular operation of nature. When the west wind blows strong, the advance of the sand in tiny waves is easily observed, and may be arrested by planting a belt of rushes parallel with the sea. What are called “towans” in Cornwall, where the sands have assumed the form of enormous hills, in many places covered with short sweet grass, seems to be owing to some other causes than are now in action. This sand consists almost wholly of comminuted shells, triturated to great fineness, of which the ocean must possess stores inexhaustible.

Returning to Truro, and taking the road to Penryn,—which has been changed in direction, a short distance from the former town, to avoid a steep hill,—passing by a smelting-house for tin, at Calenick, situated at the head of a creek from Truro river, we go on to the village of Piran, or Perranwell. On the right hand stands the church of Kea, a modern building of humble pretensions, and Killiow, the seat of the Gwatkin family. In this parish are four tumuli, known as the Four Burrows; which were opened, and found to contain ashes preserved in urns; which last were protected by broad stones, forming small chambers. In this parish too was the wood of Nansavallan, of late denuded of its old attractions by the axe,—the scene of happy recollections to numbers now in the vale of years. Some parts of this parish, bordering on Truro river, exhibit very beautiful scenery. At Chacewater, a populous village of Kea and Kenwyn, a chapel of ease has been erected recently, one of the most extraordinary exhibitions of bad taste in architecture of which it is possible to conceive. Further on this road, upon the left hand, is Kiliganoon, a seat built by Mr. R. Hussey, of Truro, who died in 1770. It afterwards became the property of Admiral Spry. It stands in the parish of Feock, or St. Feock, one of the many Cornish saints unknown to existing history.

The new road to Penryn,—the older was one of the most pleasing in the county, on its approach to Piran-Arworthal,—the new road crosses Carnon stream work, and passes through an agreeable valley, having the woods of Carelew and part of Restronget creek on the left hand. At Piran-Arworthal there is an iron foundry, and, not far from the village, a strong chalybeate spring, called Piran Well. The church is small, but neat. Carelew, the seat of the most popular and respected family in the county of Cornwall, that of Lemon, of which Sir Charles Lemon is the present representative, is a very charming residence, displaying scenery of great beauty. Between Carelew and Penryn is Enys, the seat of Mr. J. S. Enys, one of the oldest estates in the county, having been inhabited by that family from the time of the Plantagenets.

Penryn is a town of no pretensions in building or trade, but very beautifully situated. It stands upon a ridge, which on the northern side goes down into

a valley, watered by a branch of Falmouth harbour, carrying upon the other side the slope, thickly wooded, upon which stands the church and vicarage-house of St. Gluvias, buried in foliage. The road to Falmouth passes through the lower part of the town, and crosses the creek over a bridge. There was once a collegiate church of Black Canons here, but there are no remains of it left, and dwellings are erected where it stood;* the archdeacon of Cornwall, the Rev. Mr. Sheepshanks, is the vicar. Mr. Temple, the friend of the poet Gray, was also the incumbent, and equally distinguished for literary acquirements. Penryn was incorporated by James I., and was governed by a mayor, recorder portreeve, eleven magistrates, and twelve assistants. It is a very ancient town, had a court-leet before the Norman conquest, and sent two members to parliament from a very early date; but under the Reform Act Falmouth has been admitted to share in the return. The town-hall has been lately re-edified of granite.



Northward of the town was the scene of that extraordinary murder, which Lillo chose for the subject of his tragedy, called "Fatal Curiosity." Upon inquiry we found that all which till lately remained of the farm of Bohethland was a barn, recently burned down. It is singular that the names of the parties in this dreadful history should have been kept so secret as not to be known. It was in the reign of James I. that there lived in Penryn an individual, at one time in good circumstances, whose youngest son turned out bad, left his home, and went to sea, pursuing a course little better than piracy. During the term of fifteen years, which the son was absent, the father's fortunes declined, and he and his wife took up their residence, in

* Leland says of the creek of Falmouth harbour that goes up to Penryn, "At the end it breaketh into two armes, the lesse to the college of Glasenith in viridis nidus, or wagmire, at Perin, the other to St. Gluvias, the parish church of Pinrnie thereby." "Good wood about the south and west side of Penrine."

embarrassed circumstances, at Bohethland farm, in continual expectation of arrest. The son, in his roving career, being in a vessel, off Rhodes, that caught fire while attacking another belonging to Turkey, was fortunate enough to save himself by swimming, having about him some jewels, which were recognised as belonging to a Turkish officer, who had been plundered on the high seas. In consequence, the young adventurer was sent to the galleys, among other christian slaves; but from this slavery made his escape, and getting on board an English vessel, reached London, whence he embarked for the East Indies, as the servant of a medical man, saved a good deal of money there, returned to England, and was cast away upon the shore of his native county, in a small ship proceeding from London homewards. Again his life was preserved by swimming on shore; and he proceeded to Penryn. Here he met with his sister, married to a mercer; revealed himself, poor as he was in appearance, but having much wealth concealed in a bow-case about him; and with his sister agreed that he should remain disguised until the next day, when, joined by herself and husband, they should altogether share in the joy of his discovery. In the mean time the youth went to his parents as a stranger, and they, in compassion at his story, permitted him to lodge in the barn; but the tales he told by the kitchen fire lasted so long that his father retired to bed, while the son continued to draw tears from the mother's eyes, which, unfortunately, he comforted with a piece of gold, to explain that he could pay for accommodation. He was shown to his lodging, and here he exhibited what other property he had about him, telling his mother it was sufficient to retrieve her husband's wants, or she secretly thinking so. The wife, on retiring to her husband, told him of the wealth her unknown son possessed; and, like another Lady Macbeth, overcame his scruples and refusals to commit a crime to obtain it, when both arose, murdered their son, and left his body to be disposed of as opportunity offered. On the following day the sister and her husband came up to share the family pleasure at the return of the lost son; and inquiring for the sailor who had lodged there the night before, the parents at first denied that any one had done so. The daughter then revealed who the stranger was, and alluded to a mark on his arm in proof, by which it is probable she had recognised him when he first came to her. The father rushed to the spot where the body lay in its blood, recognised it, destroyed himself with the knife which he had used for the assassination; and the wife, frantic, also committed suicide. The daughter, stricken with horror at the dreadful catastrophe, did not long survive. This horrible incident seems well supported in the main facts both by record and tradition, and adds additional testimony to the truth of the observation, that "truth is stranger than fiction."

From Penryn to Falmouth the road skirts the water, and enters the latter town by the suburb called Green Bank, beautifully situated upon the side of a steep hill, having in front the widening part of the harbour, which terminates

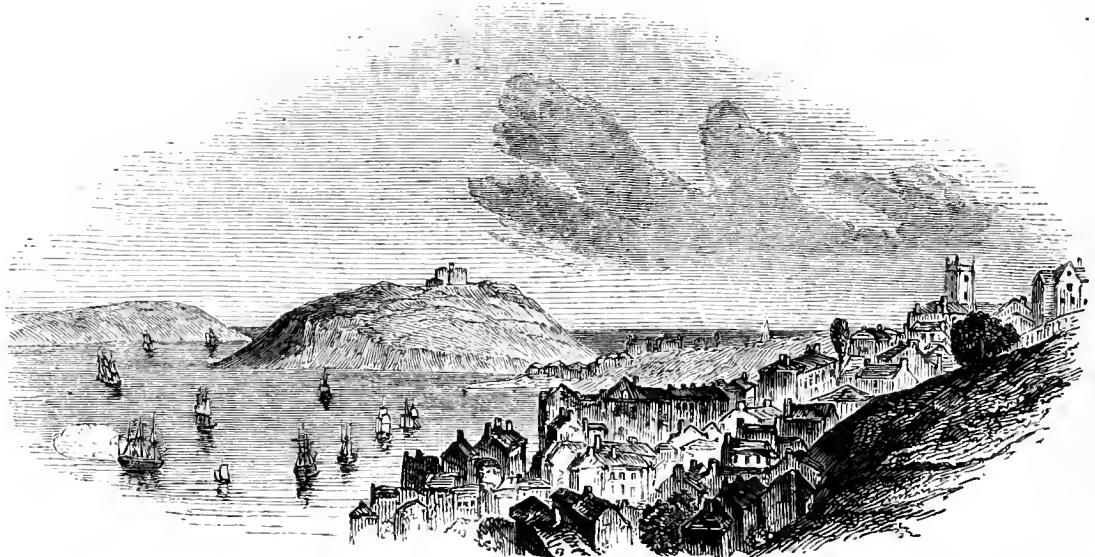
with Penryn creek; and on the opposite side, the villages of Little Falmouth and Flushing, which run along the edge of the sea, and here and there rise upon the green and pretty hill behind, terminating in Trefusis Point, which, with Pendennis Castle opposite, forms the entrance to what may be more particularly denominated Falmouth Harbour, or basin, as distinguished from Carrick Road. Flushing stands in the parish of Milor, so named from a Cornish saint, Meliorus, son to one of the dukes of Cornwall. The situation of the church is secluded; the building itself possesses nothing striking in appearance. The village of Flushing, built at the termination of a winding valley, owes its foundation to some Dutch settlers, and the land belongs to the Trefusis family, now that of Lord Clinton. Trefusis is charmingly situated, and the prospects from the vicinity of the house are very beautiful, but the house itself, since the accession of the family to the Clinton title, has been forsaken, and is inhabited by a farmer.*

Falmouth, from the termination of the new buildings on Green Bank, south-eastward, consists of a narrow ill-built street, running parallel with the harbour, which may now and then be seen close by at the end of some narrow opening among the houses, or down a low and dingy passage. Passing through this street, beyond the Custom-house, very good habitations commence along the open strand towards Arwinik, and extend some way further, though not continuously; while, on the hill behind, rows of excellent dwellings rise, terrace fashion, overlooking the narrow main street below, the entire harbour, Trefusis Point, the Roads, the land beyond them, and the castle of Pendennis; one of the most beautiful landscapes that can be imagined. Farther to the south, the houses on the hill-side, called Woodland Terrace, making a sudden

* Leland makes no mention of a town where Falmouth stands, *temp. Hen. VIII.* After visiting Budock church he comes to Arwenik, now in Falmouth town; he calls it "Mr. Kiligrew's place, standing on the brimme or shore within Falmouth Haven. This place hath beene of continuance the auncient house of the Kiligrews. The very point of the haven mouth being an hille, whereon the king hath builded a castel, is callid Pendant, and longgith to Mr. Kiligrew; it is a mile in cumpace, and is almost environed by the se; and where it is not, the ground is so low, and the cut so little, that it were insulated. There lieth a little cape or foreland, within the haven a mile, almost against Mr. Kiligrew's house, caull'd Trefusis. Betwixt this cape and Mr. Kiligrew's house, one great arme of the haven rennith up to Penrine town. Penrine, three good miles from the very entery of Falmouth haven, and two miles from Trefusis. There dwelleth an auncient gentleman, called Trefusis, at this point of Trefusis." Mr. Beckford, in his travels, vol. ii., describes a younger gentleman here, with all the habits of an "auncient," in the year 1787. We cannot forbear quoting this strikingly elegant and admirably descriptive writer respecting Trefusis. Mr. Beckford was on his way to Portugal, waiting at Falmouth for a fair wind, and under date of March 8, 1787, he writes, "What a lovely morning! How glassy the sea; how busy the fishing-boats; and how fast asleep the wind in its old quarter! Towards evening, however, it freshened, and I took a toss in a boat with Mr. Trefusis, whose territories extend half round the bay. His green hanging downs, spotted with sheep, and intersected by rocky gullies, shaded by tall straight oaks and ashes, form a romantic prospect, very much in the style of Mount Edgcumbe.

"We drank tea at the capital of these dominions, an antiquated mansion, which is placed in a hollow on the summit of a lofty hill, and contains many ruinous halls and never-ending passages. They cannot be said, however, to lead to nothing, like those celebrated by Gray in his *Long Story*; for

turn, command a still more extended field of vision. The windows being directed to the ocean-side of the promontory, upon which the castle stands, the eye sweeps over the whole expanse of sea, formed by the point of St. Anthony to the eastward, and Manacle Point westward, a glorious bay, into which the Helford River opens, and the promontory towards the Lizard shoots away southwards until it sinks into the azure of the deep.



The date of the charter of Falmouth is 1661, appointing a corporation, with a mayor, aldermen, and burgesses, also a right of markets and fairs; and giving the Killigrew family the ferry from Green Bank Quay to Flushing. The town has a commodious basin and quays. The hills behind rise precipitously to a considerable height; and before the building of Green Bank

Mrs. Trefusis terminated the perspective. She is a native of Lausanne. We should have very much enjoyed her conversation, but the moment tea was over he could not resist leading us round his improvements in kennel, stable, and ox-stall, though it was pitch-dark, and we were obliged to be escorted by grooms and groomlings, with candles and lanthorns; a very necessary precaution, as the wind blew not more violently without the house than within.

“In the course of our peregrinations, through halls, pantries, and anti-chambers, we passed a staircase, with heavy walnut railing, lined from top to bottom with effigies of ancestors that looked quite formidable by the horny glow of our lanthorns; which illumination, dull as it was, occasioned much alarm amongst a collection of animals, both furred and feathered, the delight of Mr. Trefusis’s existence.”

In another place, describing a dinner at Trefusis, at which “we had *on* the table a savoury pig, right worthy of Otaheite, and some of the finest poultry I ever tasted; and *round* the table two or three brace of odd Cornish gentlefolks, not deficient in humour or originality,” Mr. Beckford proceeds: “About eight in the evening, six game cocks were ushered into the eating-rooms by two limber lads in scarlet jackets; and after a flourish of crowing, the noble birds set to with surprising keenness. Tufts of brilliant feathers soon flew about the apartment; but the carpet was not stained with the blood of the combatants; for, to do Trefusis justice, he has a generous heart, and takes no pleasure in cruelty. The cocks were unarmed, had their spurs cut short, and may live to fight fifty such harmless battles.” How is Trefusis changed since then! The house is tenanted by a farmer; its owner became Lord Clinton and died; his eldest son succeeded him, and he too is no more; a third enjoys the title, but “the hall of their fathers remains desolate.”

the entrance from Penryn was over one of them, by Basset-street. The Town-Hall is built of brick, and was once a dissenting-chapel, presented for its present purpose by Martin Killigrew in 1725. The Custom-house was erected in 1785, close to the packet station, and near Arwinik. The church, erected in 1662, and dedicated to the Stuart saint, Charles I., is situated in the centre of the town, on the hill-side, above the narrow street before described; in point of building, offering nothing worthy of observation. It is a rectory, being a dismembered part of the parish of Budock, which last church lies at a considerable distance from the town; and was so constituted by Sir Peter Killigrew, who obtained an act of parliament for the purpose in the reign of Charles II., as being for the convenience of himself, servants, and tenants at Arwinik, and his new town of Falmouth. There are also several dissenting chapels and a Jews' synagogue. Falmouth was begun in 1613 at Smithike, the old name of the place, where it was founded; for before this, two or three cottages, standing near by, were called Penny-come-quick, and were the only human habitations. The street passing by Arwinik terminates in the road leading up to Pendennis Castle, a place well fortified, in the modern style, the works carried round an old circular stone castle, with loopholes, erected by Henry VIII. on a site of still older date, fortified with a turf rampart. The grounds at Arwinik are changed from what they were. Mr. Beckford, in his Travels, under the date of 1787, says:—"Just out of the town, in a sheltered recess of the bay, lies a grove of tall elms, forming several avenues, carpeted with turf. In the central part rises a stone pyramid, about thirty feet high,* well designed and constructed, but quite plain, without any inscription. Between the trees one discovers a low white house, built in and out in a very capricious manner, with oriel windows and porches, shaded by bushes and prosperous bay. Several rose-coloured cabbages, with leaves as crisped and curled as those of the acanthus, decorate a little grass plot, neatly swept, before the door. Over the roof of this snug habitation, I espied the skeleton of a gothic mansion, so completely robed with thick ivy, as to appear like one of those castles of clipped box I have so often seen in a Dutch garden." This, so accurately sketched, was what remained of Arwinik in 1787, and for many years after. But now the pyramid has been removed, and made a conspicuous object in a field on a hill at some distance; the ground where it stood being let for building. Soon, it is probable, all that remains of Arwinik will disappear. The house was set on fire by the owner, that the parliament troops, besieging Pendennis, might not find quarters in it; and being partly consumed was never rebuilt; a portion only being made habitable. The Killigrews were a very ancient family here, and built the house in 1571; being great favourites with the Stuart dynasty, the name must be familiar to all who are acquainted with the history of the court of Charles II.

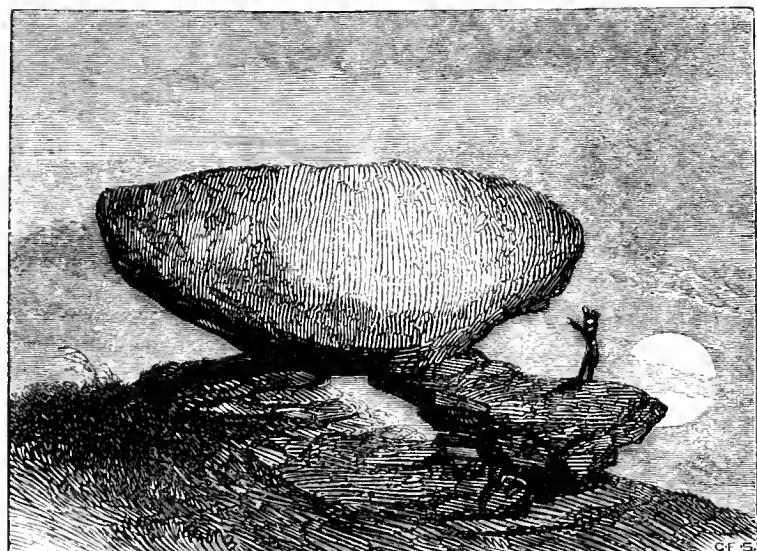
* Erected by Mr. Martin Killigrew, in 1737, of Constantine granite, at the cost of 455*l.*, fourteen feet wide at the base, and forty feet high.

Thomas Killigrew, the celebrated wit, being in Paris, and the people there curious to see the first wit in England, were disappointed; until, walking with the king one day at Versailles, his Majesty pointed out to him a picture of Christ crucified, and on each side two other pictures, one of himself and the other of the pope. "I thank your Majesty for the explanation," said Killigrew, "I had heard that our Saviour was crucified between two thieves, but I never knew who they were until now." He is said to have put under the plate of Charles II. at supper, the word *all*, written five times over. The king demanded an explanation. "Why," said Killigrew, "the country has sent *all*; the city lent *all*; the court spent *all*; and if we don't mind *all*, it will be the worse for us *all*." Tom Killigrew was known too as a dramatic author; he died in 1682,* and the name is now extinct; while the property of the family is in Lord Wodehouse by marriage. Pendennis Castle was defended with great bravery for Charles I. by John Arundel; and the siege ended during six months, when it was at length taken by starvation, the garrison marched out in a miserable condition, so that many died afterwards from their sufferings and privations. Except Ragland, in Monmouthshire, this was the last place belonging to the Stuarts that held out against the Parliament. From the ramparts, the view of the harbour of Falmouth, Carrick Roads, and Falmouth Bay, without the entrance, offers a prospect of uncommon beauty. This entrance is about a mile and a half wide, and there is a rock in the centre, called the Black Rock, upon which there is a pole erected as a mark to seamen. Upon the opposite side of this strait is St. Mawe's Castle, which Mr. Creswick has so beautifully illustrated in the steel engraving, taken from a battery beneath the castle ramparts. So fine and extensive is this harbour and its dependencies, that it is observed by Carew, a hundred sail of vessels may anchor in it, and not one see the mast of another. The finest anchorage is in the part of the Roads called St. Just's Pool. This port has long been renowned as the packet station to the West Indies and the Mediterranean; and it is not only the best for this purpose as a harbour, but from position, upon the old seamen's sound maxim, applied to every sort of vessel traversing the sea with despatches, "always make the *first* port;" meaning that accidents and delays may happen

* The last male of the direct line of the Killigrews was Mr. George Killigrew, who was killed in a duel at Penryn. He had two sisters; upon the marriage of one of whom with Mr. Martin Lister, of Lister, in Staffordshire, Sir Peter Killigrew settled much of his property, on condition that Mr. Lister should take the name of Killigrew. On this branch becoming extinct, the Killigrew property fell to Lord Wodehouse. A singular story is told of Lady Jane Killigrew, that at the close of the reign of Elizabeth two vessels, belonging to the Hans Towns, putting into Falmouth by stress of weather, and having Spanish property on board, she, with a number of other persons boarded them, although "such Dutch ships of the Hans Towns were always free traders even in time of war," and murdering two Spanish factors whom they found in the vessels, carried off two hogsheads of pieces of eight, their property. The plea of Spanish property did not avail; the parties were all tried, and all executed, except Lady Jane, who got a reprieve, and finally a pardon. In her trouble, the corporation of Penryn having been very kind to her, she presented the Mayor with a silver cup in 1612, to show her gratitude.

in running even the shortest additional distance, and *terra firma* is the first thing to be regarded.

The parish church of Budock is a mile and a half from Falmouth, westwards; and Sir Nicolas Parker is buried there, one of the governors of Pendennis Castle, about the year 1600. Mabe, a mile and three quarters more to the westward, is principally remarkable for the vast quantity of granite it contains, not in detached rocks alone, but in quarries, from whence it is exported by way of Penryn; and much of that stone used for building the great bridges in the metropolis, was sent from Mabe. This last parish borders upon Constantine, the church of which, as well as the handsome tower, is built of granite. The road from Penryn and Falmouth to the town of Helston passes through Mabe parish, and has received numerous improvements within a few years. This road leaves Wendron on the north, the parish of which Helston is the daughter church, before it reaches that town, Wendron being distant between three and four miles. About a mile and a half from Mabe, in the adjoining parish of Constantine, is the Tolmén, or large stone, which Borlase, in his history of Cornwall, imagines to be a rock deity of the ancient Britons. Its site is upon the verge of a hill, having a hole under it, which the above-mentioned author seems to think was a sort of sacred passage connected with idol worship. The vast size of this Tolmén, in Cornish meaning the "holed stone," would be more striking, if any can credit that it was placed in its present position by human means, of which we altogether doubt the possibility.



This enormous mass is considered to weigh not less than 750 tons. It is thirty-three feet long, by fourteen feet six inches deep, and eighteen feet six inches in diameter, laterally, the shape being that of an egg somewhat flattened. On the summit are several hollows, the work of time, and the action of water. It is possible that the hole beneath may have been enlarged, or even perforated altogether, for superstitious purposes; but that this mass was ever lifted in its present position for such an end, no one who has seen it will believe. As in the cases of the Cheesewring and Kilmarth rocks, which carry hollows of a similar kind upon their surfaces, the position of such rocks is the result of the disintegration of the earth around, and its conveyance by the rains to lower ground, leaving the indissoluble matter in its original position. The church-

town of Constantine lies south of the Tolmén, near where two rivulets form the creek of Polwheverill, and fall into the Helford river, on the northern shore. There is a singular escape recorded by Hals, of an inhabitant of this parish, whose name was Chapman. The vicinity of the roads in the mining districts contains numerous abandoned shafts; and frequently they lie over commons unprotected by fences on either side, so that strangers in dark nights may easily fall into them. Mr. Chapman had been to the town of Redruth, about seven miles off, and was returning with his servant; both master and man, the worse for what they had drank, and yet not so far gone as to forget that they had to pass over these dangerous places, and to reflect that it would be prudent to dismount and lead their horses. The servant proceeding first, leading his own horse, did not immediately miss his master, who suddenly walked into a shaft twenty fathoms deep;—his horse, starting back, escaped. About fifteen fathoms down he was stopped by a cross drift; below which was six fathoms of water. Here upon his fall ending, and finding the earth and stones he brought down with him plash in water below, he succeeded in preserving his position, so as not to fall further, when he must inevitably perish. He kept his feet against the opposite side of the shaft, drove his sword into the earth to hold by, and, in great fear, lay athwart and suspended over the abyss beneath. This state, extraordinary to say, he endured for seventeen hours, when those who were searching for his body, as they supposed, in some shafts near, heard his groans, set a tackle over the mine, and descending fastened a rope round his body, and drew him to the surface, very little injured, though he had fallen ninety feet; and had he gone three feet lower he must have sunk in the water, having escaped being dashed to pieces against the sides of the shaft. Mr. Chapman lived many years after this miraculous escape; his seat was at Carwithenick, now the property of Mr. Hill.

The atmosphere was hazy when we quitted Falmouth for Mawnan, situated on the extreme point of the Helford river, upon the eastern shore. We descended a hill by the sea, just beyond Falmouth, and came to a species of lake, called Swanpool, separated by a bar of sand and pebbles from Falmouth Bay. We could not see the termination inland, from the haze; above which we soon after mounted, and saw the sea and land covered with fleecy vapour, upon which the sun shone bright. The summit of Pendennis Castle, with one or two elevated points besides, pierc'd above this bed of vapour, which obscured the whole horizon, rising like islands out of a sea of cotton flakes. The heaven above was cloudless; a more beautiful sight could scarcely be conceived. We imagined ourselves the sole habitants of the nether world, in a solitude of the most singular character, elevated on the point of a hill that constituted our universe. Presently breaks began in the fleecy plain beneath us, and exhibited through them the sea, and bits of land. These breaks widening, the flaky vapour began heaving and wreathing, in cloudy convolutions; till at length it

rolled away to seaward, and the nether world appeared itself again, resplendent with the sunbeams, the ocean sparkling, and nature spread out, decked in the uncloying witchery of a summer morning in the south of England.

We proceeded parallel with the sea; and passed, situated on the right hand, Penwarne, once the estate and residence of a very ancient family of that name, a name by which the whole district therabouts was known in the time of Alfred, and under that name taxed in Doomsday book, 1087. Hals says that in his time the barton of Penwarne had upon it a free chapel and burying place, before Mawnan church was built, and by being in possession of the lands of Pen-gwarne, or Penwarne, that the head of the Penwarne family was bailiff, or lord, of the hundred of Kirrier, by inheritance. This respectable family began to decay in Queen Elizabeth's time, when Mr. Peter Penwarne parted with all his lands except the barton. In 1732, another Mr. Peter Penwarne died, leaving two sons; his grandson, Mr. John Penwarne, and the representative of this old family, practised the law at Penryn, and died in London, in 1836, at the age of eighty, deservedly respected for his talents and virtues, leaving a son and a daughter. The Penwarne property was purchased by Mr. Noel, a merchant of Falmouth, who was afterwards knighted; and now belongs to the Rev. Mr. Ustick, his nephew.

Near Mawnan church, an ancient edifice here depicted, a glorious prospect opens upon the stranger. The church stands not far from the cliffs, on the northern side of the entrance to Helford river, and still more to the north is Rosemullion head, which with Anthony or the Zoze point, form two horns of Falmouth Bay, commanding a very beautiful field of view. The prospect up the Helford river, and the fertile land on the opposite side, is equally fine. Keeping parallel with that river, we reached the passage house, and crossed over to Helford, a village with some little trade, and thence proceeded to Manaccan, once the residence of the Rev. R. Polwhele, the historian of Cornwall, who was the rector. It has nothing worthy of observation, but the metallic substance called manaccanite was first discovered in this parish. There are some noble views from hence across the sea, over St. Anthony's church, and the mouth of the Helford river, to the castles of Pendennis and St. Mawes, with the higher land beyond all; an extended *coup-d'œil*. Little Dinas, here, was fortified to defend the entrance of the Helford river, and held out for Charles I., until forced to surrender; and near the church are ruins, where the remains of human bodies have been found—the site, it is supposed, of a religious house. There are also some remains of ancient camps, called Great and Little Dinas, in



St. Anthony parish; they consist of triple entrenchments, and Little Dinas was the site of the fortified post above mentioned, as holding out for Charles I. South-west of St. Anthony and Manaccan, is the church-town of St. Martin. There is nothing worthy of notice in this parish, which, in common with all parishes bounded northwards by the Loe Pool and Helford river, is said to be "in Meneage." In the bordering parish of Mawgan, three noted Cornish families,—the Roskymers, Carminows, and Vyvyan,—once had their residences: the latter only now remain, at an ancient seat named Treloowarren. On the accession of George I., and during the Pretender's excitement to a rebellion in the behalf of the Stuarts, Sir Richard Vyvyan, a well-known Jacobite here, was arrested and sent to the Tower. The messenger is said to have been delayed at an inn in the eastern part of the county, on some excuse, while an emissary reached Treloowarren, and gave its owner notice, which enabled him to destroy many papers that might have afforded evidence against him, but none of sufficient weight being forthcoming, the prisoner was discharged, with one or two others who were arrested at the same time. The Boscavens, perhaps the most ancient county family, subsequently the Lords Falmouth, were laudably instrumental in securing the county, and preventing any display in favour of the Pretender by the enemies of the house of Brunswick, having previously assisted in bringing about the expulsion of James II. This parish borders on the Helford river, opposite St. Keverne, on the eastern side of the Lizard promontory. Who St. Keverne, this patron saint, might have been, or when he lived, has puzzled many wise heads. Some imagine that he is the same with St. Kieran, a saint of the fifth century; or perhaps he was identical with St. Kevin, whose friendship for King O'Toole is so admirably told by Mr. Lover, in his Irish Stories, especially when the character of St. Keverne is taken into consideration. It is not unlikely he was an importation from the island, which in those times, if we are to believe its chroniclers, concentrated all the learning, piety, and no doubt the larger part of the poverty of Western Europe; for in the year 800, Dusblan, Machreu, and Maxlum, from thence, doubled the Land's End, and arrived in Mounts Bay, in a boat made of one ox-hide and a half, being unable to afford a better, and with only seven days' provisions, two days' of which stock only was exhausted when they made the land.* This church stands on very high ground, and has a spire, replacing one which was destroyed by lightning in 1770, in the month of February; when not only the spire was rent in pieces, but the roof of the church itself, and the stones scattered to a great distance. The vicar, it being in the hours of divine service, was struck insensible; but only ten persons were slightly hurt, though nearly the whole congregation was struck to the ground, and deprived for a time of all recollection. Among other monuments, there is one to the memory of Major-General H. G. C. Cavendish, Captain Duckenfield, and the Hon. E. Waldgrave, who,

* Mathew of Westminster.

with sixty-one soldiers, perished by shipwreck, in the *Despatch* transport, in Coverack Cove, returning from Spain, in December 1809, it is generally supposed through the mismanagement of the master of the transport. There are numerous coves on the sea shore in this parish; where fishermen's boats are kept, and successful captures of fish are made; and the tithe of fish was once exacted here, the right to it being transferred in marriage settlements. This unjustifiable claim on the labour of the poor, being only defended on the plea of custom, was resisted: a trial at law ensued; when that which reason and justice equally impugn, but custom has been too often successfully pleaded to sanction, was overturned, and the right of the poor to the produce of their own labour, from the great storehouse of all mankind, was fully established.

A wonderful escape is recorded of eight persons, belonging to this parish, going home from Falmouth, in 1702. They were in an undocked boat of five tons burthen, and were driven out to sea during a dark and stormy night. The gale continuing all the two following days and nights, the people on board at last descried the coast of Normandy,—having been driven a hundred leagues from Falmouth,—where, though it was war time, they were kindly treated and sent home again, eight weeks after their departure; having been three nights and four days on the sea, during the tempest. Fortunately, one of the persons in the boat was a woman, who, being an inn-keeper, was taking back with her from Falmouth some white bread and three or four gallons of brandy, which preserved their lives, as the accident took place in the inclement month of January. It is singular how a good turn done to a fellow-creature is often unexpectedly rewarded, for one of the eight persons in this boat, a Mr. Samms, as soon as he and his party got on shore, exhausted, was recognised among the armed men who came to demand who they were, by a French gentleman, who said, “I know your person, and recollect your kindness when I was once cast away on the coast of Cornwall,” and embraced him. This kind Frenchman then paid them all the most humane attention, and their story and escape reaching the court, Louis XIV. ordered them to be sent home on the first opportunity.

This parish partly consists of magnesian rocks, and partly of calcareous; diallage, and the serpentine of the Lizard, traversed by asbestos, are also discoverable within its limits. Upon the serpentine, but there only, the most beautiful of heaths grows in astonishing profusion; the *erica vagans* of Linnaeus, sometimes denominated *multiflora*, and *didyma*, from the double antheræ of the flowers. It is singular that the growth of this plant is strictly limited over the serpentine rock, appearing again on a patch of that rock near Liskeard, and it marks the border to within a yard or two of distance. A bed of roses is more fragrant, but cannot surpass in beauty of form and richness of colour, these heaths of the West of Cornwall. The *erica vagans* is seen nowhere besides in England, and the large purple and white heaths, that grow

at the Land's End, are equally fine, though not of the same rare species, literally enamelling the ground.*

This parish, with Mawgan in Meneage, adjoining, contains some of the most fertile land in England; indeed the whole of the peninsula of the Lizard, particularly on the eastern side, confesses in its powers of production, a southern latitude, although exposed to western storms. Both corn and grass are thrown up between the rocks that abound here, with wonderful affluence, owing to the genial nature of the climate, among which water does not lodge, while moisture from the atmosphere is never wanting. Sixty Winchester bushels of wheat have been harvested from an acre; and barley is sown and reaped in nine or ten weeks, yielding above seventy bushels the acre, seventy-five being a common crop. It will not be out of place while in this fertile district, to notice in brief the agriculture of the county, which has hitherto been only a secondary pursuit. It is not easy to say what proportion of the land is waste, but Borlase, more than fourscore years ago, calculated the lands of every hundred as twenty cultivated to eleven waste; the state of things now, from the great number of enclosures since, must be very different. It is probable that the waste land at present is much under 200,000 acres, taking the superficies at 850,000. But although so much land has been brought in, the supply of corn has not been equal to the demands of the population, as it was in Camden's time; and the price of grain is generally too high.

The more productive districts are placed on both sides of the high central ridge, which forms the backbone of the county, covered with heaths and rocky wastes stretching from the Tamar to the Land's End. Round Stratton, on the north-east, there is a fertile district, producing much corn, bounded in

* The *erica vagans*, and *erica ciliaris*; *Sibthorpia Europaea*; *asparagus officinalis*; *carduus aconitis*; *panicum dactylon*; *tamarix Gallica*; *ligusticum Cornubiense*; the hybrid *antirrhinum linaria*, called *peloria*; *osmunda regalis*, and many of the *Cryptogamia*; *fuschia gracilis*, nine feet six inches high, by forty feet in circumference, and eight or nine other species; the *hydrangea*, six feet six high, and forty-five in circumference; *agapanthus umbellatus*; *aristolochia sempervirens*; *aster argophyllum*; *Bouvardia tryphilla*; *calceolaria*, five or six species; *collectea spinosa*, from Chili; *camellia Japonica*, several varieties; *Charlwoodia Australis*, covered with a mat on frosty nights; *eriocephalus Africanus*; *echium nervosum*, five feet four inches high, stem six inches in diameter, twenty-five feet in circumference, and from thirty to forty spikes of flowers; many varieties of *geranium*; *heliotropium corymbosum*; *jasminum revolutum*; *leonitus leonurus*, covering eighteen feet of wall; *Richardia Aethiopica*; *vergilia capensis*, seven feet three inches high; *verbena chamoidryoides* and *puellula*; *olea fragrans*, on a south wall, and many others, grow without protection in the open air, in the west of Cornwall.

The indigenous plants of Western Cornwall are numerous; among them, besides some named in the above list, are *Alisma*, of two varieties; *bee orchis*; *camomile*; *eryngium*, or *sea holly*; *field gentian*; *common alkanet*; *columbine*; *lesser snapdragon*; *heath shield fern*; *sea cabbage*; *sea rocket*; *campanula hederacea*; *sea centaury*; *convolvulus Soldanella*; *daucus maritimus*; *euphorbia peplis*; *exacum filiforme*; *geranium columbinum* and *sanguineum*; *glaucum luteum*; various curious mosses; *bergamot mint*; *round-leaved mint*; *myrica gale*, *Dutch myrtle*; *orchis pyramidalis*; *star of Bethlehem*; *fernfew*; *wild madder*; *woad*; *santolina maritima*; *hairy saxifrage*; *orpine*; *vernal squill*; *sedum anglicum*; *trifolium subterraneum*; and others, too numerous to catalogue in a note, grow in the open air in Cornwall, and several of the first enumerated above are indigenous.

one direction by unproductive moor land ; and on the same northern side of the central heights, there is another rich district, extending along the banks of the Camel river from Lanteglos to Padstow, and from thence to Cubert, westwards, where wonderful crops are produced. So good is the soil, that they sow first wheat, then barley, without any intermediate crop, and having sown grass-seed with the barley, cut it for hay the next year ; then giving one year's rest, they repeat this practice perpetually, and get in return per acre from twenty-four to thirty-five bushels of wheat, and from thirty to forty-five of barley. Still further westward upon the northern coast, at Phillack, ninety bushels of barley have been produced upon one acre. In truth, the diversity of soil in Cornwall is great, and implies in itself a great diversity in fertility. The demand for timber in former times caused all that was serviceable for that purpose to be used for refining ores, or in the machinery of the mines, while the consequent exposed surface of the higher lands forbade the spontaneous growth of wood ; hence there is no shelter of that kind. Along the southern coast, and in the vales and low grounds, which run up high inland, there are rich loams and marls. The most common soil is black growan, as it is locally termed, prevalent on the higher lands, consisting of black earth, intermingled with gravel or disintegrated granite ; below this a bed of quartz sometimes interposes, and below that a yellowish clay.* Those who go to the expense of removing the quartz always find their account in the creation of estates permanently and abundantly productive ; but in many districts the ground has only to be turned up to become capable of bearing grain of any kind. Among the growans spaces are often found filled with excellent vegetable earth, that, when drained, makes good meadow land. A second, and very productive soil, consists of decomposed schist, which throws up excellent wheat and barley, even to the verge of the cliffs overhanging the ocean ; and the soil over the granite in the west of the county is fertile, it would seem, in proportion to the smallness of its elevation above the sea. There is a good reddish soil occasionally met with resembling clay.

From the Tamar to the Fowey, on the southern side of the county, stretching up the shores of the former river a good way, and inland from the sea to Liskeard, there is a very fertile district, producing immense crops of corn ; for here climate, soil, and the convenience of lime carriage, all contribute to the fertility. Between the Fowey and Fal, particularly in Roseland, the fertility is no where surpassed. Continuing along the same shore, across the river Hel, the eastern side of the Lizard has been already noticed. By Mounts Bay sixty bushels of wheat have been raised on an acre ; and it is said that

* The clays of Cornwall are found in useful variety. There is white from decomposed granite, used for making china, exported in great quantity ; pipe clay ; several species used by metallic casters ; Lennant clay, for making furnaces ; Ludgvan clay, used for assaying ; Liskeard clay, a species of steatite ; and at Truro, a crucible clay which stands the fiercest fire. Ochreous earths are numerous : iron ochre is called *gossan*.

1,000 acres round Penzance now let for 10,000*l.* per annum. Barley, as well as wheat, and all grain, is bound in sheaves, and built up in the field in the form of a cone, the heads turned inwards, and an inverted sheaf or reed straw tied on the apex, by which means it is secured from the weather. The internal parts of the county and highlands are only cultivated here and there in patches. The farmers on the coasts about Padstow and Fowey do not send their surplus wheat to the thickly-peopled western districts, finding it more convenient to sell to the merchant; while large tracts of land lie waste which are very capable of cultivation. The duchy lands are by far the most extensive of those possessed by any single proprietor, and they were once much more so. The farms are generally small, commonly granted upon leases for lives, and in the mining districts are smaller than elsewhere. The management of land is generally to make it bear grain as long as it is found profitable, and then to grass it for some years until it has recovered. They pare and burn the surface, and for manure use ashes, sea-sand, sea-weed, lime, refuse salt, and dung from the farm-yard or town, when it is to be obtained, with the refuse of the pilchard fishery; an excellent manure, bought at 10*s.* the Cornish bushel, (three Winchester,) and unequalled for green crops, when mingled with sand or earth, to prevent its forcing too luxurious a plant. The farmers say that one fish will fertilize a square foot of land for many years, and that after this apparent exhaustion a small quantity of quicklime ploughed in will revive decomposition, and impart fresh fertility. Many farmers follow the later improvements in husbandry, but too many continue wedded to old prejudices, when turnips are sown after wheat; the manure used is dung and sea-sand; after which barley and grass seeds follow.*

The implements of husbandry are those of the sister county, but the farm vehicles are of all kinds. The spade is little used; the shovel, a larger and more powerful instrument, being generally adopted; hence the labourer seldom exhibits that crippled appearance of the back, too often observable where the spade is habitual. The Cornish plough is a very simple instrument, and has borne off the prize against fourteen different sorts in the county ploughing matches.

* The sands used for manure in Cornwall must not be confounded with fine gravel. They are taken wet with sea-water, and mingled with earth before they are laid on, and consist almost wholly of comminuted shells. How the ocean supplies such exhaustless stores of this material seems wonderful. Shells are lime; and this manure, therefore, consists in reality of lime and sea-salt. At Kinance Cove, among the serpentine the sand is very beautiful and shining. The sandy coves are numerous, and portions of them partake of the colour of the surrounding strata as well as of shells. Some are pale blue; others reddish, or bright and glossy from intermingled talc; others are yellow, or white; and some angular from fracture, while other kinds are rounded. The coral sand is most valued for manure, and is principally found on the southern coast.

The shells in Cornwall which are most noted are the following, and some are very beautiful. The blue-rayed limpet; *tellina proficua*; *cardium exiguum*, a nondescript species of *Venus*, which Maton named "cardioides;" *maetra Listeri* is found very perfect in the Carnon stream works; *patella pellicida*; *p. fissura*; *mytilus modiolus*; *trochus conulus*; *turbo cimex*, and *turbo fasciatus*; *helix*

Potatoes are the great resource of the inhabitants of the west of Cornwall; this root succeeds well, two crops, consisting of 900 Winchester bushels, having been grown upon an acre on the shore of Mounts Bay. In the common mode of ploughing, at the end of April, after paring and burning, from 450 to 600 bushels are often produced; this is owing to the summer never being too dry, and the earth being always warm.

The harvest is commonly begun in July, or during the first week in August. Red and yellow clover, trefoil, rye grass, turnips, ruta baga, and cabbages of various kinds, are the most common crops. Wheat sowing generally begins at the end of September. Oats are sown in February and March, with both rye and pilez, the *Avena nuda* of many naturalists. The pilez is sown upon poor land, and furnishes a species of oatmeal, or is given to fowls; the vulgar name is "pellowes." The cottages are built of stone or cob, many of them thatched, and others slated, when the latter stone is easy of carriage; but most modern farm buildings are of stone, and slated; many good dwellings are of cob upon a foundation of stone. Most cottages have a garden attached; and in many of them the miners employ their leisure time, sometimes taking a little land in addition out of the common and fencing it, cropping the ground with potatoes; the land being had upon easy terms, on a lease for ninety-nine years and lives. We may add that Cornwall in general now partakes in the agricultural improvements of our other counties, in reference to tillage and the breed of stock.

The cattle are generally of the Devonshire sort; all kinds have been introduced, and one breed, designated Cornish, does not exceed six hundred weight, when fat, running upon the wastes a good part of the year. The horses are of mixed races, of all kinds; the genuine Cornish horse is rare, the breed small, hardy, and sure footed. Mules, formerly used to a great extent for carrying ores, are discontinued in many places; and the number of pack-saddle horses also, by which means almost everything was formerly conveyed, though dung pots are still used the old way in hilly districts. The small sheep, which feed upon the "towans," or sandhills, cropping a short sweet grass, near the sea, yield a mutton of a very prime character, much esteemed in the county.

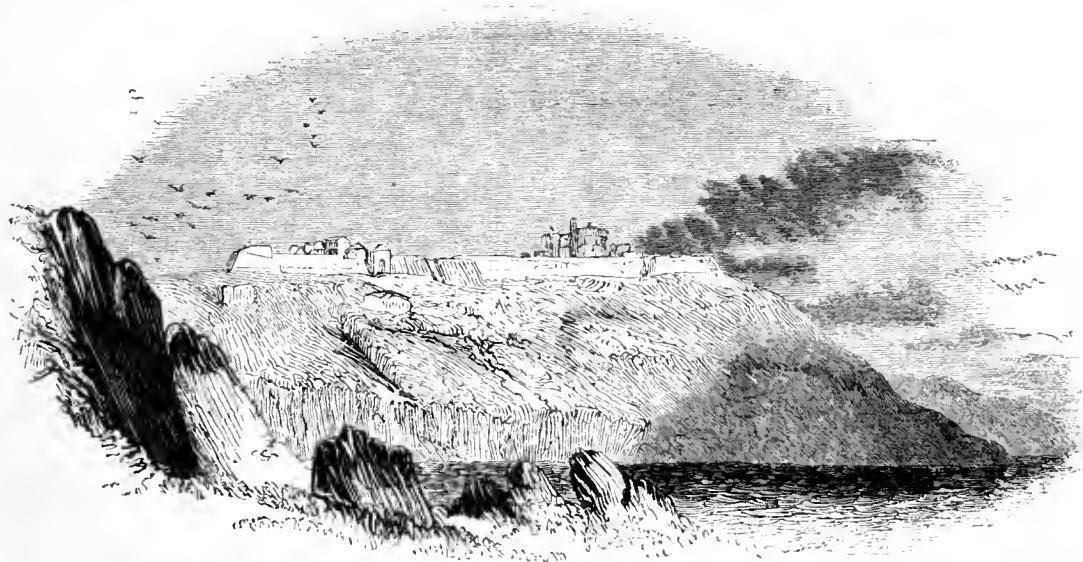
maculosa, a rare species; *patella radiata*, and *striis rugosis*; the fools' cap; sword-tooth shell; wavy striated *trochus*, pearl coloured; striated papillaceous top-shell pearl coloured; *nautilus* (rare); white ruddy-spotted snail; smooth flat-twisted river snail; *cornua ammonis* snail; the high, striated white *cochlea*, or bastard ventle-trap; yellow conulated chalke, with black furrows; small red and white variegated ditto; small white smooth ditto; small needle ditto; purple marked ditto; purple spotted cowries, or nuns; smaller ditto, without spots; larger striped *concha Veneris*; quadrangular striated muscle; a small and rare species of ditto; smooth foliated purple *concha*; winged scallop; rough echinated scallop; regularly marked ditto; purple ditto, variegated with white circular fillets; purple ribbed ditto; light purple *tellina*, with horizontal *striæ*, eminent, and parallel to the margin; white crooked-bill bivalve of the barnacle; polished *tellina*, with a serrated edge; flat, smooth, small sea-egg; round and flat ditto; depressed cordate ditto; narrow-mouthed *balanus*; wide-mouthed ditto. Fossil shells are rare in Cornwall, owing to the rocks being, for the most part, of primitive formation.

The duchy lands in Cornwall consisted of seventeen manors in the time of Edward III. The duchy belongs by right to the son of the king regnant, who is heir apparent to the crown; and as such requires no investment or creation to obtain the right and title, whereas the principedom of Wales requires a new creation for every succeeding prince. The property originally consisted of the castles, manors, parks or boroughs of Launceston, Trematon and Saltash, Tintagel, Restormel, Clymesland, and park of Kerrybolock; the manor of Tibesta and bailiwick of Powdershire; the manor of Tewynton; manor and borough of Helston; manors of Moresk, Penkneth, Penlyn with the park, Relaton, or Rillaton, with the beadlery of Eastwyvelshire; the manor of Helston in Trigshire, and park of Hellesbury; the manor, borough, and park of Liskeard; the manor and fishery of Kellestock; the manor of Talskydo; and the borough or town of Lostwithiel. The Duchy of Cornwall also includes the fee-farm of the city of Exeter; the manor of Lydford, and whole of Dartmoor; the manor and borough of Brodnish; and the water and river of Dartmouth, in Devonshire. Wallingford, in Oxfordshire; Berkhamstead, in Herts; Byfleet, in Surrey; Meere, in Wilts; Knaresborough, in York; Isleworth, in Middlesex; Kennington, and other lands in Surrey; Rising manor, in Norfolk; and the manor of Chislemere, in Coventry, belonged to this duchy; but Henry V. separated Isleworth to form the monastery of Sion, and conveyed other lands in lieu, worth 200*l.* per annum more to the duchy. Henry VIII. severed Wallingford and its castle from the Duchy of Cornwall, but annexed in its place the following manors in the county, viz. those of Westanton, Port Low, North Hill, Port Pigham, Laudren, Triloweia, Tregonoe, Trelagon, Crofthole, Trevithern, Courtney, Landulph, Leighdura, and Tinton, forfeited by Henry Courtney, Marquis of Exeter. This king also added seven other manors, which he took away from Tywardreth monastery, and eleven that were the property of the priory of Launceston. In all there were ten castles, now in ruins; nine parks; one forest; fifty-three manors; thirteen boroughs, or towns; nine hundreds; and extensive tracts of waste or moor-ground. The produce of these in the time of Henry VIII. was 10,095*l.* 11*s.* 9*½d.*—a very large sum for those days. The tin coinage dues out of this sum were 2,771*l.* 3*s.* 9*½d.* A large part of these possessions were alienated by the Stuarts to favourites, frittered away by ill-management, or sold to raise money. The estates of the duchy are generally farmed on leases of lives, renewable; some for fine certain, others upon a calculation of value, and have been so ill-managed as to bar the improvement which would have taken place upon the property of private individuals under the same circumstances. The land revenue of the duchy is not now more than 5,000*l.* per annum, with the tin dues, yielding about 15,000*l.* The other landed property of the county is much subdivided.

There are numerous plantations in Cornwall, but the woods are chiefly confined to the valleys; and timber is too valuable even there to be permitted to

remain to any great age. The trees planted are the spruce, pineaster, large, beech, Cornish and wych elm, oak, ash, plane, lime, and chestnut, which all do well. Fruit trees thrive everywhere. The apples are of many kinds, some peculiar to the county; but very little cider is made west of Truro. Orchards are plentiful, and plums, peaches, nectarines, mulberries, with every kind of garden fruit, except the apricot, are common. The apricot tree, though it bears well for two or three years, afterwards declines and ceases to bear at all, in several parts of the county. In horticulture, every vegetable comes to high perfection that is carefully cultivated.

On the borders of St. Keverne parish, near the Nare Head, there is a fine view across Falmouth Bay, from the western side of which the castle of Pendennis is seen to great advantage rising boldly from the sea.

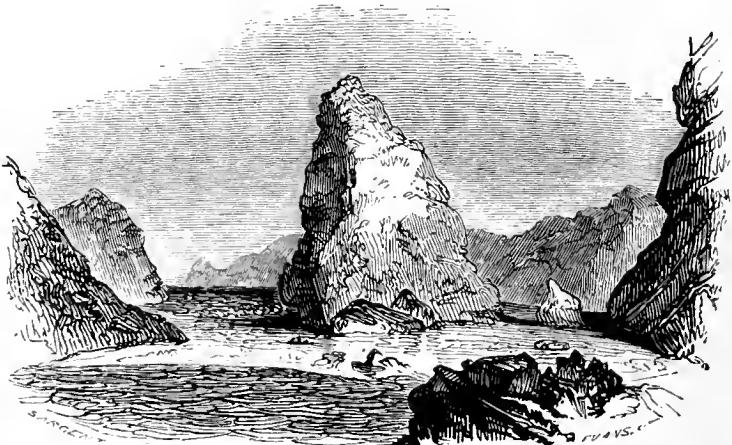


Adjoining St. Keverne, on the south, is the parish of Ruan Minor, in which is the little fishing cove of Cadgwith. All the way from the Manacles to the Lizard, on this the sheltered side of the peninsula, is a succession of small and pretty coves, as Coverack, Downance, Lankidden, Kennack, Caerleon, Cadgwith, and others, forming a variety of interesting scenes to the lover of the romantic and grand. Grade, a small parish, intervenes between Ruan Minor and Landewednack; in which last lies the celebrated Point of the Lizard, marked by two light-houses, to distinguish it from the single light at Scilly, and the three at Guernsey, thus preventing mistakes which might be fatal to mariners. The church-town lies eastward of the village called the Lizard; while this last is about the same distance northwards from the cape so renowned,—the last land of their native isle that was visible to many who were never again destined to revisit its shores, and the first seen by joyous spirits whom years and climes had long separated. From hence, vessels outward bound on voyages that have become matters of history, took the observation by which they were to career over the bounding deep to unvisited shores: and proud

war-ships dated their departure to scenes of disaster or conquest. The Lizard, the most southern promontory of England, stands in lat. $49^{\circ} 57' 55''$. 8 N., and in long. $5^{\circ} 11' 17''$. 7 W. The two lighthouses, which are about half a mile south of the village, on high ground, exhibit nothing remarkable in their appearance. For many years coal fires were adopted in these lighthouses, they being constructed before Argand reflectors were introduced; and the fires were kept bright by bellows, which ceasing to act the lights became dim. The inventions of wiser times have been naturally introduced, and the coal has long ceased to "pale its ineffectual fire" in dangerous uncertainty. The Lizard is an excellent place for a geological student, combining precipitous cliffs, convenient for observation, with a rare conformation. Nor does the botanist find it less interesting; for here are many rare plants, among them the *erica vagans* and other heaths, the *asparagus officinalis*, *herniaria glabra*, and *beta maritima*.

Passing round the Lizard Point, the coast at once displays the effects of the continued action of the prevalent west and south-west winds. Precipitous, shattered, rugged, and consisting of hard serpentine rock, it sturdily resists the uncontrollable fury of the Atlantic storms; and from hence high up in Mount's Bay shows a most inhospitable shore, near which if a ship become embayed there is no hope of her escape.

A short distance from the Lizard Point is Kinnance Cove, studded with rocks, and hollowed into caverns by the wintry tempests. The serpentine, beautifully coloured and veined, is exhibited to great advantage by the action of the sea, while the magnificence of the scenery is renowned. The rock appears polished in some places, with all its variegated colours; here brown, there green or purple; veined with red or some lightish colour, always different, and continually attracting the eye by novelty of tint. There is a funnel-shaped cavern, with its mouth seawards, having a small hole perforated quite through to the other side of the ledge of rock in which it is situated; and at half-tide, when it is sufficiently clear of water, the waves rolling in, drive the air before them, condensing it more and more as they advance towards the narrow end terminating in the hole; the air is then forced through with great violence, and a terrible roaring noise is heard for a great distance; this is called "the bellows," by the people of the vicinity. It is upon this part of the coast that the steatite, or soap-stone, is raised for making



china, occurring in veins in the serpentine, out of which, and very near the sea, we saw some workmen raising it. Here a bleak down, called Pradanaek, extends along the coast, and nearly to the church-town of Ruan Major inland, than which nothing can be more desert in appearance; the winds sweeping over the surface, directly from the shoreless Atlantic, with nothing to check or turn aside their full action. Crossing Pradanaek Down, we arrived at Mullion, distinguished by its coves, rocks, island, and a sandy shore, for ever white with ocean foam.

The church of Mullion is old, and some stained glass is yet left in the windows, principally the arms of families now extinct. The tower was built in 1500. There is a monument within the church to the memory of the Rev. T. Flavel, who died in 1682.* Gunwallo, to the north of Mullion parish, is said to have been so named from the patron saint, Winwallo, a petty Welsh prince, who fled into Brittany, and died abbot of Landeveneck, near Brest, in 529. This church stands among sandhills, close to the sea,† and the parish extends to the Loe lake, along the shore. To the eastward lie Goonhilly Downs, celebrated for their breed of horses in days of yore, so denominated from *goon*, a down, and *haller*, to hunt, in Cornish. Cury, a parish north of Gunwallo, in which the families of Bonython and Bellot have left traces, is small, and borders upon Mawgan in Meneage, already mentioned; while to the north, Mawgan intervening, is the ancient borough of Helston.

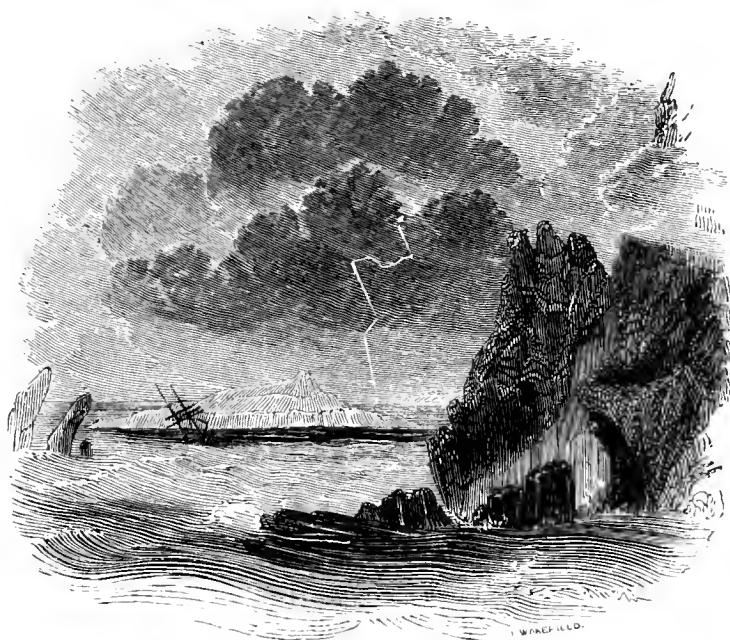
Helston, twelve miles from Falmouth, is a pleasant town, consisting of two principal streets, broad and clean, crossing each other at right angles, and dis-

* The following lines occur upon it:—

“Earth take mine earth, my sin let Satan have it,
The world my goods, my soul my God who gave it;
For from these four, earth, Satan, world, and God,
My flesh, my sin, my goods, my soul I had.”

† Here is another odd inscription on a tombstone:—

“We shall die all,
Shall die all we;
Die all we shall,
All we shall die.”



posed on the sides of hills which descend with easy slopes. It was taxed in the Doomsday record as Henliston, and is a stannary town, incorporated first, it is supposed, by King John. It returned two members to parliament from the time of Edward I., latterly under the nomination of a patron who at one time corruptly bargained for the right, by paying the poor-rates. Under the Reform Act it returns but one member. Owing to some confusion in the charters, in the early part of the reign of George III., the corporators, in whom was vested the right of nominating, rather than electing, members of parliament, became so reduced in number as to be incapable of performing any corporate act, though conveniently enough they could still nominate the representatives. A new charter was accordingly obtained, the individuals named in which were to return the members; but six of the old party resisted this, and returned the members themselves, and a committee of the House of Commons decided for the smaller number. The church here was struck by a thunder storm in 1727; and Lord Godolphin, in 1763, erected a new one, not in the best taste, though sufficiently spacious; it is dedicated to St. Michael, and is a daughter church of Wendron, a rectory; the incumbent of Wendron appointing the curate. The notorious attorney-general, Noy, to whose advice Charles I. was indebted for the loss of his crown, sat for this borough. Helston was one of the decayed towns in the reign of Henry VIII.; and in 1694 had a population of only 1,368, but in 1831 numbered 3,293. In the registers of the see of Exeter, mention is made of a chapel and hospital of St. Mary Magdalen, in Helston; and there is a grammar-school, to which is paid 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, out of the corporation tolls. Leland says, "An hospital of St. John is yet standing at the west-south-west end of the town, of the foundation of one Kylligrin," (Killigrew); and the same writer adds that there had been a castle at Helston. The place where the hospital of St. John stood is still marked, with an upright stone and a sword graved upon it. This town, by locality so remote from intercourse with the rest of the country, and out of the direct line of great roads, is noted for the continuance of old customs, and the kindly manners of its inhabitants have been long a subject of remark; here traces of the old diversion of hurling are still to be met with. Helston has several dissenting places of worship, sunday-schools, and charities; and Mr. Penberthy, who died in 1783, left the interest of 500*l.*, for the use of the poor not in the workhouse. There is a bowling-green, kept upon the site, as it is supposed, of the ancient castle, and used by the more respectable inhabitants; and the town is celebrated, from time immemorial, for a festival on the 8th of May, which some have considered, but erroneously, a remnant of a festival in honour of the goddess Flora. It is called the "Furry Day;" and the same kind of commemoration of the month of May was formerly kept at the Lizard. In fact, May-day was even recently a species of holiday throughout Cornwall; the townspeople decking their doors with green boughs of the whitethorn, when in blossom, called "May," by the children and common

people. The word Furry is derived from the old Cornish *feur*, a fair, or holiday, according to Polwhele; but Mr. Davies Gilbert was of opinion it is derived from the word "foray," a word used by the Lowland Scotch, in their medley of a tongue, formed from the English word "forage," to rove abroad in search of plunder, coming from the Latin,—a word applicable enough to the mode in which the semi-barbarous chieftains of Scotland lived by plundering one another, or their neighbours, but hardly to be supposed possible of application to a holiday in a spot so remote as Helston; where too, a different language was not long ago spoken, and where the existence of the festival now is most probably owing to remoteness of position, the small accession of strangers among the inhabitants, and the absence of the habits of thinking and occupying time common in the more populous towns of the kingdom. Mr. Gilbert goes on by applying the festival to the celebration of a victory over the Saxons, who landed at a cove called Porthsasnac; but the etymology seems fanciful. Leaving this part of the subject;—upon the eighth of May the inhabitants of Helston are accustomed to usher in the auspicious morning with music; all work among the labouring classes is stopped perforce, as those who are found working undergo a mock trial and punishment. The party that begins the Saturnalia goes first to the grammar-school, to secure a holiday for the urchins there, and then collects contributions from house to house, and augmenting, proceeds into the country to collect flowers and green boughs, when they are said to *fadé*, or *go*, into the country. This word in Cornwall is pronounced *fadgy* by the vulgar in general, and is applied colloquially, as, "How d'ye *fadgy*?" meaning "How d'ye go on?" or "How d'ye fare?" On the return of the party, preceded by music, dancing commences in the streets, and all classes of the inhabitants till lately joined in, and continued to dance through the town, and in and out of the houses, carrying flowers and green boughs; and many friends coming from the neighbouring towns to join, all being innocent gaiety. Nor was such a time without its social use in bringing the poorer class in contact with the wealthier, and keeping up a kindly feeling, which once in a year could hardly be productive of great self-sacrifice to those who carried their chins the most loftily. Mr. Gilbert complained that the practice was diminishing every year; plainly showing from what cause, by stating that all was fast tending towards "the single entertainment of a ball." It appears that if the ladies had heretofore succeeded in their will, the very memory of the festival would have been lost. It is thus that, before the mixture of vulgar pride and ignorant exclusiveness so prevalent in these times in the middle ranks of society, the separation of the different classes is with much impolicy rendered wider. The classes never momentarily linked, and kindliness changing to indifference, dislike and antipathy towards each other are shown upon the most trivial occasions; thus old things that are harmless, and even beneficial in their existence, are disappearing with what of old things may be very wisely resigned. Mr. Gilbert says, that *fadé* is used to express both the

dance and the air sung in celebrating the day. This air, he says, is no doubt the remnant of ancient British music; and something like it has been traced in Wales and Ireland. As the music is esteemed a curiosity, we give it here.*



About two miles south-westward from Helston, is a lake called the Loe Pool, formed by a sandbar which the sea has formed across a channel, consisting of several streams and a rivulet called the Loe. This bar, running parallel with a shore which fronts the prevailing quarter whence the wind blows, acts as a complete dam to the efflux of the water, which rises so high at times, in consequence, as to cover a space of seven miles in circumference, and to stay the working of some mills. On these occasions it is the custom for the mayor of Helston to present two leather purses, containing each three halfpence, to the lord of the manor, for leave to cut the bar. A very

* What is called the Furry Song consists of unconnected stanzas, ridiculous enough. They, no doubt, replaced some that were more ancient. Two or three of them run as follow:—

“ Robin Hood and little John,
They both are gone to fair, O,
And we will to the merry green wood,
To see what they do there, O ;
And for to chase, O,
To chase the buck and doe,
With halantow,
Jolly rumble, O.
And we were up as soon as any day, O,
And for to fetch the summer home,
The summer and the May, O ;
For summer is acome, O,
And winter is agone, O !

“ Whereas those Spaniards,
That make so great a boast, O,^a
They shall eat the grey goose feather,
And we will eat the roast, O ;
In every land, O,
The land that ere we go,
With halantow, &c. &c.

“ As for

^a The “grey goose feather” plainly refers to the arrow; which would fix the date of this part of the song before gunpowder was much used.

small aperture, just sufficient to allow a stream from the interior to act upon the sand, is sufficient to give the fresh water the power to sweep it away, with a tremendous agitation of the sea outside ; after which the bar is speedily formed again. The scenery round this lake is picturesque and beautiful ; and the shores are well wooded, with rocks here and there appearing. The ocean stretches far away beyond the bar, uniting with the aerial tint of the sky ; “colours dipt in heaven” mingle over the intervening space, as the sunbeams play and dance along the serene deep, or clouds, flitting between, cast gauzy shades, like spectre islands, upon the blue plain of waters. Thus we saw both lake and sea,—a more perfect combination of landscape scenery is hardly to be found. The property belonged for ages to a family named Penrose, the name of the estate, which becoming extinct, it was sold to Mr. Hugh Rogers, whose son is the present owner. It was upon the bar of the Loe Pool that the Anson frigate was lost, in 1807, with Captain Lydiard and a great many of the crew.

Wendron, or Gwendron, is a large parish, noted for producing, and having produced through many bygone ages, a good deal of tin ; the soil is granitic. The parson of this parish was one of the last whom the common people believed, a century ago, to possess cabalistic power ; his name was Jago. Whenever parson Jago wanted his horse held, he struck the ground with his whip, and a demon immediately rose at his command to perform the service ! Beyond Wendron, north-westwards, is Crowan parish, the church of which contains many memorials of the ancient family of St. Aubyn, originally from Mount St. Aubyn, in Normandy. One of this family was the member for Cornwall who so steadfastly opposed Sir Robert Walpole, and of whom Sir

“ As for St. George, O,
 St. George he was a knight, O,
 Of all the kings in Christendom,*
 King Georgy is the right, O ;
 In every land, O,
 The land that ere we go,
 With halantow, &c. &c.

“ God bless Aunt Mary,† Moses,
 With all her power and might, O ;
 And send us peace in merry England,
 Both day and night, O ;
 And send us peace in merry England,
 Both now and evermore, O.
 With halantow, &c. &c.”

* These lines are clearly a modern introduction.

† This alludes, no doubt, to the Virgin Mary—“aunt” is true Cornish so applied ; and the Virgin Mary was appealed to perhaps from the new faith not having completely put down the old ; though what Moses had to do in the business it is difficult to conjecture. Paul’s church, in Mounts Bay, was burned by the Spaniards in 1595, which would seem to fix the part of the fragment alluding to the Spaniards, as originating about the end of the reign of Elizabeth.

Robert is reported to have said, that he knew the price of every member in the house except the little Cornish baronet. There is a charity school here, endowed by the St. Aubyn family; but Clowance, their ancient seat, was unfortunately burned by accident. Sithney, Breage, Germoe, and Piranuthno, are four parishes that border upon the eastern side of Mount's Bay, between Helston and Marazion. Sithney church is about a mile and a half from that of Breage; and Penrose, already mentioned, is in that parish, together with Portleven, where an attempt has been unsuccessfully made to form a harbour for the shelter of vessels, much wanted upon this shore. There was once a hospital of St. John in Sithney, and a logan stone, called *Mên Amber*, now off its balance. In Breage parish is Godolphin, the seat of the family of that name; the most celebrated member of which was Queen Anne's minister, related by marriage to the great Duke of Marlborough. The family property here was not large; and the honour becoming extinct in 1785, the estate descended to the Duke of Leeds. Hals says, the word "God-al-gan," in Cornish, signifies "God's downs;" Carew, that Godolphin means "a white eagle." The house, now tenanted by a farmer, has a portico of white granite, from Tregoning hill, not far distant; north-west of which is a second hill, called Godolphin, consisting also of granite, and rich in metallic ores. In Breage is the celebrated copper and tin mine of Huel Vor; and in this parish too is Pengerswick tower, near Sidney Cove, standing in a bottom; the remains consisting of some fragments of walls and two square towers, faced with hewn stone. The larger tower consists of three stories; winding steps in the smallest of the two conduct to the summit of the whole. The lower story is crenelled, and the door machicolated; but many of the rooms have fallen in, and what remain are used as granaries and hay-lofts by the farmers who live near. There are pieces of poetry on the panels of the lower rooms, which are of oak, carved and painted very curiously; but the designs to which the lines refer are nearly obliterated. The following, under the title of "Perseverance," is very pleasing:—

" What thing is harder than the rock?
What softer is than water cleere?
Yet wyll the same, with often droppe,
The hard rock peree, as doth a spere:
Even so, nothing so hard to attayne,
But may be hadd with labour and payne."*

* The following is the entire poem on these panels:—

" Even as the herdsman safely maye,
And gentilye lye downe to sleype,
That hath his watchfull doggis alwaye
His floke in safetie for to keype,
So may that prinee be qweyet then,
Under whom rulythe faythful men.

" The

The painted design was water dropping from a rock. It is said that at the latter end of the reign of Henry VIII. a Mr. Milliton, having killed a man, privately purchased the manor here in his son's name, and passed his life in a secret chamber of the tower, known only to a trusty friend or two. The son here mentioned, is known to have been governor of St. Michael's Mount in the reign of Edward VI. The road leading to the tower is paved for a considerable distance. Germoe, the westernmost of the four parishes, contains nothing very remarkable, except the saint's chair of stone in the parish churchyard, which the people have named King Germoe's throne, most probably that of some obscure saint, to exalt whom perhaps the Cornish distich was written,

“ Germow Mathern,
Breaga Lavethas.”

“ Germow a king, Breage a midwife.” Leland says, St. Germoe's tomb was there in his time, and his well a little outside the churchyard. In this parish the great combat took place between two saints, whether both of the old Irish importation stock or not is unknown. These were St. Just, whose parish is near the Land's

“ The Shipmen toste witho hoystrous wynde,
To anker holde do fice at laste,
While the dolphin, to them most kynde,
Doth claspe about to holde hyt faste ;
Such anker-holde a prince shoulde bee
To his subjects in myserie.

“ When marriage was maid for vertew and love,
There was no divorce, Godd'is knot to remove ;
But now is much people yn such luste,
That they break Godd'is wyll moste juste :
Wherfore unto ol suche let thys be sufficient,
To keipe Godd'is lawe, for feare of his punishment,
In the burning lake, wher is awst offull torment.

“ The laimee, wyche lakith feit to goo,
Ys borne uppon the blind'is back ;
So mutually between theme twoo,
The one supplieth the other's lacke.—
The blind to laime doth lend his might,
The laime to blind doth yelde his sight.

“ What thing is harder than the rock ?
What softer is than water cleere ?
Yet wyll the same, with often droppe,
The harde rock perce, as doth a spere.
Even so, nothing so hard to attayne,
But may be hadd with labour and paine.

“ Beholde this asse, wiche laden ys
With riches, plentye, and with meat,
And yet thereof no pleasure hathe,
But thystells, hard and rough, doth eat.
In like ease ys the rich niggarde,
Wich hath inoughie, and lyveth full hard.”

End, and St. Keverne, whose church-town we have already noticed near the Lizard. St. Just went to pay the southern saint a visit, and after a hospitable reception took his leave; but no sooner was St. Just gone,—we must not confound the name with the virtue, as we do justice with law in other cases,—no sooner was the visiter gone, than St. Keverne missed some plate, a commodity which it is hard to credit that any Irish saint brought honestly into Cornwall with him from home in those rude days; so he made up his mind at once that his pious brother had feloniously abstracted the valuables, and picking up three stones, of a quarter of a ton weight each, from Crowzas Down, he put them into his pocket,—the stones contracting, or the pocket expanding to receive them; which, the saintly records do not express. St. Keverne overtook St. Just in Germoe parish, a little beyond Breage, and, charging him with the robbery, bade him “stand and deliver.” St. Just plumply refused, and a combat ensued; when St. Keverne made such good use of his pocket ammunition, that St. Just was forced to disgorge his plunder and fly. As the holy pockets of St. Keverne were empty, ready to deposit his rescued property, and it was no use carrying back his weapons, he threw them down, where they are this day to be seen, on the left side of the road from Breage to Marazion, stuck in the ground, carrying the outlandish name of *Tremen-hererne*. They are said to have been frequently removed for agricultural or other purposes, but as often as this was done they were found in their old places the next day. Singular enough, they consist of what the people now call iron stone, none of which was ever discovered in Breage, Germoe, or their vicinity; but there is a plenty upon Crowzas Down, which St. Keverne must have crossed in pursuit of “his brother rogue,” an additional confirmation of the popular story, if so probable a story stand in need of confirmation. Piran, or Perranuthno, or Little Piran, church stands in a vale which terminates in the sea; it is a neat but unadorned building, and the parish is small; it once had an oracular well. A cove is pointed out here, into which an ancestor of the Trevelyan family escaped, borne on his horse, when the fabled country of Lionesse, between the Land’s End and Scilly, was overwhelmed by the sea. The relation of a clergyman at St. Erth,* a maiden lady of course, used to go to the Land’s End in consequence of a dream, having prepared decoctions of herbs, and got by rote an incantation for raising this land of Lionesse out of the ocean depths, with its one hundred and forty churches; but the ocean, from the Long Ships to Scilly, was as deaf to the “voice of the charmer,” as it was to King Canute when he commanded the waves not to wet his royal toes.

We enjoyed a very interesting view of Mounts Bay from Cudden Point, in this parish, giving the scene a point of view that rather enhanced its beauties. St. Hilary parish adjoins Perran-uthno, named from a saint of Poictiers, who was seized with pitiable terrors upon finding that his daughter preferred matrimony to single blessedness,—so says the legend,—and

* As related by Mr. D. Gilbert.

notwithstanding had the gratification of seeing her expire at his feet in the single state. Another oddity of this saint was, that he condemned errors on abstruse points of doctrine more than heinous moral offences. The church is in a high, agreeable, and secluded spot, surrounded with trees, but decorated with a clumsy spire, standing three miles from Marazion, or Market Jew, known in Doomsday book as Tremarastol; a town probably older than any other in the county, being situated near the great mart for tin, the ancient Ietis, at St. Michael's Mount.* Carew calls it Mairaeiv, signifying a Thurs-

* Before the capital of the British empire was founded, or the Romans had invaded its shores, Cornwall was known to the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Greeks, and later, to the people of Massilia, now Marseilles, who carried on a traffic in tin. Of these nations, the Marsellois alone communicated with Cornwall overland, most probably through Brittany, taking thirty days for their journey to the shore opposite Cornwall. This intercourse rests upon no idle antiquarian conjecture, but upon indisputable testimony, corroborated by many important collateral circumstances; and trade has in all ages been the most important agent in geographical discovery. Herodotus mentions the Scilly Isles 440 years before Christ; but says that he knew nothing of them. The first land discovered by the Phœnicians, and therefore used as a general term for the extreme west of Cornwall, was the Cassiterides, or *Æstryminian Isles*. St. Michael's Mount is clearly understood in the description still extant, as the place where tin was shipped, being brought thither in waggons at ebb-tide, at which time it was, as it is at present, alone accessible from the opposite shore of Marazion. In further proof of this, little tin is raised in Scilly. The commerce no doubt began there, though the supply was small; traders, whose moving principle is self-interest, finding a better market near, would be wiser than to make so dangerous a spot to navigators a deposit for a commodity which might be had in plenty, without the additional carriage, near the mainland, saving the cost of thirty miles of perilous navigation. About two hundred years before Christ, the Greeks had become acquainted with Cornwall, as the intention of writing upon the Cassiterides, and the mode of preparing tin, is expressed by Polybius. "No Greek coins have been found in Cornwall," says Borlase, although some are decidedly Greek, as far as can be judged by comparison with the engravings of those which collectors state to be such, given by Borlase himself, who says of these, that they must have been "struck by a people well acquainted with the Greeks and Romans." They are evidently Greek, most probably colonial. The coins referred to are in "Borlase's Nat. Hist." Plate XIX. figs. 7, 48. Many more would, no doubt, have been found had the Greeks possessed a settlement in the county, which was not the case. Although this note is long enough, it will not be amiss to add from the "Historical Researches" of Professor A. H. L. Heeren, what he adduces in evidence from Avicenus upon this matter. The remarks of Professor Heeren having caught the attention of the present writer in 1832, who saw that this profound scholar and historian was not, from the nature of his observations, acquainted with the locality to which Avicenus, quoting Hamilcar, refers, he ventured a few critical remarks upon the subject in a periodical work, of which he is informed the learned German professor has acknowledged the reasonableness. It appears that the Carthaginians were the carriers for the Phœnicians, but kept their route a profound secret. The quotation from Hamilcar's voyage states, that the *Æstryminian Islands*, or Cassiterides, abounded in tin; that the inhabitants glided over the sea in canoes of skins (the coracles of Wales, used in one or two places of the principality still, being wicker frames covered with skins). The voyage occupied Hamilcar himself four months, a time very likely to be consumed in coasting along the shores of the Mediterranean and Atlantic, on a voyage first performed by the Tartessians, or Phœnician colonies in Spain, principally from Gades, the modern Cadiz. According to Hamilcar—for the account of the voyage was the result of his own experience—his vessel was impeded by quantities of sea-weed, a proof how close he was obliged to keep to the shore. During the infancy of navigation, even in a stormy sea like the Atlantic, the voyage was rendered more hazardous from the very necessity of thus hugging the land. It is probable, therefore, that the Cassiterides, or Scilly Isles, being the first discovery, gave the name to all that was known of Cornwall by the Phœnicians and their progeny of Carthage. Tin is mentioned in the Bible among the riches of commercial Tyre, and was brought from the westward.

day's market, and Norden, Marca-jewe, with the same meaning.* It sent members to parliament before the dissolution of the priory at the Mount; and the French landed and plundered it in 1514. The names of Market Jew and Marazion, we think, are derived from a different origin, and show how rife the intercourse and habits of the Jews were in Cornwall; the tin smelting houses are called Jews' houses to this day. One story regarding the etymology of this place is that some Jews being shipwrecked there, they called the place Marazion, from "mara, bitter," a bitter or melancholy Zion to them; but Market Jew seems to be the older name. The town is said to have flourished most during the pilgrimages to Mount St. Michael; at present it is a small place, very agreeably situated, directly opposite to and about 450 yards from St. Michael's Mount. The road winding round the bay to Penzance and the Land's End passes through it; and at its western termination is a large house built by a Mr. Blewett. The position of this town is more pleasing than that of Penzance, from its connexion with its own Mount, and the view it commands; but above all, it possesses a site preferable for consumptive persons to that of Penzance, the situation of which last, improved as it is by art, is in other respects so much more attractive; but then it is exposed to the full sweep of the easterly winds, those scourges of England and parents of disease, from which Marazion is completely sheltered. There is a chapel of ease in Marazion, dependent upon St. Hilary; of which parish the Rev. Malachy Hichens was vicar, the nephew of Mr. Martyn, who published the large map of Cornwall. Mr. Hichens was the assistant of Dr. Maskelyne in 1761, and had the whole care of the Greenwich observatory while the doctor proceeded to St. Helena, to observe the transit of Venus. On Dr. Maskelyne's publishing the Nautical Almanack, and for the first number, Mr. Hichens held the post of computer, and afterwards that of comparer, which last office he kept up to 1809, the year of his death. He was born in 1740, and died at the age of sixty-nine.† His fourth son contemplated a history of Cornwall, and left some collections for it; he was also an able poet. In the church are memorials of the Godolphins, Pennecks, and others. There are numerous mines in St. Hilary parish, as well as in those which border upon it; and there are traces of very old workings in several places. Leland says in the time of Henry VIII. that there were no greater tin works in Cornwall than were on Sir William Godalcan's ground, near Heyle, which seems to confirm Mount St. Michael as the ancient Ictis, from the quantity of tin-land within a few miles of it.

* Leland says of the Mount, that it was once given to a college at Cambridge, "syns given to Sion." He calls Marazion, "Markesin, a *great long town*, burned 3 or 4 anno Henry VIII., by the French." This town now is neither long nor great.

† Mr. Davies Gilbert, in his work upon Cornwall, took the superficial measurements of the Cornish parishes from a MS. given to him by Mr. Hichens, as the boundaries laid down in the map of his uncle, Mr. Martyn. We have found them nearly all erroneous compared with those given, we presume, from the ordnance survey; and we have taken them from the government returns in preference.

In Gwinear, a neighbouring parish to St. Hilary, there is a village called Drannock, where there lived a young man, whose fate was so singular that we cannot avoid relating it. He fell in love with a girl of the same village, whose name was Elizabeth, and they were considered to be engaged; both were of humble parentage; and she was a lovely creature, in all the bloom of youth and hope. She appeared of an irritable disposition, but it is possible that this was nothing more than the warmth of strong attachment, evincing itself in the desire to possess in totality the affections of him whom she loved; since in this respect the affection of woman can tolerate no divided empire; the strongest is always the most jealous love. After some difference, the cause of which was unknown,—but it is certain there was a little disagreement, perhaps a “lover’s quarrel,”—Thomas pretended to pay some attention to another female, at least he went with her to a public place of worship. Elizabeth, hearing of the circumstance, and being of a temperament peculiarly constituted to feel acutely, took a prayer-book, and folding down the leaf to the 109th psalm, went out into a field and hung herself. The very same evening, on returning from the chapel, her lover inquired for her; and being told that she had not been seen for two or three hours, exclaimed, “Good heaven, she has destroyed herself!” Dreading such an event from her disposition, or making the exclamation from some singular impulse, it was found a presentiment but too true—she had hung herself; and the prayer-book was found, with the fearful execrations contained in the text marked out. The poor man cried in agony, “I am ruined for ever and ever!” He fled from the village, where he had spent so many happy hours, as if it had been a nest of scorpions; he changed from place to place in search of peace, but there was no peace for him—“I am ruined for ever and ever!”

Time, that cures most griefs, only changed his into the chronic state from habitual suffering; and thus, if custom can make an easiness of torture, it may be said to alleviate its acuteness only to make its hold more sure. He avoided church when there was a chance of the fatal psalm being read; and shunned passing by a reading-school, for fear he should hear the dreadful words. He was injured in pursuing his labour as a miner, and this was, he thought, the effect of the malediction; he was under a curse—the curse of her whom he had loved and murdered! Every cross thing that befel him was the result of the dreadful spell hanging over his head. He never slept soundly, for Elizabeth appeared to him in his broken slumbers, with the agony of strangulation upon her features,—the prayer-book in her hand, open at the dreadful psalm; and he was often heard to cry out in agony at such times, “O Betsy, my dear Betsy, shut the book,—shut the book!”

At length he was persuaded to marry; and, strange to say, he assented to it, because every momentary change brought a miserable but grateful intermission of remembrance; but she to whom the offer was first made refused him; asking whether he desired to bring the curses of the dead girl upon her head.

In the end he engaged to marry one who had no superstition, and was possessed of a good deal of fortitude. He went to the church of St. Hilary for the performance of the rite, and while upon his way was overtaken with one of the sudden and violent storms not uncommon in Cornwall. He saw his dead mistress in the storm; he heard her curses in the roaring of the wind; he marked her garments in the sheeted lightning; he closed his eyes, and saw her in the darkness of his soul; he became convulsed with fear, or, after the phrase in which the circumstance was described, was “doubled up with terror”—helpless, and for a time lost to all around him. His friends led him on, wholly unconscious of what he was about to do; but before they reached the church, which was three miles from where he resided, the heavens had recovered their serenity, and the sun shone out brightly.

He was a kind husband, and left a son and daughter, though he scarcely survived two years after his marriage; for as the novelty of his new state subsided, his old feelings returned. He knew no ease, and his body began to fall away like ashes from consuming wood, owing to his mind preying upon it; nor did the tranquillity of his soul for one moment revive, although nothing came of the maledictions, which he feared. Coincidences remarkable enough still followed the poor fellow even to the grave. While his body lay in St. Hilary church for interment during divine service, upon a Sunday afternoon, the 109th psalm was read in the ordinary course, and exactly at four o'clock, the hour when Elizabeth destroyed herself, so that the congregation was astonished. The execrations of the psalmist were no otherwise fulfilled. Thomas's two children preceded him to the grave; and were never fatherless, nor obliged to beg their bread; and his wife married again, three years after his death, therefore the widow's curse did not light upon her; and his own relations were remarkably numerous, so that his name seemed in no way likely to be extinguished.

We entered Marazion after sunset, and by the time a hasty repast had been taken it was as much night as it is at all in the close of the summer. We flung up the window, and saw before us, ascending in solitary majesty from the waves, clothed in deep shadow, the far-famed Mount St. Michael, its apex crowned with the tower, which Milton describes as the spot—

“Where the great vision of the guarded mount,
Looks t'ward Namano's and Bayona's hold.”

The French say the Archangel appeared on their Mount St. Michael in Normandy, and the Italians claim the honour for Mount Garganus. Pyramidal, and somewhat uneven in outline, it projected its imposing gloomy mass grandly upwards, about a quarter of a mile from us; not as seen in the engraved view at low water, but as a complete mountain island, the tide being in, and the calm sea between us and its expanded base. The sight was unique and truly sublime. Lights were glancing from the houses at the foot near the pier, and more remotely from across the bay, near Penzance, which, wrapped

in blackness of shadow by the hills behind it, marked out the situation of that town. We gazed again and again on the shady grandeur of this imposing object, which looked much higher than in reality; several bright stars appearing just over the summit seemed to diadem the throne of the Prince of Archangels. The atmosphere was serene,—soft even to luxuriance,—and yet upon regarding those starry orbs amid the short-lived contentedness of the moment, while enjoying the grandeur of the rock once consecrated to superstition, we could not help recalling the lines which Byron has borrowed from the Spanish poet*—

“ O who can look upon them shining,
And turn to earth without repining;
Nor wish for wings to flee away,
And mix with their immortal ray!”

Here, then, was the place, A.D. 495, according to legends, which constitute all the hope and religious faith of some, where sat the Archangel, who has been considered the guardian of seafaring men. We could not help wishing,—forgetting for a minute or two that heaven's messengers have not been accustomed to pay such “angel visits” since the light of knowledge has scattered the absurdities of superstitious times,—we could not help wishing we could witness the sight at a moment so appropriate, when we were as fully in the mind to enjoy the poetry of the thing as the blindest groper in the gloom of the dark ages could have enjoyed his dream of the angelic apparition. We fancied the glorious form of the celestial visitant couchant upon the external angle of the chapel tower,† his archangelic wings luminous with colours that made around them an atmosphere of their own light, and thousands gazing through the dimness of the night with awe and wonder at the shining vision from the ample circumference of the beautiful bay. It would have been a noble sight, and truly elevating to the mind. Well does the mount of the humble town of Marazion deserve to be the theme of the poet, and the object of universal admiration. Spenser says—

“ St. Michael's Mount who does not know,
That wards the western coast.”

Carew styles it, “Both land and island twice a-day.” Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, makes considerable mention of it. William of Worcester ‡ records the absurdity of its having been a “hoar rock” in a wood, part of the fabled land of Lionesse,§ which, though never engulfed except in romance, a

* Argensola.

† Michael, before the tower was built, used to perch upon the highest crag; afterwards he found the tower, they say, more “convenient.”

‡ Apparicio Sancti Michaelis in Monte Tumba antea vocato, “Le Hore Rock in the wodd.”

§ In the history of Prince Arthur we find an account of the Ladie of Liones, and how Sir Tristram de Liones fought to deliver Mark, king of Cornwall, from “Irish truage.” The earlier writers upon the topography of England were credulous persons, whose inventive faculties not being over keen, were content to borrow from the writers of romance what they found suitable to support

lady tried to charm up again ! The Italian romance writers speak of it ; and some antiquaries declare it to be the Mount Ocrinum of Ptolemy. St. Keyna, we have already seen, paid a visit to the mount ; and her nephew, St. Cadoc, did the same about 490. After five hundred years of renown, Edward the Confessor founded a priory of Benedictine monks here ; and afterwards Robert, Earl of Moreton, made it a cell to the abbey of St. Michael in Normandy. The church of St. Michael was, no doubt, the parent church of St. Hilary, as the prior here presented to that church. There was once both a nunnery and a monastery, with a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, built by the Earl of Moreton in the reign of William II., and also a chapel to St. Michael ; but the last has long disappeared. The nunnery was detached from the monk's cell, and had much carved work, both of wood and stone, in its construction. St. Michael's Mount descended, about the time of Richard I., to one Pomeroy, who fortified it. Before the modern alterations, the present chapel consisted of a nave, divided into an aisle and choir by the cancel of the rood loft, which last was carved with a history of the Passion. There were three stalls in the choir, and two tall windows at the altar, with three on each side of the nave, and a handsome rose window at the western end. The aisle was forty-eight feet long by twenty wide ; the choir twenty-one feet long ; and on the right of the altar was a small door, which led down by a few steps into a vaulted room, nine feet square. All the walls are thick, without buttresses ; and on the top of the tower, which has a fine peal of six bells, and is well proportioned, at the external angle, are the remains of a gothic lanthorn, in which the monks most probably kept a light for the guidance of shipping. The outer part being broken away above the base, is called St. Michael's chair,* and the vulgar say that this was the place in which the supernatural vision sat ; but Carew says it was on a crag just without the building, very difficult of access. A ridiculous notion prevails, probably from the confused connexion of St. Keyna with the mount, that whoever sits in this lanthorn chair will have the mastery in domestic affairs. This is a much more trying experiment than drinking the water of St. Keyna or Keyne's Well ; for let the reader imagine the pinnacle of a lofty church tower to be hollow, the tower standing upon the brink of a precipice, at the base of which the sea thunders ; or let him imagine a very large lanthorn, in place of a pinnacle, to be placed in the same spot, fractured longitudinally, and the external portion gone, while the inner portion, several feet high, remains entire. The dangerous feat is to sit in the bottom of this fragment, the place, in a lanthorn, where a light is fixed. The feet have no rest, but hang over the tower and

any fiction which they imagined to be fact. Science in later times must demolish many similar theories, as Sir Joseph Banks proved there could be no mermaid according to the common notion of the thing, by the very structure of the parts rendering such a creature as a tenant of the sea impossible.

* Kader-migel in Cornish.

abyss beneath; and the back of the lanthorn ascending behind, there is no moving out but by wriggling about, and getting the knees on the seat, and so rising up and coming round upon the roof of the tower, by striding in over the parapet. We ventured to stand in the famous chair, but did not adventure to sit, on account of the difficulty of rising and getting round on the knees from a position in which the feet dangle over such a fearful gulf, where the restless ocean, to the most distant point of the horizon, spreads out a vast plain beneath. It is a foolhardy act; and yet many, even ladies, adventure, stimulated by a little lurking ambition of rule, and no small portion of credulity in the virtue of the act.

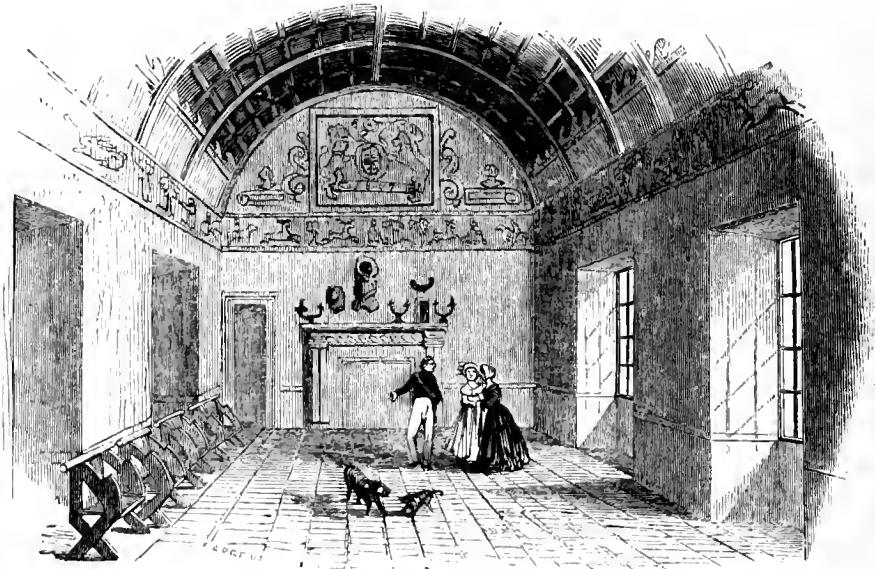
Before the recent improvements were effected, the buildings approached much more nearly to the appearance which the old monastery must have carried. On arriving at the summit a low gate was entered, having a portcullis, a few steps within which was the guard-room on the left hand; beyond this was a wooden gate, the chapel entrance being on the right, and an embattled terrace on the left; further on was a gothic stone door-case, with a window over, which led into a room, fifty feet long by eighteen wide, that had once been divided by partitions. A passage here led into the chapel of St. Mary, which was that of the nunnery, and in which passage a stairease led to their cells; but the flooring had much of it fallen in. In the east end of the chapel, over the altar, was a window; and there were some carvings of arms there, and near by was a small door in the eastern wall, with a little court below it, and a terrace to look over the wall. In another court stood the refectory, thirty-three feet long, sixteen wide, and eighteen high; the roof of timber was carved. East of this was a small room, with a chamber above, and yet further east a small parlour, with a bed-room over, where Charles II. slept on his way to Scilly; and in a little court below there was another small room. On looking over the parapet in this court, the perpendicular precipice of the mount on that side, with the sea thundering under, struck strangers with surprise and fear. The cells of the monks were west of the church and refectory. Such it is said was the state of the buildings, a good deal of which were ruinous, until the adaptations to modern convenience took place, principally in the interior. The ancient parts which remain little altered are the entrance, guard-room, refectory, and chapel. In repairing the last, an uninscribed grave-stone was found, supposed to have been placed over the body of Sir John Arundel, of Trerice, who was killed in a skirmish near the mount in the reign of Edward IV., during the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster; and in levelling a platform for the altar, under the east window, a door was discovered, stoned up, which, on being opened, led into a vault under the church, nine feet long by six or seven broad, in which was found the skeleton of a large man, but no remains of a coffin.

St. Michael's Mount is the property of the St. Aubyn family, who purchased it about the year 1660. It was given by Elizabeth or James I. to Cecil, Earl

of Salisbury; but was seized by Charles I. when William Cecil subscribed the York declaration in 1692, and took the side of the English people. It was then consigned to the Bassets, the staunch adherents of the Stuarts, to the last of the race; and thus granted to them, they sold it to the St. Aubyn family, after a very short possession. Here Lady Catherine Gordon, wife of Perkin Warbeck, took refuge, and many families secured themselves during the rebellion of the Cornish in the reign of Edward VI. The improvements of the interior by the St. Aubyn family for five generations have made it a comfortable residence. The prospect from some of the windows, but above all from the top of the chapel tower, is unsurpassed in grandeur and beauty. On the land side, the shores of the flat bay rise amphitheatrically on all sides to a considerable altitude, in every direction presenting objects of interest,—towns, churches, villages, woods, mines, and an undulating outline. Towards the ocean the prospect is of the grandest character; one shore stretches away headland after headland, to where the Lizard shoots far out into the wave,—a long line of apparently table land. St. Clement's Islands, and the coast towards the Land's End, form a cape much shorter, and apparently nearer at hand, than on the eastern side, completing the horn of the crescent westwards. Between these two points the ocean alone appears in its most imposing attribute of uncontrollable immensity, as the Atlantic, across the Bay of Biscay, to the most western land of Spain, lies on the south, and dies into distance; and across the land, on the north, no shore intervenes between the line of horizon beheld there and the land of the New World, both seas rolling visibly from the summit of the mount.

The old refectory above mentioned, fitted up at present as a simple apartment of a family residence, but scarcely at all altered from its ancient state, is decorated with a cornice, exhibiting different hunting scenes and ani-

mals followed in the chace, and passes under the appellation of the “Chevy Chace Room,” of which this is a representation. The royal arms and date, 1644, mark the upper end of the apartment, and at the lower are the arms of the St. Aubyn family.



We crossed at low water from Marazion, passing a rock, shown in the steel engraving, called the Chapel Rock, upon which a species of oratory formerly stood, where the pilgrims to the shrine of St. Michael offered up their orisons. The road from Marazion runs nearly south, and is about 450 yards long; at the termination, on the right hand side, a convenient basin is formed for shipping. It was erected on the site of a less convenient work of the same kind which had existed there before, probably at the expense of the monks, by Mr. Blewett, a merchant of Marazion, who held a lease of it from the St. Aubyn family; and near it are cellars for the fisheries, and upwards of seventy inhabited houses. On proceeding a little further the ascent becomes steep, and the stranger perceives that the mount itself is a mass of granite breaking through schistos rocks, affording fine studies for the geologist; and still proceeding upwards, a few cannon appear, covering that part of the bay. From hence it is not far to the entrance of the house where the late Sir John St. Aubyn frequently resided for a short time, and pursued the improvements with his well-known good taste. There is a well of fine water, thirty-seven feet below the summit in the solid rock, and near it is a tin lode. The buildings and their additions, with the rock, form a pyramid, the base of which is about a mile in circumference, and the whole, we were told, is extra-parochial.*

The priors of St. Michael's Mount, from 1260 to 1410, when Henry V. suppressed the alien priories, were, de Carteret, Perer, de Gernon, de Cara Villa, Hardy, de Volant, Auncel, and Lambert. The lands belonging to this house, as parcel of Sion Abbey, were rated in the time of Henry VIII. at 110*l.* 12*s.* There is extant a bill of Adrian in 1155, confirming these possessions to the abbot and monks here and to those of Normandy. After the Restoration, it appears to have been granted to Mr. Melliton, it is presumed, of Pengerswick, already mentioned, for a term of years; then to Harris, of Gulval, and afterwards to another, and then to Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, as already mentioned.

Stories of monkish origin state that the mount was once a rock situated in a wood; and some persons deem this to be proved from the discovery of trees and various vegetable substances, as nuts and acorns, under the sand upon the secession of the tide. The marshy nature of the soil up to the hills on the eastern side of the bay renders it probable that the sea once flowed up to

* In 1676 a ball of fire struck the granite wall of the chapel of St. Michael's Mount, broke through the stone work, marking its way by a stroke four inches broad and two deep, from one end of the long side wall almost to the other: and rebounding struck the oak derns of the dwelling-house entry, and shattered them into two or three pieces; then flying into the hall it fell on the floor, and broke in pieces by the side of Mrs. Catherine St. Aubyn, without hurting her, leaving a sulphureous smoke behind. Its remains appeared to consist of metallic matter, like coal and cinders congealed by fire; it was observed to come from seaward towards the mount. This description tallics rather with a meteoric stonc than electric fire.

them; nor is it at all improbable that all the flat part of the shore of Mount's Bay is the site of one of those undermined or submerged woods which are found in other parts of the county, in some instances far inland, out of reach of the waves. The stream works have disclosed them, where similar appearances have been met with, twenty or thirty feet under the present level, as at Carnon and at Par; the sea only laying that bare here which has been long shown to exist in other places. Not only vegetables in substance, but at Carnon human skulls have been discovered; and at Par an antique tobacco pipe was found beneath a bed of alluvial deposit more than twenty feet thick. That no change has taken place in Mount's Bay for a time long beyond the connected annals of England, is pretty clear, from the fact, that Roman coins have been exhumed from the sand in Mount's Bay, so placed for concealment; the locality then cannot have altered since that was done. The description of the ancient Ictis, too, can apply only to St. Michael's Mount, not to the Scilly Isles, which the abundance of tin in its vicinity confirms. Reasonable persons must dismiss this extraordinary submersion, with the tale of the land of Lionnesse. It may not be amiss with such tales, which modern science abundantly refutes, to add, that the mount had in King Arthur's time a giant for a keeper; and that the locality was the haunt of enchanters, and of a scene of wonders only to be found in misbegotten romances.

From Marazion to Penzance the road curves along the shore of the magnificent Mount's Bay for the space of three miles, having the ocean on the left hand; and it now spread itself in a broad expanse of unsullied azure, scarcely exhibiting the narrowest border of white in the gentle ripple of the waves upon the sand. So serene and tranquil, so heart-soothing and attractive was the sight, that we could scarcely fancy its majestic surface had been or could be arrayed in the terrors of the storm; seeming in truth—

“ As though it ne'er had man beguil'd,
And never would beguile him more.”

For some distance after leaving Marazion, there lies upon the land side of the road a strip of marshy ground; a portion of which, nearly half a century ago, we learned had been drained by Dr. Moyle, a medical gentleman of that town, for which he received the gold medal of the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. This operation was effected by an ingenious contrivance, since that time pretty generally adopted under similar circumstances,—the introduction of a wooden tube, closing with a gate hung horizontally, and sunk in a deep cut nearly to the level of the sea at low water. When the tide retired, the internal pressure of the fresh water opened the gate, and the discharge continued until the tide rising again closed it by the external pressure; in this mode maintaining a continual self-action. These marshes, broader at the end towards Marazion, grow narrower and disappear, from the approximation

of a range of heights almost close down to the sea, near Penzance, having in one part, slightly elevated, the church of Gulval parish, the principal village of which parish, called Chyandower, is close to Penzance town. Here, too, is a seat of the Harris family, of Lifton, in Devonshire, called Kenegie, commanding a noble prospect; with a well, named Gulfwell, or the “ Hebrew Brook,” (here we have the Jews again,) once attended, according to Borlase, by an old sybil, whose death he speaks of, in his time, as very recent. The water of this well was deemed oracular, and was consulted for the purpose of recovering lost cattle or stolen goods; the question being put before the old diviness, the well answered at her potent invocation. As, for example, suppose the health of an absent person was inquired about; if he were well, the water was seen to bubble; if ill, to be discoloured; and if dead, to remain still. Even now it is spoken of as possessing some virtues that are not very clearly defined.

Ludgvan parish, on the north-west from Marazion, and north-east from Penzance, borders on Gulval further inland. In this parish was born the noted Dr. Oliver, of Bath; but it is more celebrated for its connexion with Dr. Borlase, so well known as the natural historian and antiquary of his native county. Castle an Dinas, an old military work, consisting of two stone walls, circular, and one within the other, is in this parish. The church stands on high ground, and commands a noble prospect, and here Dr. Borlase was buried, where he was the incumbent for fifty-two years. He was born in St. Just, which living he also held, and died in 1772, in his seventy-seventh year. He was an indefatigable student of the natural history and antiquities of Cornwall; and though somewhat fanciful regarding Druidism, stone deities, and the supposed rites of ancient British worship, it must be recollect that he was utterly bereft of the light which scientific discoveries, since his day, have thrown upon many of the subjects of which he treated. He has the merit of collecting, and placing in a comprehensible form, almost everything that relates to the two great objects which he was eager to record or explain. He wasted little time in hunting out the musty genealogies of families unknown beyond their own narrow circle; he contributed little to gratify the idle, or foster the pride of the ignorant; he flew at a nobler quarry, and followed up his object with indefatigable diligence. In his antiquarian researches, and his endeavours to elucidate the natural history of his native county, he borrowed from none, but he made Nature his book; he looked himself upon the things which he described; he reflected upon what he saw, and, uniting learning with a due regard to what seemed to him the just view of his subject, he became a careful recorder of the result. His observations, sometimes acute, always erudite, and often singularly ingenious, fix the reader’s attention, even when he may not find it possible to concede justness to his views. Cornwall owes more to Borlase than to all besides who have written upon the county. Curious as the imperfect Notes of Hals and Tonkin may be deenied by those

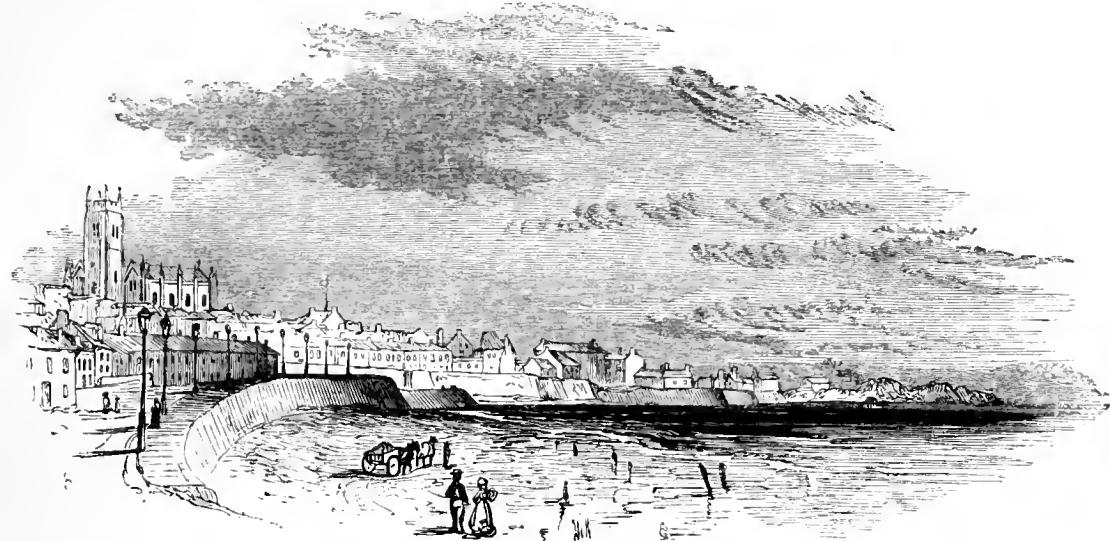
whom the progress of time has not instructed that personal history can only be generally important or attractive where it is connected with individuals beyond the obscurity of a provincial circle, they are not to be counted with one whose aim was so much higher, and from whom every writer since has borrowed so largely. Borlase will wear his honours long, for they were honestly earned.

This digression may be pardoned, from being made upon the road-side, in view of the church where the dust of this good man reposes; but we must continue our route. Passing some extensive tanneries, we entered Penzance, the last town of the west, and proceeding westwards along a spacious street, ascended gradually, until we came in sight of the town-hall and market-place, substantially built of granite, with a doric pediment, solid, and in good taste, of which the accompanying engraving conveys a representation.

It is unfortunate that this building was constructed upon the same spot as the old hall, since it is a serious obstruction to what would otherwise have been a fine wide thoroughfare in the heart of the town; and the wants of an increasing population required the space. The people of Truro were wiser, and removed their market from the middle of a much broader street. At the western end of the town-hall, a street descends towards the sea; and another, in the opposite direction, ascends a hill leading towards Madern, the parish church, which is a mile and a half from the town; thus the principal streets assume somewhat of the appearance of a cross, one arm or street leading towards the pier, a solid and useful pile of building, constructed by the corporation. In this street, on the right, a handsome church, or chapel of ease, built of granite, and well proportioned, has been lately erected; but the window-frames are unhappily formed of wood in place of stone, and have a bald defective appearance. We entered the chapel-yard, and were struck with the numerous tombstones of those who were not recorded as inhabitants of the town; most of whom had probably gone there in the hope of benefiting by the salubrious climate of that part of England. Many of these, when medical attendance had become hopeless at home, were sent thither to die,



who, had they been sent on the first appearance of symptoms affording ground for apprehension, might have recovered, or secured a term of existence more protracted. We contemplated these memorials of our fellow beings, cut off in the bud or bloom of existence, with painful feelings, on reflecting upon the sorrow their loss must have caused, and the high and affectionate hopes of the living that had thus terminated in disappointment.



Penzance is between nine and ten miles from the Land's End. The declivity upon which it stands is sheltered by tall hills from the prevalent Atlantic west winds; but this very circumstance exposes it, in the bight of the bay, to the cold eastern blasts, which, in its own mild climate, are more keenly felt, in consequence of the general equability of temperature. This was a coinage town for tin, and it possesses a considerable trade; the high water of spring-tides is twenty-two feet deep at the pier, and vessels of a good size can approach it for unloading or shelter. There are several dissenting chapels in the town, a Public Dispensary, a Geological Society, the Transactions of which are among the best that have been published anywhere, in or out of the metropolis; and the society possesses a good collection of minerals, a laboratory, and, what is more than all, many members possessing considerable zeal, as well as practical scientific knowledge. This institution is one of which Cornwall stands most in need, abounding as that county does in too many who are content with following preceding examples. Until lately, nowhere was there less disposition to leave the beaten track, or to credit that improvement was possible,—that all which might be known was not yet acquired. Recently Sir Charles Lemon offered to give 10,000*l.* for endowing a mining college, and could obtain no support for such an innovation.

Penzance possesses a zealous and useful Agricultural Society; and in the vicinity are some plants and flowers well worthy of attention, as not being grown anywhere else in England in the open air. We were much struck at

seeing the fronts of very large houses covered with flourishing myrtles of several varieties up to the very roofs; from one of such myrtles cuttings were taken in one season which served to heat the oven for many weeks.

Over the town-hall we found a large room fitted up as a temporary theatre, into which we entered for half an hour, and in that time had enough of the performances. The piece represented a Greek pirate; and furiously did the "star" of the company tear the corsair character to tatters. A number of Mount's Bay fishermen were present, who seemed very attentive to the acting and the strut of the chief performer in his flashy Greek dress. At length one of them looked expressively upon his comrade at what was clearly a nautical blunder,—“That wouldn’t do in our bay, Jim!” Polwhele records a very amusing story of one of these hardy fellows, which took place at Manaccan, but he tells it imperfectly; for it happened when his predecessor, the Rev. Mr. Peard, was vicar, and the latter told it to a friend of ours. The reverend gentleman stated, that he had got to the part of St. Paul’s shipwreck where it is said they “threw out an anchor by the stern.” The sailor stared, listened further, and then exclaimed so loud as to be heard all over the church, “All wrong! All wrong!—Put about! Put about!—Bad seamanship!—D— me if I wouldn’t have saved ship and cargo.” He was fined five shillings the next day for the oath.



We visited the market, and found the price of provisions very moderate; fish of all kinds was cheap, and good enough for the solace of the most profound aldermanic palate.

The fishwomen carry their fish in a basket of the above form, called a cowal, or cowel. They are a well-looking race, and live, for

the most part, at the neighbouring villages of Newlyn and Mousehole, coming in on market-days with a burden that would crush a porter. The cowal is borne by a strap passed over the head, as shown in the accompanying engravings.

Some of the girls of these villages are very pretty, having teeth beautifully white, auburn hair, and rosy cheeks; others have very dark eyes and hair; but



all are round in the limbs, and walk with a mixture of elasticity and firmness ; erect in their carriage, and the form admirably developed. They bring train oil in pitchers for sale, their garments bearing the perfume as strongly as the inhabitants of Northern Russia, while they cry “Buy my train ! Buy my train !” with a drawl, “traain.” It is said in Cornwall that one of the “things,” called in London “men about town,” in the country a “beau,” was so stricken with these girls that he made love to them in the market-place, so far in one case as to suppose he might snatch one of those indulgences, for taking which surreptitiously cockney magistrates have been known to inflict heavy fines. The gentleman approached the rosy lips that so attracted him, but before the object sought could be seized, the odour of train oil was so powerful, that the attraction and repulsion ensuing displayed, in perfection, “the action of the centripetal and centrifugal forces, terminating in a whirlabout.”

The purity of the English spoken in Cornwall we have mentioned before ; and in this remote town it is striking. The domestic servants speak as well as people of the higher class, never having been half a dozen miles from the place in their lives. As it is part of our duty to lay before the reader every peculiarity of the localities which we may happen to describe, we give the following Dialogue between two country women, Grace Penyear and Molly Trevisky, as a specimen of the “vulgar tongue,” rather as it was fifty years ago than at present.

“ *G.* Fath and trath I b’lieve in ten parishes round,
Suchy roag, suchy vellan es not to be found !

M. What’s the fussing un Greaceey long weth a cheeld-vean?¹

G. A fussing aketha!² ‘Od splet es ould brean—

Our Martin’s cum hom cheeld so drunk as a beast,
And so cross as the gallish from Berranzand³ veast,
A cumm’d in a tattering, a cussing and swaring,
So hard as a stomps⁴ es, tarving and tearing.

M. Never mind et un Greaceey, goa put en to bed ;
Al sleep ale tha lecker away fram es head.

G. Why I wodn’t go neast un to git the king’s crown,
For a swears ef I speak to un al cleave my skull down.
Thee’st nevar en ale tha born days fath and shoar,
Dedst behould suchy maze-gerry⁵ pattick afore,
Why a scat⁶ ale to midjons and jouds⁷ for the noans,⁸
A clome bussa⁹ of scale milk about on the stones.
And a catch’d up a showl¹⁰ for to steeve¹¹ ma outright,
But I runn’d away ready to fainty for fright.
Loard ! tell ma un Mally, what shall I do by an ?
For sartin as deth I’m afeard to go ni an !

M. I knew what I’d do ef so be ’twar my case,
I’d scat¹² the ould chacks¹³ o’an, I’d trem un Greace.
G. I’m afeard o’ my life to go neast the ould vellan,
Else, plase father, I b’leeve I shud parfectly kill un.
Was ever poor creychur¹⁴ so baal’d¹⁵ and abus’d ?
Ma arms are like bassam,¹⁶ the roag have a bruis’d.

(1) *Little child.* A common mode of address among both sexes ; used as Italians use a diminutive.

(2) Exclamation, probably from the old Cornish.

(3) Perransand.

(4) A stomps, properly stamps, is a machine for crushing copper ore, iron-headed.

(5) “ Maze ” is a common word for “ Mad ” in the western counties.—“ Maze-gerry,” wild-headed “ Pattick,” is old Cornish for a fool.

(6) Dash’d.

(7) Small pieces, both by tearing and fracture.

(8) The nonce.

(9) Clome bussa, an earthen vessel.

(10) Shovel.

(11) Cleave.

(12) Slap.

(13) Face or cheeks.

(14) Creature.

(15) Beat.

(16) Blue colour.

I made for es supper a muggotty¹⁷ pie,
Ef a doo clunk¹⁸ a croom¹⁹ o't I wish I may die.

M. Ah! I tould tha afore that the job was adone,
That theed'st cum to repentance as sure as a gun:
Bat thee wudst not hark to me, not doubting, for why,
That beshure tha didst knew un much better than I;
But I knew'd the trem o'n afore tha had'st got un,
And tould tha a mashes²⁰ o' stories about un.
But tha answered so toytish, and shrink'd up tha noase,
A gissing t'wor great stramming lies I suppose!
There's won of es pranks I shall aleways remember,
'Twill be three year agone come the ighth of November;
I'de two pretty young mabyers²¹ as eyes could behould,
So fat as the butter, jist iteen weeks ould;
They war picking about in the town-place²² for meat,
So I heaved down so pellows²³ among them to eat,
When who but your man come a tottering along,
So drunk fath I thoft he wud fale in the dung;
A tumbled es hoggan-bag²⁴ down by the dore,
So I caal'd to the man, as one wud to be shure,—
“ Uncle Mart'n, dost hire cheeld? take up tha bag,”
“ Arria,”²⁵ says a, “ for what art a caaling me dog?”
A drawd forth towardses ma, no better nor wus,
And nact the mabyers both stiff with a great more²⁶ of fuss.²⁷
Like anow an I haadn't got hastie away,
Ad a done as a ded to Jan Rous to'ther day,
When a got in es tantrums, a wilful ould debel,
And slamm'd the poor man en the head with the kebel.²⁸
Fath and trath then un Greace ef so be a doant alter,
I b'leeve en ma conscience ele poot²⁹ in a halter.

G. When the licker is runn'd away every drap,
Tes too late to be thinking of stapping the tap;
An marridge must go as the Loard do ordain,
But a passon³⁰ wud sware to ba used so cheeld vean.
Had I knew'd tha coose³¹ o'n but nine weeks ago,
I'd never have had the ould vellan I know;
But a vow'd and a swared that ef I'd be hes wife,
I never shud lack ale the days of my life;
An a broft me a nackin³² and corn sieve from Preen³³—
In ma conshance, thoft I, I shall live like a queen.
But 'tes plaguy provoking, od rat hes ould head!
To be pooted and flopt so—I wish a wor dead!
Why a spent half es fangings³⁴ last Saturday night—
Like anow, by this time, tes gone every mite.
But I'll tame the old debel before et be long,
Ef I caant with my vistes,³⁵ I will we ma tongue!”*

(17) Lamb's entrails.

(18) Swallow, from “ clyuk,” old Cornish.

(19) A crumb.

(20) A great number.

(21) Young fowls, from “ mab,” old Cornish; as “ mab an lavar,” an infant.

(22) Space before the front of the house.

(23) *Pilez*, a species of grain given to fowls in Cornwall. The *avena nuda*, a sort of naked oat.

(24) Dinner bag.

(25) Old Cornish for—“ Oh strange!” A common exclamation of surprise.

(26) Root.

(27) Furze.

(28) The bucket used for drawing up ore from a mine; called a corve in coal districts.

(29) Poot means kick.

(30) Parson.

(31) Course.

(32) Handkerchief.

(33) Penryn.

(34) Wages.

(35) Fists.

* Dr. Paris has erroneously attributed this Dialogue to Dr. Walcot, and has annexed a note to a copy of it, which exhibits a complete misunderstanding of the phrase, “ cheel-vean,” little child, and an attack upon the fair fame of the Cornish lasses. The fact is, that the foregoing dialogue was written about 1790, by an exceedingly clever but eccentric individual, a Mr. Fox, who died at Bristol within the last twenty years. He was an excellent Persian scholar; and once kept a shop at Falmouth, which was burned, together with his house: when he found the fire too powerful to be sub-

Penzance is a corporate town; which boon it owes to James I., in 1619, who deputed its government to a mayor and eight aldermen, with twelve assistants. The present corporate income is upwards of two thousand a year; and the town, not having been a Cornish borough of the olden time, ever furnished an honourable exception in the mode of managing the public property; nowhere has it been better disposed of in improvements; and nowhere has the equitable outlay of similar funds better exhibited in its results the judicious mode in which it was effected.

This town is situated in the parish of Madron, or Madern,* a living in the gift of the Rev. M. N. Peters; but the gift of the chapel of ease belongs to the corporation. Who Madron, or St. Madern, was, is unknown; being either so ancient or so obscure a personage, except perhaps in the district of Penwith, that ecclesiastical and profane records are utterly silent about him. At the time of the Norman conquest, Madern was denominated Alverton. The church, about which there is nothing meriting notice here, stands in a commanding situation. The scenery in the vicinity is very picturesque; and there are numerous private houses which, as edifices, require no observation, either on account of their size or architecture, but which stand in situations scarcely to be surpassed for beauty of prospect. Castle Horneck, Trengwainton, Tre-reife, Treneare, Naneealvern, Rose Hill, Lariggan, Kenegie, and Boskenna, are among the principal country houses in the vicinity of Penzance. At Madern, among the old memorials is the following:—

“Belgium me birth, Britaine me breeding gave,
Cornwall a wife, ten children, and a grave.”

In this parish was born the late Sir Humphry Davy, whose chemical discoveries have immortalized his name. Madern Well, in the same parish, we found, after a long search, situated in a moor, a good distance from the church, in a northerly direction. All that remains of the votive chapel that once belonged to it, may be seen here. The popular belief in the virtues of this well have not yet ceased; once it was universal. Bishop Hall descended upon Madern Well, in his “Great Mystery of Godliness;” and, though the water has no medicinal virtues that chemistry can detect, the prelate gives examples of its curative and miraculous virtues. The chapel at this well seems to have been constructed upon the model of many others in the county;

dued, he mounted a hill behind the town to admire the effect of the reflection in the sea, the fire happening at night; he was uninsured.—In the second case, Dr. Paris should have recollected that the phrase, “cheel-vean,” is used between persons of the male sex. There is the line in another dialogue, every way equal to the above in humour, between Job Mungler and Jan Trudle, where Mungler tells how he has hid his property from the French, and says:—

“So far doubting, *cheel-vean*, as I tould tha afore,
I've a squadg'd¹ et down ninety good fathom or more.”

(1) *Hid it away.*

* In the *Taxatio of Pope Nicholas*, in 1291, we find it written “Ecclesia Scī Maderni.”

though, except a stone which served for inserting the central impost of a window, there are none with such careful marks of the tool as we found in some places. Here cripples were cured, and diseases healed, more by faith in being cured than by aquatic efficacy. Borlase says, too, that it was thought to possess oracular virtues, like that of St. Euny in Sanered, an ad-

joining parish. Pins were dropped into the water, and it was observed how they lay, heads or points together; bubbles were raised on certain days of the year, by stamping upon the ground near; and thus were events to come supposed to be revealed.

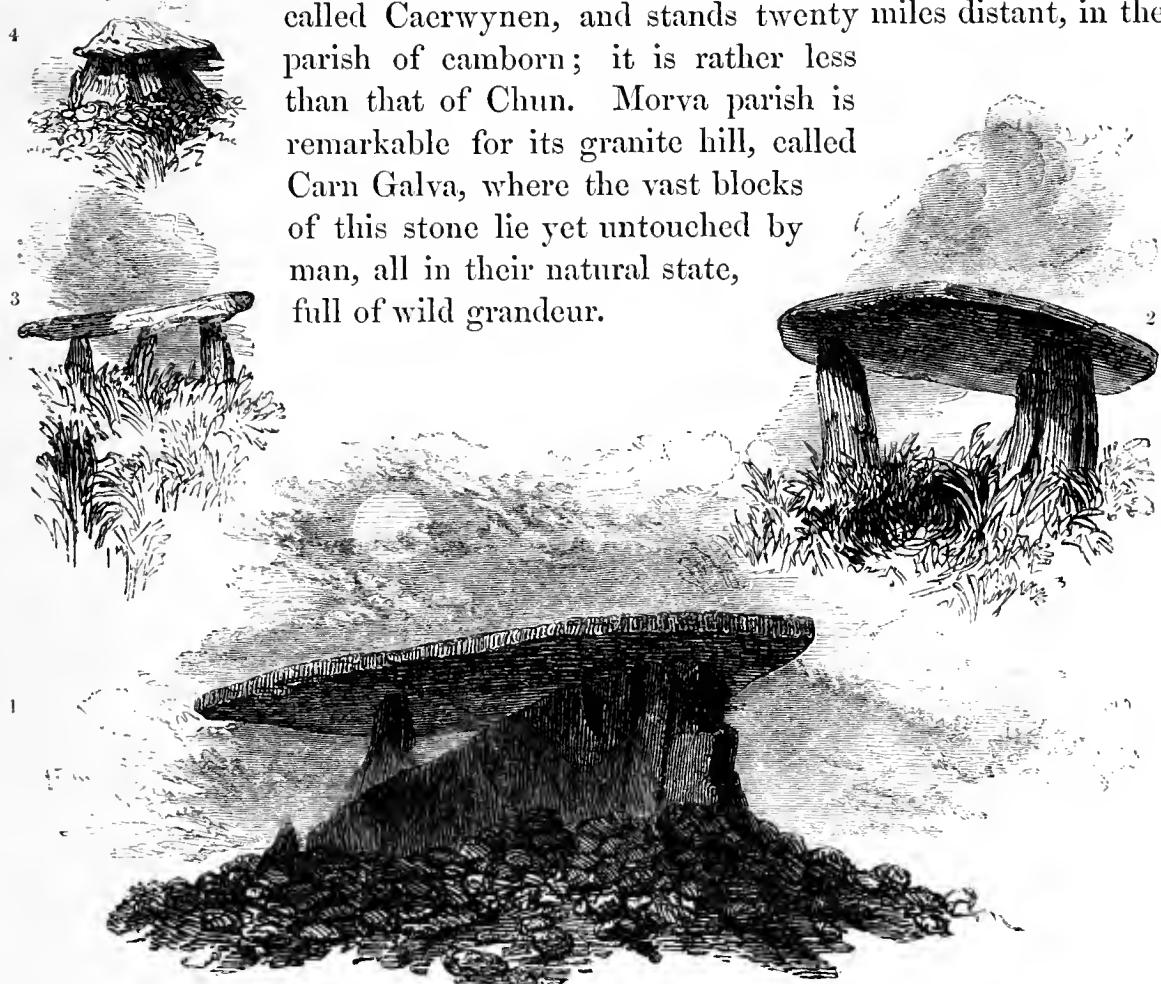
In this parish is the inscribed stone called *Mén Scryfa*, in old Cornish, or the “Written Stone.” It is nine feet ten inches long, by twenty inches broad, and bears the words *Riolobran—Cunorval—fil*, or, at full length, *Riola-branus Cunorvali filius*. The date of its erection, as well as the person whose name is thus recorded, are equally unknown.

In Madern parish is the Lanyon Cromlech, on the side of the road from Penzance to Morva; this last church has been lately rebuilt, and is a vicarage, passing with that of Madern. The cromlech alluded to is called the “Quoit of the Giant” by the country people, and is elevated high enough for a man on horseback to pass beneath it; and there is another at Molfra, in this parish. The flat stone of the Lanyon Cromlech is forty-seven feet in circumference, and weighs above twenty tons. It slipped off the imposts during a violent storm, some years ago, but was replaced by the powerful machinery that restored the Logan stone to its position. In Zennar, or Senar, parish, which adjoins Madern, is another of these ancient monuments; the supporters of which enclose a square chamber, six feet eight inches by four feet; the uprights eight feet ten inches high; and round the whole, on the outside only, is heaped a stone barrow, fourteen yards in diameter. The upper stone here is above fourteen feet long, by nine in



diameter. In Morva parish, south-west of an old circular military work called Chun Castle, of very careful construction, the outer wall being of stone, as well as the divisions within,—a work belonging to no ancient people at present recognised by their fortifications,—near this work is a

third cromlech, having a stone barrow round it. The Lanyon, Zennar, and Chun Cromlechs, are represented here, bearing the numbers one, two, and four. The third is called Caerwynen, and stands twenty miles distant, in the parish of Camborne; it is rather less than that of Chun. Morva parish is remarkable for its granite hill, called Carn Galva, where the vast blocks of this stone lie yet untouched by man, all in their natural state, full of wild grandeur.



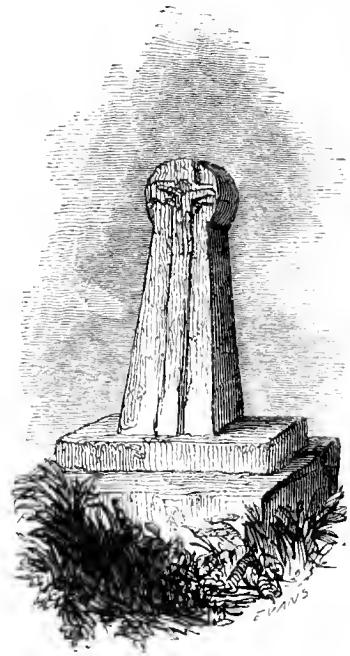
Zennar parish is bounded by a chain of elevations and rocks on the land side, and is a mile wide; limited towards the ocean by granite cliffs, and is remarkably fertile. The church is a neat stone edifice, the patron of which is one of those obscure saints who are so little rare in this county. On the west of this parish a bold headland pushes into the ocean, called Treryn Dinas, almost as grand as Castle Treryn on the opposite coast; consisting of cliffs of trappean rock, bordered with granite. To the east of Zennar lies the parish of Towednack, which is barren, with a few fertile spots, and contains nothing of interest,—the church being a daughter-church to Lelant. There is an old entrenchment in this parish, called Treeragan. St. Just-in-Penwith is a parish lying to the west of Morva. It was the patron saint of this parish who robbed St. Keverne of his plate, as we have before related; a story which

is perhaps a cruel libel upon his character, if the accounts of his being sent into England to convert the Saxons be true; though the miracle of the Tremen-heverne stones is a sad stumblingblock. He is said to have died in 627. The parish is almost wholly on granite, and borders upon the sea: near the cliffs are the remains of an old work, called Karnid-jack castle. A wilder country we never saw; even the mines, of which there are several, are worked through granite; and St. Just church-town, though a neat little village, is situated in one of the most naked spots we ever beheld; it contains a stone cross, of which we give the representation. The mines in the vicinity contribute much to the benefit of this village; the church stands on one side of an open space of considerable extent, and is constructed of granite, in a very solid manner; a material quite necessary, as it is situated close to Cape Cornwall, exposed to the Atlantic storms in all their rage. Here we found a comfortable country inn, good-humoured attention, and, what the miners have caused by their demand to be brewed of excellent quality, that seducing beverage, a bowl of which Peter Pindar says,

“ Invites the unwary wanderer to a kiss,
Smiles in his face, as though it meant him bliss,
Then like an alligator drags him in.”

Cape Cornwall is a noble promontory, with cliffs composed of slate rock, traversed by veins of actinolite, three times the height of the Land's End above the sea, and separated from it by Whitesand Bay. Hard by is a mine worked seventy fathoms under the most tempestuous sea which lashes the British shores; where the workmen, at their labour, hear the waves thundering over their heads, in a terrible manner. It is here that the efforts of the Cornish miner fill the mind with astonishment; as, upon the verge of the sea, on a savage coast, all his operations are carried on, even to refining. At Pendeen Cove, the ore being found mixed with sulphate of copper, the latter is extracted and precipitated on the spot; and at Pendeen, too, is an ancient cave, of small size, evidently artificial, a place of refuge in early times. In the St. Just mines rare minerals have been found, such as *axinite*, similar to that of Dauphiné; garnet rock, *apatite*, *prehnite*, *stilbite*, and foliated *zeolite*, radiated *mesotype*, and *pinit*.

The Botallack Mine is an astonishing undertaking on the very edge of the sea, where the parts of an enormous steam engine had to be lowered two hundred feet down a rocky cliff, almost perpendicular; and here mules and their riders may be seen trotting down tracks that the pedestrian stranger



trembles to pass. The view from below, looking upward, is fearfully grand, and even more impressive for its combination with the labours of art.

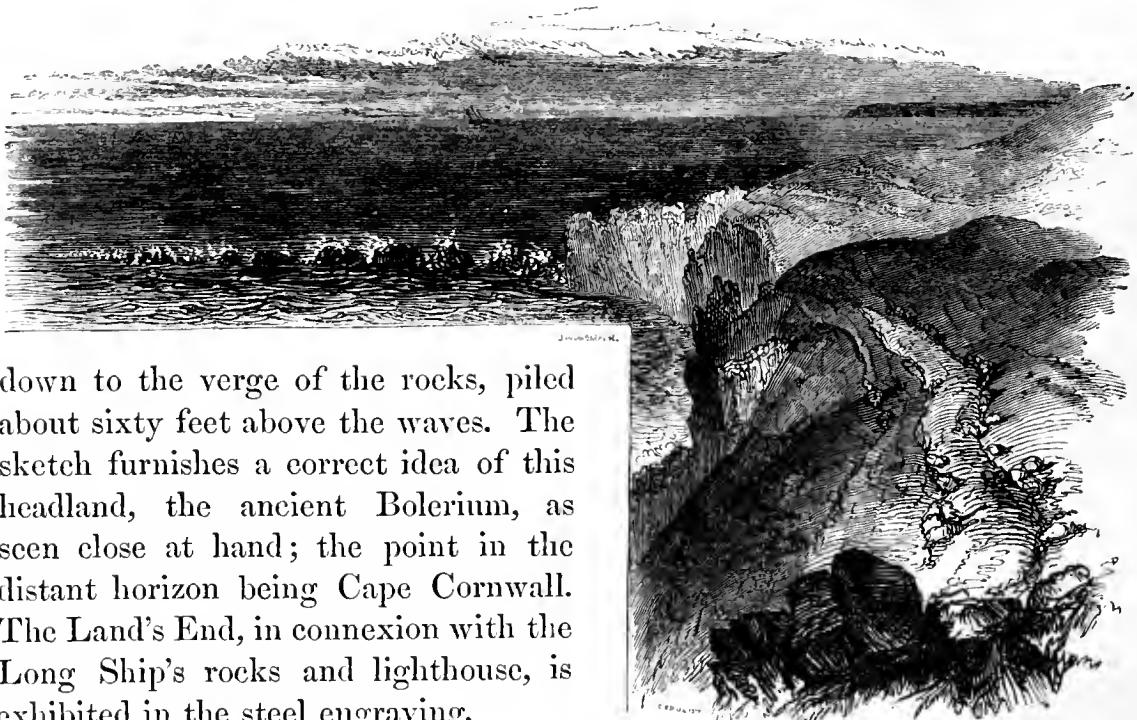
From St. Just we coasted the bay of the beautiful white sand that gives it a name; and to our surprise, passed some fine corn-fields in hollows that were surrounded by the most dreary heaths. Before quitting this parish, we must mention the amphitheatre, alluded to in our description of Piran Round, formed with stone seats or steps, and several stone circles also, which intersect each other. Whitesand Bay, containing some rare species of small shells, is the spot where King Stephen landed on his arrival in England; King John on his return from Ireland; and Perkin Warbeck, who laid claim to the crown of England; and here Athelstan embarked for Scilly. We saw some large and majestic long-bearded goats, in our march from St. Just to Sennen, as wild and picturesque, with their shaggy coats, as the scenery which surrounded them.

A drizzling rain came on from the southward, and so enveloped surrounding objects that we could not see more than two or three hundred yards around us. In this inauspicious state of the atmosphere for the traveller, we reached "the first and last inn in England, kept by Richard Botheras," as recorded on the different faces of the sign. It is close to Sennen church; and we took our own "ease in our inn," as night closed in upon an atmosphere that the beams of a full moon could not irradiate, so that we knew nothing of the locality where we rested,—a circumstance which sometimes gives rise to pleasant surprises; for not a great while before sunrise, being sleepless, we approached the bedroom window, and found the heavens clear, while, directly before us, too low for a star, gleamed a star-like light; and in a line with it, still higher, we descried a second object of the same kind. In vain we puzzled ourselves to discover what those lights might be, until daylight unravelled the mystery. We were in a room fronting the west, and about a mile from the Land's End, over which, and apparently very near the shore, though two miles from it, are the Long Ship's rocks, on one of which was a lighthouse. The second light was that of the Scilly Isles, none of which can be descried by the naked eye in the day time. The Long Ship's lighthouse



stands upon a fearful ridge of rocks, horridly black and jagged when seen at low water or half-tide. This lighthouse is built of granite, upon a rock which rises sixty feet out of the water, as far as to the base of the lighthouse. The height of the lighthouse itself to the vane is fifty-two feet, the whole being 112 feet above the sea, yet the glass of the lanthorn, which is exceedingly thick, has been repeatedly broken by the waves dashing in spray far over its summit. The lighthouse is faithfully delineated in the preceding engraving.*

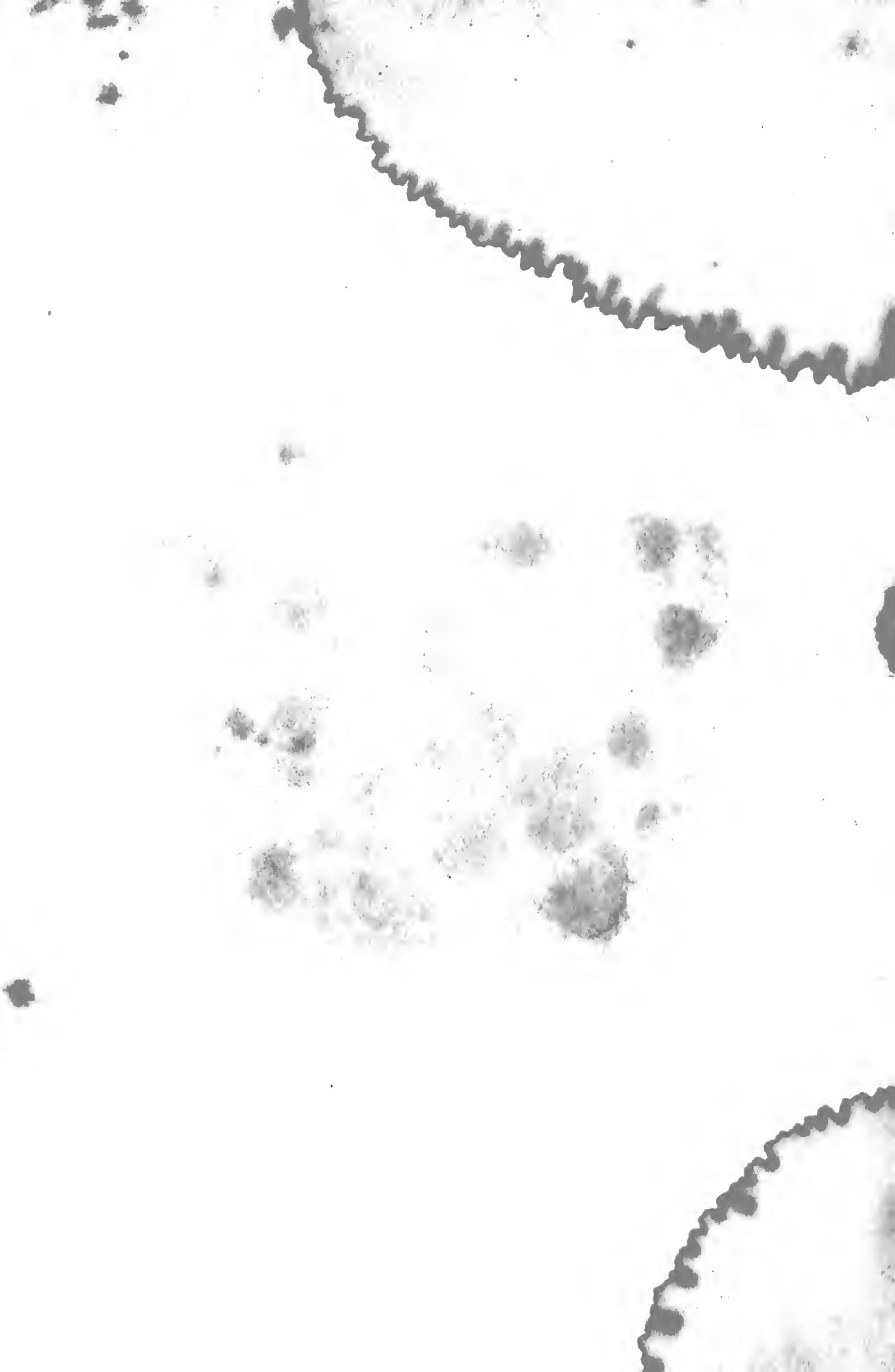
Sennen church-town is about 400 feet above the sea; and the road to the celebrated promontory is a very gentle descent, through the village of Mayon, where there is a stone, no way remarkable in appearance, upon which three unknown kings are reported to have dined, who came to visit the Land's End. The soil is fertile, though lying upon granite. The church of St. Sennen, named from a saint that Hals declares to have been a Persian, is a neat edifice; in Tonkin's Notes, the same patron saint is declared to have been Irish; it is probable that neither the one nor the other is correct. There are memorials here of the family of the Ellises; and the fine granite tower is conspicuous a great distance off. It is only on this promontory, shooting out into the western ocean so far, that granite is seen in contact with the waves, although abounding so much in the centre of the county; and here its huge blocks, piled in confused grandeur, cubic and sometimes basaltic in form, are truly magnificent. On arriving within a quarter of a mile of the rocks, the slope towards the sea becomes more rapid. A house designed for a small inn, but never occupied as such, stands just where a steeper descent commences



down to the verge of the rocks, piled about sixty feet above the waves. The sketch furnishes a correct idea of this headland, the ancient Bolerium, as seen close at hand; the point in the distant horizon being Cape Cornwall. The Land's End, in connexion with the Long Ship's rocks and lighthouse, is exhibited in the steel engraving.

* The revenue from vessels passing this light is 3,000*l.* per annum; British ships paying a half-penny per ton, and foreigners a shilling each vessel.





Here then we stood, the waves thundering below, and before us the Atlantic without a shore nearer than America; the horizon line, not straight, but appearing, as it really is, the section of a circle, and blending softly with the summer sky;—here, amid a convulsion of rocks and precipices that form an irresistible barrier to the raging waters, we were impressed with the feeling of a position amidst a vast solitude, which some speak of experiencing in deserts.* It is true, there were no arid sands here; for the richest heaths, dwarf furze, almost all bloom, only three or four inches high, and several kinds of wild flowers, of which we did not know the names, enamelled the ground beneath our feet; but there was an overpowering loneliness, a sense of our own insignificance compared to what was around us, amidst a silence only broken by the hollow booming of a restless sea, that broke into the orifices of the cliff far beneath our feet, or now and then by the shrieking of a cormorant, or the rushing wing of a sea-mew.

There is a tale related, with the customary exaggerations, respecting the fall of a horse over the rocks here, and of the narrow escape of the rider, which, as no name is mentioned, every one thinks he may tell in his own way. The officer's name whose horse thus fell over was Captain Arbuthnot, about forty years ago, upon the staff of the western district, accompanying his superior officer, General Wilford, who also had a command in the same district, to see the Land's End. The general dismounted on the brow of the descent; but Captain Arbuthnot, who did not know the nature of the ground, rode down some way, when, the grass being slippery and his horse alarmed, he dismounted, and, flinging the bridle over his arm, led on the animal, which, startled most probably at the roar of the sea in front, backed himself over the cliff which was near in another direction, and dragged Captain Arbuthnot to the edge, before he could disengage his arm, thus narrowly escaping being pulled over with him. We must again remark that the Land's End is a low headland, not more than sixty feet in height, as the ground is all the way a descent to its extremity, and the headlands on both sides

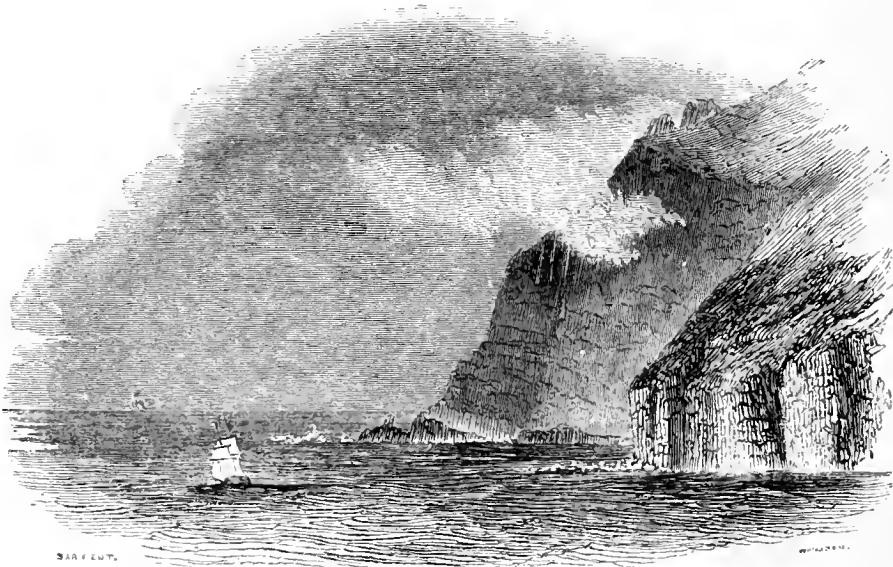
* We have been favoured with the following lines, written on this spot:—

“ Bolerium, thou whose base the white-plum'd sea
 Arm'd with a thousand tempests strikes in vain,
 Of adamantine brow, and giant mien,
 Our guard from wild Atlantic tyranny,
 As on thy fearful marge I track my way,
 And view thy far horizon's boundless reign
 And misty isles, swart clouds distent with rain
 Veil thy majestic realm from 'garish' day,
 And then the shrieking cormorant furls her wing,
 Amid the gathering gloom and solitude,
 Like those the wide creation overspread,
 When, whelm'd beneath one universal flood,
 Earth lay in watery death, and, suffering,
 Hope, with the last of life, to heaven upfled.”

rise to four and five times the elevation; its Cornish name is “*Penwith*, the Headland,”—or “*Antyer Deweth*, the Land’s End.” We now directed our steps southward, to Pardenick Point; first ascending, and then going down into a hollow, along the edge of a precipice, concave horizontally, and off one extremity having a curious holed rock, called Enys Dodnan, through which the sea rolled and boiled tumultuously, covered thickly with birds, the noise of which was continually re-echoed from the cliffs. Beyond this rock to the north, another rose out of the waves, called the Armed Knight, *An Marogeth Arrowed*, in Cornish; and it looked something like mail, the masses being cubic, and united with joints. Pardenick Point rises above 200 feet, and also consists of granite cubes; which, interrupted by a small hollow, again project in the singularly grand headland called *Carn y roel*, forming one extremity of Nanjisal or

Mill Bay. The height of this grand shore is seen in the annexed delineation; but the artist has omitted the introduction of a singular cross of rock, which finishes one of the two points seen over the summit.

Here we fell in with a sailor belonging to this bold coast, whom we took for a guide to the headland denominated Tol Pedn Penwith, or the “holed headland on the left hand.”* The declivity is steep, and it requires steadiness of head to descend towards the sea; near which, about fifty feet above the beach, a perpendicular hole or shaft goes down into a cavern, both ends of which the sea enters; it is circular, and as regular as if drilled out of the solid granite, the sides being perfectly smooth. It was probably formed by the waves meeting just under a soft place between the granite, and whirling upwards the stones and pebbles against the sides, thus continually acting upon them by attrition. The Land’s End promontory is nothing comparable to the scenery in its vicinity for grandeur; Tol Pedn Penwith alone is far more worthy of a visit, but most persons prefer instead to see the most western point of England. Across this headland are slight traces of ancient works of defence; all which works the



* For a representation of this headland, see page 2.

Cornish denominate "castles," though in no way resembling them; we observed the Cornish daw or chough haunting these cliffs.*

Continuing further along the coast, we passed some landmarks designed for keeping the course of vessels away from a sunken rock much dreaded, called the Runnel Stone; over which the sea looked deceitfully smooth. We then came down into a hollow, or valley, well cultivated, terminating in a rocky cove called Porthgwarrah; and again mounting a steep hill, descended to St. Levan church-town. Here, upon inquiring for the well and chapel of St. Levan, of which guide books spoke confidently, we discovered that the sea had many years ago washed away the remnant of the chapel, the steps still remaining; and as for the well, we could find no other than that here represented, which lies high up the steep, barren, and rocky shore, little better than a cliff. It had, no doubt, belonged to the chapel below, and is within a hundred yards of the church.



We found corn growing in most of the hollows and valleys of this rocky parish; and at Porthgwarrah, above-mentioned, which was a narrow vale ending in a small cove of the sea, it appeared to be of excellent quality. It had been found worth while by the farmers in the vicinity, at a considerable expense of money and labour, to employ miners to excavate a short tunnel for carts through a mass of earth and rock beyond which lay the sand so valued in Cornish husbandry.

St. Levan takes its name from St. Levine; the church stands in a very retired spot, near the sea; and the parish contains the most romantic and bold scenery in the south of Cornwall, wholly granitic. In the church is a monument to the memory of a Miss Dennis, the daughter of one of the superior class of farmers, who, in this remote parish, became noted for her mental attainments and poetical good taste. She was a friend of the Wedgwood

* The birds of Cornwall are varied and numerous; some kinds are rarely seen elsewhere in England, as the bee-eater; the eagle is found here, the kite, buzzard, goshawk, kestrel—in Cornish keysat, and every kind of hawk; the thrush, blaeckbird, lark, missel bird called the holm-thrush; linnets of all species; gold and bull-finches; the ruddock, long-eared owl, nutcracker, roller, great spotted woodpecker, king fisher, bustard, turtle dove, stock dove, starling, red-wing, ring onsel, water ousel, oriole, reed bunting, tawny bunting, redstart, brambling, woodlark, yellow wren, sedgebird, sand marten, sand piper, gold plover—in vast flocks, long-legged plover, ring dotterel, oyster eater, spotted gallinule, coote, grebe, puffin, arctic and common gull, great and lesser tern, shear water, stormy petrel, gooseander, wild swan, heron, common wild goose, duck, widgeon, teal, woodcock, snipe, partridge—common and red-legged, quail, landrail, sheldrake, swallow, Royston crow, night-crow—or fern-owl, raven, crossbill, hoopoe, green woodpecker with vermillion crown, sea lark, sea pie, mews, torrock, gannet, bernacle, lapwing, curlew, shag, didapper, golden crested wren, and many others. Woodcocks' eggs have been found, and hatched by art; and the young of the snipe have been taken on Bodmin downs. Singular enough, the nightingale neither visits Cornwall nor Devon..

family, wrote a novel called *Sophia St. Clare*, and died in 1809, of consumption, after understanding *Æschylus* and *Pindar* in the original Greek, reading Latin well, being a perfect mistress of the French tongue, and well read in the best writers of these languages, as well as of her own. In the church-yard we observed this cross of granite, about six feet in height.

Near the church we entered a humble inn, and were told by the wife of the owner that she remembered long years back, when she went to Madern Well, with her companions, to try her fortune; but she had never heard of its being done at St. Levan. In this part of Cornwall, when a person is drowned, his voice, many people believe, is heard afterwards, in stormy weather, at the place where he perished; when he is said “to be hailing his own name,” to which superstition the following lines seem to refer, the scene being laid in this locality.

St. Levan's cliff, the Cornish maid
 Mounts high above the angry tide :
 The locks her dark eyes overshade,
 Stream to the tempest wild and wide.

Her gaze is where the weltering waves
 Thunder along the trembling strand ;
 She heeds not how the mad storm raves,
 Her lover's voice comes to the land.

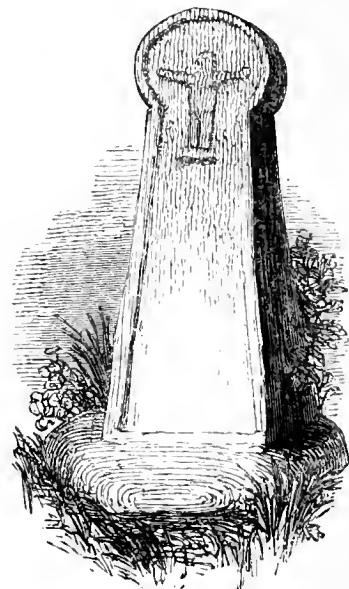
He “hails his name!” then waxing weak,
 A death-shriek seems to come and go—
 “My love, 'tis I, thine Ellen, speak—
 It lightens so my bosom's woe!”

The waves eurl higher on the shore,
 Louder they rage in fierce turmoil ;
 That well-known voice is heard once more,—
 She rushes where the surges boil :—

“O William, thou? speak—speak to me—
 To me—and tell me thou art blest!”

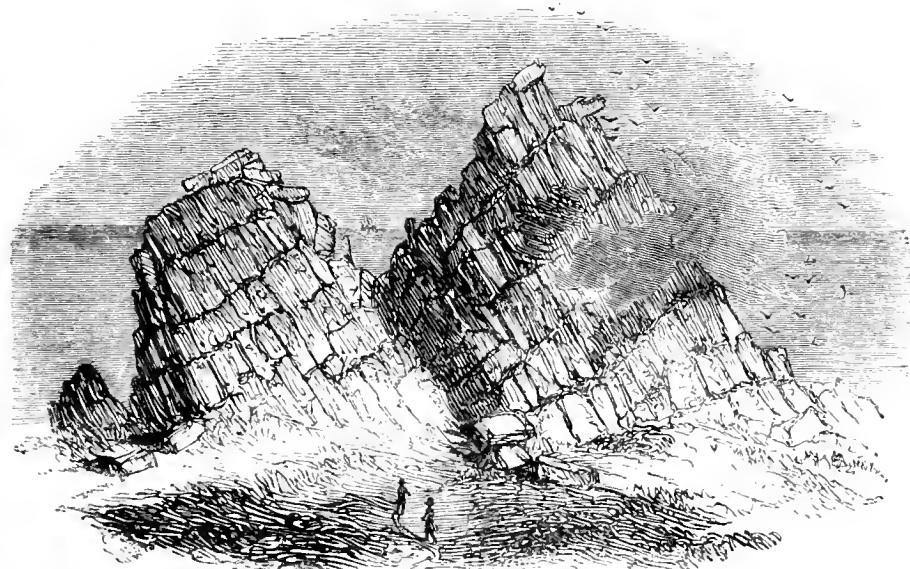
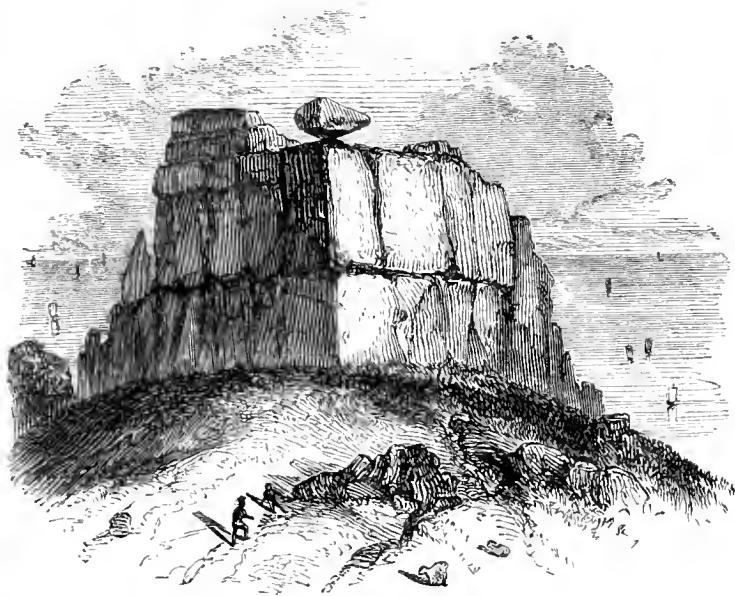
No more, for that ungoverned sea
 Has borne her to eternal rest.

And now when lightnings, red and warm,
 Kindle the sea-foam as they go,
 Beneath St. Levan's cliff, the storm
 Returns a double voice of woe.



Port Carnow Cove, bounded on the eastern side by rocks which shoot far into the waves, and rise to a great height, heaped one upon another in magnificent disorder, is situated a short distance from St. Levan's. This cove is covered with a beautiful sand, containing many rare shells. It is upon these rocks that the Logan Stone is situated,—a natural curiosity, which Lieutenant Goldsmith, of the navy, displaced from its balance, and then lifted again into

its old position; the holes where he fixed his tackle are visible in the rock. Some years ago any body went and rocked this nine days' wonder that pleased, as had been done for ages; but the notoriety of what the good officer did, has produced the common result of turning it into a money-show. The stone weighs sixty-five tons; and is regularly chained and padlocked up since, when the keeper is not near; by whose authority we know not. If Borlase's notion that it was a rock deity endowed it with something like romance—all romance must now be dissipated; it is utterly worthless as a curiosity: a granite stone of a larger size may easily be brought and set up in the London parks, and save cockneys the journey to see that of Port Carnow. The spot where it stands is denominated Castle Treryn, because it is crossed by two earthen ramparts and ditches, evidently works of military defence. Those who have a feeling for the grand in nature, and desire to see granite rocks of astonishing dimensions, piled to an enormous height, the sea thundering at their bases, cresting a wild shore of adamant, should not omit visiting Castle Treryn. The annexed view exhibits some of the rocks of this noble headland; the fissure in the centre leads to another and smaller group, on which, by clambering a fearful height at one of the angles, the Logan Stone, which stands upon the summit, is rocked. We have never seen a more imposing mass of granitic rock, or a more striking object of savage magnificence.

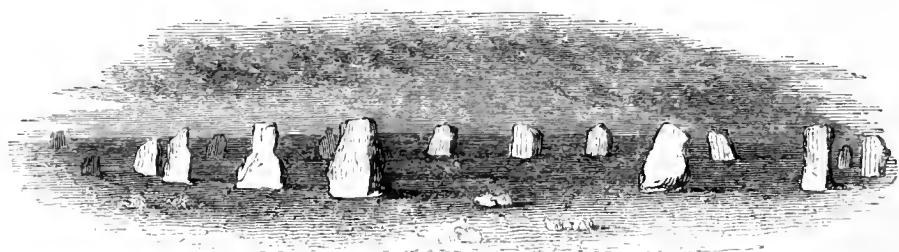


Close to these rocks we saw growing plentifully the common thrift; and the wild carrot, orpine, hairy saxifrage, and sea spleenwort.

We next took the road to St. Buryan, passing through a village called Treen; and soon descending a steep hill, and then ascending another, came to a corn-field, on the left hand side of the road, in which we saw a granite stone about ten feet high, unhewn; and a second prostrate at no great distance from it,—memorials no doubt of a mortuary character. We soon after entered St. Buryan, consisting of only a few cottages. The church was founded by Athelstan, in the year 930, when he made Cornwall tributary, and removed its boundary from the Ex to the Tamar. St. Buryan once had a dean and three prebendaries, was a college of Augustine brothers; and was anciently visited as a peculiar by the Chancellor of England. The churches of Sennen and St. Levan belong to it, being one of those abused church livings allowed to be tenable at all distances, and with all other preferments. The three parishes are held by one incumbent, whose income from them is 1,012*l.* a year; and they are supplied by two curates, the incumbent having besides the rectory of Catton and the vicarage of Wresale, in Yorkshire. This church is a handsome edifice; stands on high ground; and, possessing a lofty tower, is conspicuous for a great distance round, but the interior has been much altered for the worse by the parishioners. Some have said that Tresillian, the Chief Justice, came from this parish, and not from Tresillian, near Truro; the matter can hardly be worthy of contention, when the man's character is justly estimated. There is an inscription here to the memory of the wife of Geoffrey de Bolleit, of considerable antiquity; and a singular cross, seen above, stands opposite the gate of the church-yard.

In a place called Bolleit, in this parish, once belonging to the Bolleit family, there are nineteen upright stones in a circle, called the "Merry Maidens," because they are said to have been turned into stone for dancing upon a Sunday; and hence the Cornish name of *Dans mean*, or the "stone dancers." These stones are four or five feet high, and the circle is about twenty-five feet in diameter. Two large upright

stones, called the Pipers, stand in a field at no great distance off. Another circle of the same kind as the above, and with the same number of stones, but



having an inclined stone in the centre, is at Bosawen, two or three miles distant. There are several other circles of nineteen stones in the hundred of Penwith.

The next place we reached was called Troove, not far from which is a pleasant cove on the sea shore. The church of Paul parish, is bordered by the sea on one side, and touches on the other upon that of Sanered, in which we believe, from hearsay, nothing remarkable exists; we did not enter its borders. It has been a question who the patron saint of Paul is, for all deny the name being adopted from the great Apostle of the Gentiles.* It stands near the brow of a lofty hill; the body of the church inland, and below the hill-brow, so that its tower only is seen on the eastern side. This church was burned, together with the little fishing towns of Mousehole and Newlyn, in 1595, by a body of Spaniards.† There are entries of persons killed on that occasion; and the cannon-ball by which one of them, a Mr. Keigwin, fell is still preserved. Mousehole is a large fishing village, on the western side of Mount's Bay, once called Port Enys, two miles south-west from Penzance; and Newlyn, a little larger, is also a fishing village, nearer that town. There are some noble views on the hills near Newlyn, from whence a road by the sea leads into Penzance. A piece of gold, in the shape of a crescent, was found near this place, weighing between two and three ounces, supposed to be a torque, an ornament worn by distinguished persons among the ancient Britons.

Returning for some distance along the road from Penzance to Marazion, we struck off upon the left, and proceeded on our way to St. Ives. From the road we saw again the church of Ludgvan, lying up an ascent on the left hand; and soon after passed near an embankment that carries the causeway to Heyle; and afterwards a group of cottages at Lelant, in the gardens of which the fuchsia and the hydrangia seemed to flourish with wonderful luxuriance. We then came in sight of the sea, on the northern side of the county, where it forms a noble bay, terminated eastward by Godrevy Island, and westward by the headland on the isthmus; connecting which with the main land stands the town of St. Ives. A part of this bay, with the town, has been already given in an engraving,‡ and is one of the most beautifully curved shore-scenes we ever

* In the *Taxatio* of Pope Nicholas, 1291, we observe its entry, "Ecclia Sc̄i Paulini, valued at 9l. 6s. 8d." This Saint Paulinus died on the 10th of October, 644, Bishop of Rochester; and was not St. Paul de Leon, as Mr. D. Gilbert supposes, since he died in the month of March.

† The Spaniards met with no resistance from the inhabitants, who are said to have been panic-stricken, in consequence of a ridiculous prophecy current prior to the event, if the statements subsequently made are correct. Sir Francis Godolphin could not inspire the inhabitants with courage to resist a mere handful of Spaniards, not more than two hundred. In this church is the following inscription, bordering upon a bull, "The Spanyer burnt this church in the year 1595." The prophecy here alluded to was that—

"Strangers should land upon the rock of Merlin,
Who should burn Paul, Penzance, and Newlyn."

There is a rock on the same side of Mount's Bay, called Merlin.

‡ Page 5.

saw,—the sea so fine, and the large expanse of sand stainless and free from rock, and this sand a fine yellow. There was once a lighthouse on the summit of the little hill over the town, which last has a large handsome well-built church with a lofty tower, and several dissenting chapels. This church is the daughter to that of Euny-Lelant. St. Ives is but a populous fishing place, with two or three mines in the vicinity; and a little distance above it is a monument erected by a Mr. Knill, who left a sum of money to be expended in portioning out young women, in marriage, every five years, upon which occasion a certain procession takes place there. Tregenna Castle, the seat of Mr. Stephens, built in 1774, occupies a lofty eminence not far from the town, and commands a noble prospect; and the Heyle river empties itself into the bay at the opposite end, which is encumbered with blown sands. The pilchard fishery, already described, is extensively followed here; the fishermen preserve their nets by steeping them in a strong decoction of oak bark, it being a singular fact that the oil of the pilchard would otherwise destroy them in a short time. The town, chartered as a corporation by Charles I., returns one member to parliament, under the Reform Act, in place of two, which it returned before from the fifth year of Queen Mary; its name is said to be derived from an Irish saintess, who, about 460, contrived to land here from Ireland, we know not by what conveyance. Smeaton, the engineer, who built the Eddystone Lighthouse, erected the pier in 1767. During the American war, when the ministry, to use an expressive phrase of Lord Chatham's, hunted the "shambles of every German despot" for the hire of men to employ in coercing America to submit to be taxed without her own consent, the Elector of Hesse Cassel lent out his serfs, to receive so much a-head in return for the killed, wounded, or missing. A number of these embarked from New York, then an English garrison, to proceed along the coast to the attack of Charleston, when they were so injured by a ship running foul of them, that, short of provisions as they were, they drifted unmanageable all the way over the Atlantic, before the wind, which blew strong from the westward, to St. Ives Bay, where they arrived half starved. The inhabitants kindly sympathized with their situation, and relieved their wants, not less impelled by pity for their sufferings, than indignation, at the reflection that these poor foreigners were not volunteers, but men who had been coerced by a despot to risk life and limb for his private gain.

Returning a mile or two along the road we had before gone over coming from Penzance, parallel with St. Ives Bay, we passed the church of Euny-Lelant, to which that of St. Ives and Towednaack are daughters. It stands on a point formed by the sands thrown up from the sea, having on one side the mouth of the Heyle river, and the sea on the other. The sand-drifts here consist of shell-sand; and in times past accumulated in amazing quantities. There is nothing worthy of notice about this edifice, nor the church-town, dubbed "the town," by way of distinction; but a seat of Mr. Mackworth Praed, called

Trevethow, stands near, in which there are very thriving plantations, secured from the west winds by a belt of the pineaster, which shelters the young trees effectually until they are themselves strong enough to resist the fury of the blast.

The River Heyle rises near Crowan, flowing for three miles on the ocean-level, through sands, before it reaches St. Ives Bay, above which it passes near St. Erth church, a very plain old structure, having three aisles of an equal size. The bridge here, consisting originally of three arches, is five hundred years old; a fourth arch was added, and the roadway improved, principally at the expense of the late Mr. Davies Gilbert, whose seat of Tredrea is in this parish. A small sum of money was left by the Rev. J. Ralph for founding a free school here.

Heyle, once renowned for its copper smelting, which has been abandoned, now possesses iron works in which the largest steam engines are manufactured, with a degree of good workmanship equal to that in any other place of the like manufacture in England. It stands on a flat, amid extensive sands, which stretch, with a few exceptions, all along this coast to Padstow; and some of the sand-hills, or "towans," rise to an elevation of sixty feet, walls, inclosures, and parts of houses sometimes reappearing from under them. There is a large dam here for scouring the sand out of the harbour. Heyle is a populous place, boasts an excellent hotel, and carries on a considerable coasting trade, standing in the parish of Phillack; the old copper works being at the east end, and the iron works at the west. The church of Phillack is small, with a granite tower, built among hillocks of sand; in 1825 a causeway was made over the river here, which we crossed. The roads were thus carried above the influence of the tides, to which they were before liable. There are copper mines in Gwithian and Gwinear parishes, the last bordering upon the metalliferous district of Camborne, like that parish abounds in mines. Gwithian, like Phillack, is half buried in sand. One inundation is spoken of on the barton of Upton as happening nearly a hundred years ago, and so suddenly that a large farm was overwhelmed, and the farmer and his family obliged to get through the chamber windows to make their escape. In 1808 a shifting of the sands took place, and disclosed the farm-house buried for nearly a century. Two fields are now covered twelve feet deep that a few years ago were clear; and the church-town would have been lost but for the inhabitants planting rushes. These sands, entirely calcareous, would make excellent lime; on the opposite side of the county they are siliceous.

The parish which borders upon the sea, east of Gwithian, is Illogan, having upon the east that of St. Agnes, both belonging to the great mining districts. Perranzabulo,* of which we have already made mention, lies eastward of St. Agnes. The coast in both these parishes consists generally of very bold cliffs, here and there broken by sandy coves called "Porths" by the Cornish,

* Or Perranzabulon; it is written both ways in the county.

many of which are highly romantic, sometimes grand, and always wild, rocky, and precipitous. About St. Agnes's Head the cliffs are of great height, generally perpendicular; and in their dark sides may be seen veins of metallic ores, some in progress of working. The bordering parishes of Camborne, Redruth, and Gwennap, include, with these two, the greater mining field of Cornwall. Along this northern shore, in the parish of Illogan, is a porth, of which a very eligible little port has been made, called Portreath, accessible to colliers and vessels from Wales, connected with the mines by a railway, to which it affords manifold conveniences, being upon a shore more remarkable for shipwrecks than for anything else in the local history of the county. Here it may be proper to notice the charge made against the Cornish of being plunderers at shipwrecks, and of behaving with barbarity to the sufferers on these occasions; the last charge not very likely to be grounded in truth, where so large a proportion of the population is connected with the sea, the effect of which must be a sympathy irresistible in urging a reverse conduct.

Before the care of coasting vessels was confided to a race of men of the existing experience and talent, the wrecks along this part of the coast used to be frequent; and they were the more frightful, because it was rarely the case that a solitary individual survived to relate from what port the vessel came, and whither it was bound. Within the last thirty years, these disasters have been fewer, and occurred only when storms of great violence came on suddenly, or through the mistake of one headland for another in misty weather. But though coasting vessels were those which were once most frequently lost upon this iron shore, the long continuance of westerly winds, and errors in reckoning, caused many a disaster to foreign ships of burthen, as well as to those of our own country; and in general no more was known of any ship cast away here, or of her crew, than the cargo and fragments, strewed over miles of the shore at low water, might indicate. No ship could hold together an hour, in a gale on this fearful coast, unless flung upon some very favourable spot at high tide. Such spots are few; the sea breaks, for the most part, against precipices of great height. One vessel, of which we saw some relics, was never seen entire: neither her name, nation, nor the fate of her crew, was ascertained. She had been lost, it was supposed, late in the night; for on the preceding evening, at sunset, no sail was seen in the horizon with a telescope. It was blowing fresh; and in the morning some planks were found, and foreign kegs of butter, which, with other circumstances, led the people to believe that the property must have been Dutch; no bodies, no clothes, no portions of the masts or rigging were stranded; the spot where the shipwreck occurred was only guessed at by a few fragments of the rib timbers being discovered jammed among the rocks; all besides had been taken into the fathomless deep. In one case, a Newfoundland dog was the sole survivor of a ship's living cargo; in another, a black man reached the shore through the surf, but died before he could tell the name of the vessel to which he belonged.

Nothing can be more untrue than the charge of Cornish barbarity, since in no part of England shipwrecked persons meet with greater kindness; though it is but seldom that this kindness can be put to the test by the escape of any animated being to experience it. On the wreck of the *Anson* frigate, thirty years ago, not only were the survivors most kindly treated, but the efforts made to assist in the escape of the crew were all which were possible in such a dreadful scene. One individual, whose name is to us unknown, or we would print it,—one whose name deserves to be remembered far before the destroyers of their species, of whom national immorality makes its molten gods,—came down to the spot. The frigate lay with her bottom seawards, and the waves rolled over her, and fell in “horrible cascade” on the shore side, and up the sandy beach, carrying the living and the dead with them, and upon the recoil bearing them back into the ocean depths. The only assistance that could be given was by venturing as far as possible into the surf, and snatching the half-drowned that could be reached out of it,—an effort not to be made at such times without much hazard. The individual to whom we allude was a methodist teacher, a humble man, who had come down on horseback to the spot. He rode intrepidly into the foam, and succeeded in getting hold of two of the crew, one after the other, whom he saved; but on venturing the third time into the raging surf, as he was grasping at another, a wave swept both horse and rider away, in the presence of hundreds of persons who could render no assistance; and this man, to us nameless, found in this way the proudest death and interment that is destined for humanity,—losing his life in the act of trying to save a fellow-creature from destruction, and having the bosom of the ocean for his sepulchre.

The charge of want of hospitality or kindness in the Cornish to shipwrecked persons, then, is not true. We have said that vessels break up almost as soon as they touch the shore, which for miles is strewed with portions of the cargo and timbers. These the country people pick up, and the finder too often appropriates. It is from this circumstance that the Cornish have been accused of barbarity and wreck-plundering; the vulgar had a notion formerly that the property saved from shipwreck belonged to any one who was on board that survived, and if no one survived, to any body who might pick it up from the beach. They were taught by a claim of some lord of the manor in former time,* one no more just than their own, that the ship and cargo were not the property of the owners; and they thought what they secured, with labour, floating upon the sea, or strewed upon the rocks, sometimes on their own land, they

* These claims of lords of manors over lands or property not their own, ought in many existing cases to be abolished. A man may not exercise certain rights upon his own fee simple, where the lord of the manor, who claims such rights, cannot come to exercise them without trespass! Many of these rights are manifestly wrongs, relics of degraded barbarian times, which no man may resist, says the wisdom of that jumble of absurdity called common law. But the lord may refrain from claiming, leaving the party on whom the exercise of the right might take place in a state of merciful tolerance from its operation. Some manorial claims, carried into legal exercise, would involve murder;—we be-

might appropriate as justly as a claimant under feudal usages. The right of the owners, acknowledged by reason and justice, has, in the present time, its due effect to a considerable extent, and will no doubt be fully established; but a salvage allowance will be politic; for otherwise little will be saved where the property is sometimes found strewed along miles of coast, the sea beating it about, and the security of it only possible to be effected at the moment it is discovered. The plunder of wrecked goods in this way, then, was a strife between two parties, who had neither of them any right to it. Wrecks happening below high-water mark, and goods washed on shore so found, were, more properly, the right of the public, by a private wrong, as a droit of admiralty, if the owners were to be plundered of their property at all. To the claim of the lords of manors who had grants of "the royalties of wrecks," Pope alludes in the lines:—

" Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore."

When an example of this sort of plunder was anciently set by the lord, it was no wonder if the serf availed himself of the same immorality, standing more in need of its produce. It is in vain that custom, or right, or authority can be pleaded to justify practices that, whether emanating from the prince or the subject, admit of justification by no code of equity, no moral principle, nothing except the lawyer-made law, that sanctions what is wrong on the side of power, because it is a wrong of long standing; here we see its effect.

The humbler classes in Cornwall were much softened and civilized by the preaching of Wesley and his followers; the miners, even on the wilder coasts, are a very kind and civil body of men, though, at the same time, none are more sensible of an indignity offered to them. We must not confound them with those who work under-ground in the coal counties, and their brutal habits; even the men in the metallic mines in the north of England were once contrasted to us by a gentleman there, with a few Cornish men he had in his employ, to the disadvantage of the northerns. Every day the Cornish men shifted their clothes after labour, and washed themselves; but not so their fellow-workmen, with whom ablution was rare, and they had seldom clothes to change. In manner too they were milder, and better behaved. A century ago it was a different thing; they did not then, according to report, want bad examples; in the superstitious days, when the clergyman of the parish had his familiar spirit, according to vulgar belief, the plunder of wrecks might have been made a charge with greater justice.

lieve one manorial custom is still as much a right as others that are exercised in many places, and is justified by the same law, and as fully, in that sense, "legal," as many others; though statute law would be apt to interfere with the neck of the lord of the manor, afterwards, if he dared to take that which common law justifies in cases defensible on the same ground alone. We might allude to a manorial right once exercised on the marriage of tenantry, and which, as a manorial right, is still justifiable, if the lord will risk another law, under which he who exercises his "right" to do wrong would infallibly be brought into no very lordly plight.

In those days, wreck picked up from the sea-shore was styled "a godsend." The well-known story of "A wreck! a wreck!" being cried at the church-door, and the parson with difficulty restraining the people a moment, on some excuse, until he got down from the pulpit himself into the aisle, and then said, "My good friends, let us all start fair," might be true enough if we believed that an educated man even in the "good old times" could be guilty of such an indecency. It is true, we were told, and have no reason to doubt the correctness of our information, that in those days an individual who had been well educated, and did not want the good things of this life, but who was a drunkard, and in every respect a highly immoral man, once tied up the leg of an ass at night, and hanging a lanthorn from its neck, drove it himself along the summit of the high cliffs on that part of the northern coast where he lived, in order that the halting motion of the animal might imitate the plunging of a vessel under sail, and thus tempt ships to run in, from imagining there was sea-room, where destruction was inevitable. The same individual was accused of having cut the fingers off the dead body of a lady which was washed on shore from a wreck, to secure the rings which decorated them. The very rumour now that any man had been guilty of such an atrocity, would expel him from society in Cornwall, and from the county itself; but for such instances of inhumanity, on the part of any class, whatever might have happened a century or two ago, there is not the remotest foundation in modern times.

We cannot avoid mentioning here, as being, in some degree, connected with the appearance of what people call a death-ship, on one part of this coast, the result of an inquiry we made upon the subject. Our informant had lived there all his days, and told us that in his father's boyhood there was a person resided in the village of T—— who was distinguished for his oppressive conduct, his private vices, and the possession of property which was acquired by sinister means. In our informant's words,—

"He was a man well off in the parish; but that was nothing to him."

"Did you know him?"

"No; it was in my father's youth; but he declared it was true, and he was not given to falsehood; it is fourscore years ago; his name was ——."

We shall not mention the name, as some of his descendants may be alive, if he had descendants, and proceed to what our informant said further.

"What did the people think of him?"

"I can't say, because it was before I was born; but the death-ship story pretty well explains that, I should think."

"The death-ship, what was that?"

"Why, Mr. ——, drunk one half his time, and given to all kinds of bad conduct when he was sober, was taken very ill at last, yet seemed to have no care about his condition; and, when he could use his tongue, swore and blasphemed as hard as ever. Just before he died a frightful thing occurred, which leads me to the purport of your question about the death-ship."

"Well, what was that; he plundered one wreck too many, I suppose?"

"No; a day or two before he breathed his last, a party of men were working near the top of the cliffs, where they were several hundred feet in elevation; the weather was hazy over the sea; when, on a sudden, one of them exclaimed, 'Do you see that; there is a ship close in with the shore.' All the party saw the vessel looming through the haze, tall, dark, and square-rigged, but they could observe nothing further, as it disappeared seawards in the mist, and quickly vanished from their sight. There was no wind, and the impossibility of navigating without it struck these men, so that it became a subject of conversation in the church-town.

"In a hollow, at the foot of the cliffs before-mentioned, there was a considerable space of sand, dry at low water, and some persons had gone thither to collect shell-fish a day or two after the preceding occurrence, when they saw a tall dark vessel run in almost close without a breath of wind, her sails appearing full, and of a deep black colour. The coast abounded in sunken rocks, among which she seemed to thread a tortuous course without touching one. No living thing was upon the deck, which they could discern from stem to stern; the wheel had no helmsman; no seaman was on the look-out, and none hove the lead; at which sight the observers felt a thrill, as if it was something, they knew not what, out of the ordinary course of things, particularly as, at the same moment, it lay-to and the sails began to shiver. Thus riveted to the spot by a sensation which they found it impossible to describe, the sails again filled, and the ship appeared to glide away until it was reduced to a mere speck, and disappeared in an instant, apparently at the distance of leagues, much as the figures of a magic lanthorn glide along a whitened wall. Some thought, for the moment, it was a deception of their sight, and rubbed their eyes; for the whole appearance did not occupy any perceptible duration of time, and yet there was time enough for the strange object to fix their attention, and allow them the most perfect examination of her form and tenantless deck. After looking for some minutes at the broad expanse of sea before them, upon which, to the remotest point of the horizon, not one solitary sail appeared, they hastened to the church-town, eager to communicate what they had just seen, when the first news they heard was that the well-known and notorious Mr. —— had just expired."

The parish of Illogan, the larger portion of which is an uncultivated tract, is principally noted for its copper mines: most of the land belonging to the family of Basset, long settled here, and supposed to be descendants of some of the Bassets that came over with the Normans, though not connected with the branch from whence came the Lords Basset of Drayton, of Weldon, and Sapecate, all of which were extinct, in the male line, some centuries ago. The seat of Lord de Dunstanville, lately deceased, called Tehidy, in this parish, came into the possession of the Basset family by the marriage of an ancestor with an heiress of the family of De Dunstanville, to which family, in

1100, the manor belonged. Tehidy is a modern house, no way remarkable either architecturally or by position. It stands about four miles from Redruth, surrounded by plantations, which afford an agreeable contrast to the barrenness of the country round. The park and grounds occupy about seven hundred acres; and the plantations, of which due care is taken at the first planting, thrive with great luxuriance; the oak, beech, chestnut, and sycamore are found to answer best, and firs and laurels do equally well.

In this parish is the celebrated hill, which Dr. Borlase believed to be the seat of the Druids, called Carn Bré, and about which the same antiquary is enthusiastic in his imaginary discovery of extensive Druidical remains, but which others cannot see with the same faith as this amiable and learned writer. We examined the hill from end to end, and saw nothing among the rocks scattered over its ridge that is not greatly surpassed by the rocks about St. Cleer and Linkinhorne already described. The view from the summit is exceedingly fine, but commanding a country of little pretension to fertility or beauty of scenery, though of great extent, including the two seas as a boundary, and on the west Mount St. Michael, which forms a distant object, while the numerous mines that spread over the land below, and, above all, the amazing populousness, indicated by the numberless cottages dotting the soil everywhere beneath, present a lively scene of industry rather than of picturesque attraction.

We ascended Carn Bré at the eastern end, just opposite Redruth church, and found the road sufficiently steep—no wider than a horse path; and, both on the right and left, perforated by small holes, opened in search of the heads of veins of ore, called “lodes” in the miner’s phraseology. Heath and wild flowers grew in great profusion; and huge rocks of granite here and there broke out of the soil in every shape and variety of form. The summit at the eastern end is crowned with what a little while ago was a ruined castle, one portion of which was roofed, and fitted up as a summer-house; the view from the windows being extensive. This edifice was erected upon several large granite rocks, which, in some places, being considerably apart, were united by throwing arches over from one to another. Recently this fine relic of antiquity has been daubed over with plaster, and robbed of all interest; being battlemented like a garden-house, wretched chimneys stuck above all, and, so deformed, it has become tenanted. The defacement which has thus taken place renders it almost ludicrous, especially on the site which it occupies, being neither castle nor dwelling,—“neither fish, flesh, nor pickled herring.” We here subjoin a view of this castle before some blockhead was thus suffered to mutilate and deface it.

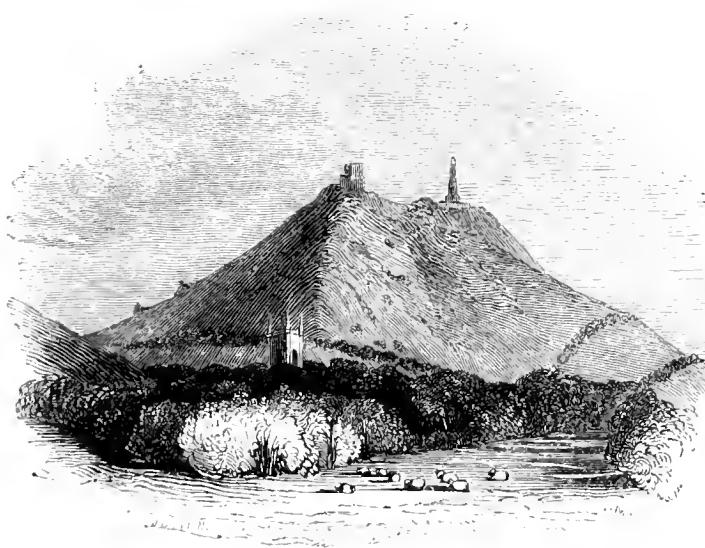
Borlase imagines Carn Bré Castle to have been a work of the ancient Britons; and does not hesitate to connect it with the numerous Druidical remains which he thought he had discovered upon it. Here are the hollow stones, which he called rock basins, used in the rites of Druid worship;

but which very plainly, both from situation and magnitude, from the want of adaptation to the object for which he thinks them once appropriated, and the numbers found everywhere in similar situations in Cornwall, must be taken as nothing more than hollows caused by the disintegration of the stone from the continued action of the weather. In one place the Doctor thought he saw in an arrangement of the rocks perfectly natural, a “Gorseddan,” as he styles it, or judgment seat of Druid authority; here was a holy boundary, and there a sacred circle; and the Doctor was so credulous as to think he had found the remnant of a grove of oaks,—oaks that shaded Druidical rites 2,000 years ago!

That Carn Bré may have been an ancient military station, is, from its height and form, exceedingly probable; coins, both Roman and British, have been found on its sides; there are remains of entrenchments on one part of the summit; and its vast field of view gave it advantages as a position for observing the country that could not but strike any predominant military force at

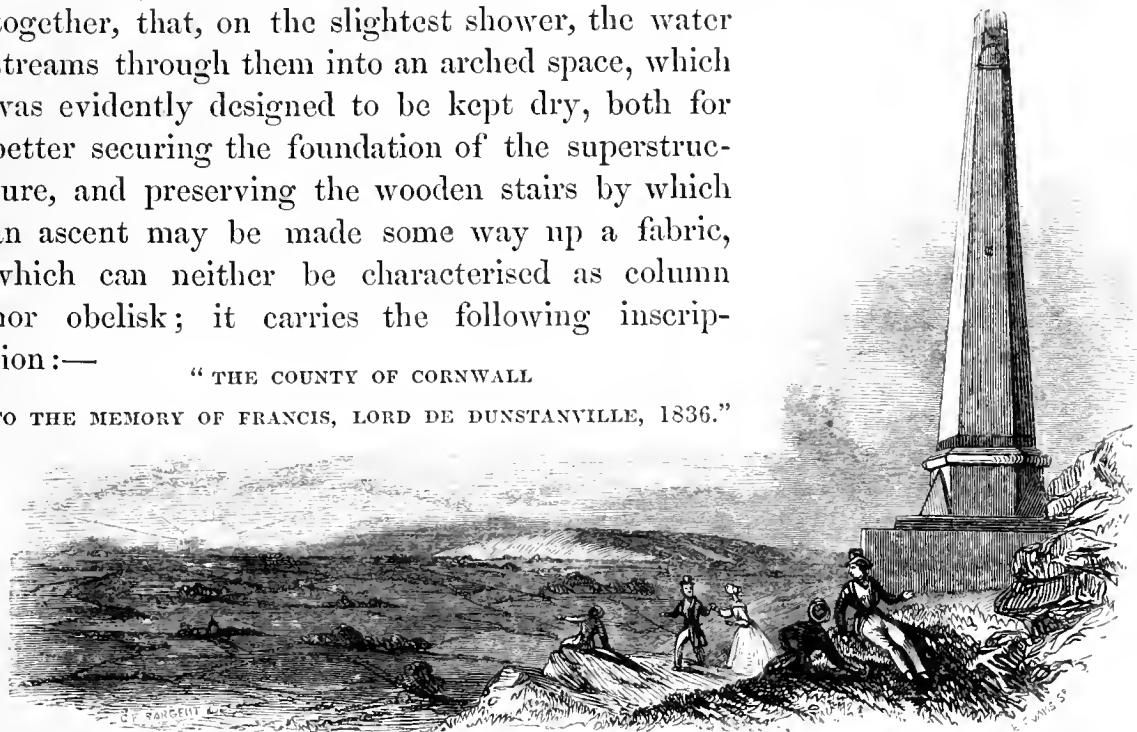
that time occupying the neighbourhood. Of the form of this hill, and its abrupt ascent, a judgment may be formed from the annexed view of the eastern end; the church in the fore-ground being that of Redruth.

The column seen on a more distant part of the hill is one erected by subscription to the late Lord de Dunstanville, a most amiable man, whose punctual fulfilment of the duties of life, with a consideration at once exhibiting the union of a good heart, a native kindness, and the conduct and manners of a



gentleman, obtained for him the affection and respect of Cornishmen of all classes. We were sorry to see such bad workmanship in a monument, of the style of which nothing can be favourably reported. A large surface at the base is exposed to the action of the weather; and the joints are so loosely put together, that, on the slightest shower, the water streams through them into an arched space, which was evidently designed to be kept dry, both for better securing the foundation of the superstructure, and preserving the wooden stairs by which an ascent may be made some way up a fabric, which can neither be characterised as column nor obelisk; it carries the following inscription:—

“ THE COUNTY OF CORNWALL
TO THE MEMORY OF FRANCIS, LORD DE DUNSTANVILLE, 1836.”



That this hill, standing in a peculiar position, and being visible for so great a distance, should not have had some connexion with superstition, would be singular indeed. A rock about seven feet high near the summit, having five perpendicular indentations that divide it into nearly equal parts, is called the giant's hand; the divisions marking the fingers. The country people say that the body lies beneath the hill, which was flung upon it, and the hand, thus protruded, time has changed into stone. The singular hill, called St. Agnes's Beacon, is a distant object from this spot; and they describe the buried Goliath as being of such a magnitude as to be able to stride over to it at one step,—a tale that so surprised an honest tailor who heard, and half believed it, that he professionally expressed his astonishment, by asking how it could be possible to take the giant's measure for a waistcoat. At Carn Bré, too, Lucifer and the saints, including those who sailed over from Ireland upon mill-stones and ox-hides to expel the father of evil from Cornwall, are traditionally reported to have had a fearful conflict, in which the victory for a long time was dubious, the rocks of Carn Bré serving for weapons, the combat terminating in Satan's withdrawing from the conflict, but not from the county, from which the united power of all the saints has never yet been able to expel him.

In this parish there is a hill abounding in tin, called Carn Kye, which has been worked with very large profit both to the adventurers and the lord of the soil. The water there is said to be strongly impregnated with mineral substances.

Camborne is a large parish, having Illogan on the south, and contains many considerable mines, to which more particular allusion will presently be made. The church-town is large and populous, owing its consideration to the works in the vicinity. There is a good market-house here; the church* is an ancient edifice, in which are several memorials of the family of Pendarves, whose seat is in this parish, bearing the same name, and having very near it the monument which is delineated in a preceding part of this work, called Caerwynen Cromlech.† The fine old font once in this church, of which a cut has been given already,‡ has been removed, we were informed, to ornament the gardens of Tehidy. In this part of Cornwall, as, indeed, throughout the county generally, the bodies are borne at funerals, sometimes for several miles, to the church, "underhand," as it is termed, and not on the shoulders of the bearers.§ Along the heath-covered and rocky hills, and through the sweet over-shadowed lanes of the ever-green and fertile valleys of the county, the funeral procession, as it winds its way to the "house appointed for all living," is oftentimes heard to break forth suddenly in a melancholy cadence, chanting a psalm or a hymn when it halts on the way to the church, which may be several miles distant from the dwelling of the deceased; at others singing a monotonous dirge-like psalm, as the bearers move along what is called the *leitch*, or *leech* path, up to the church,|| the effect of which is exceedingly impressive. To such an incident it is probable that a living poet¶ of this county, who does so much honour to the "Rocky Land of Strangers," where he resides, makes allusion in the following lines, which we feel great pleasure in being enabled to present to our readers. It is entitled "The Bearers' Chant."

"Sing! from the chamber to the grave!"—
Thus did the dead man say;—
"A sound of melody I crave
Upon my burial day!"

* We noticed the following epitaph in the churchyard:—

"Ah! my first love, thy dust in quiet lies;
No sighs disturb thy breast, no tears thy eyes;
While the fond partner of thy nuptial years
Bewails thy loss in ceaseless sighs and tears:
He fondly rears thy orphan charge to see
And sweetly cherish what resembles thee!
Accept, dear shade, the last I can bestow,
This mark of friendship, and this tale of woe,
Till my frail dust shall humbly mix with thine,
And both our spirits meet in realms divine."

† See page 173.

‡ See page 103.

§ Napkins are passed through the handles, or under the coffin, for the convenience of this mode of carriage.

|| See, for a further mention of this term, p. 80, last line.

¶ The Rev. R. S. Hawker, vicar of Moorwinstow, author of some beautiful little poems, entitled, "Records of the Western Shore," printed at Oxford, 1832, and of the University Prize Poem for 1827, entitled "Pompeii," recently republished by Rivingtons, in a small volume, called "Ecclesia."

“ Bring forth some tuneful instrument,
 And let your voices rise;—
 My spirit listen'd as it went
 To music of the skies.

“ Sing sweetly while you travel on,
 And keep the funeral slow;—
 The angels sing where I am gone,
 And you should sing below.

“ Sing! from the threshold to the porch,
 Until you hear the bell;
 And sing you loudly in the church
 The Psalms I love so well!

“ Then bear me gently to my grave;
 And as you pass along,
 Remember, 'twas my wish to have
 A pleasant funeral song.

“ So earth to earth, and dust to dust;
 And though my flesh decay,
 My soul will sing among the just
 Until the judgment-day!”

Redruth parish borders upon Camborne eastwards, and is very populous; the town, consisting of one principal street, of great length, is situated upon the side and summit of a hill, facing the west, about eight miles from Truro. The country around is the focus of the middle and most important of the mining districts of Cornwall, to which the town mainly owes its flourishing state, standing, as it does, in the midst of a bleak and irregular district, the earth turned inside out by ancient and modern workings for tin and copper. The parish church, the patron saint of which is St. Uny, is situated at the foot of Carn Bré Hill, not quite a mile from the place, and consists of a modern nave, with a more ancient tower: a new chapel has recently been erected within the town, which once possessed a former structure of the same kind, dedicated to St. Rumon. For some time Redruth has been an improving place, having increased six-fold within the last four-score years; a good deal of retail trade is carried on, and there are a number of excellent shops. There are several dissenting places of worship, with Sunday schools for children of both sexes, and very good and reasonable inns. Northward of the town is the village of Plengwary, so named from a *Plaen an quare*, which stood close to it.

St. Dye is a market-town, about three miles from Redruth, in the great mining parish of Gwenap, so called from a Bishop of Nievre, who died in 680, and to whom a chapel was once erected here; it is a thriving place, owing to the mines in the vicinity. The manor formerly belonged to the family of Hearle; Trevince is now the property of the daughters of Mr. J. Beauchamp, brother of the late Mr. Beauchamp, of Pengreep, the male line of this family becoming extinct in 1818. In this parish is a hill, called Carnmarth, whence there is a noble prospect from sea to sea, the name signifying the knight's

barrow ; many earthen vessels, containing burnt bones, have been dug up there. On the southern side is a large circular excavation, caused most probably by the falling in of an old mine, locally termed "The Pit," and forming an excellent amphitheatre, where the voice of a single speaker may be distinctly heard by thousands of persons at a time. It was here that Wesley used to address the miners, who attended in vast numbers ; and the change wrought in their manners and habits by the Methodists, it is probable, commenced at this spot. At present many parishes contain more than one chapel of this dissenting sect, and the effect has been highly beneficial to the population. The parish of Gwenap has produced, in a given space, more wealth from the earth than any other spot in the old world. The church of Gwenap is large, but has been lamentably defaced by the parish authorities ; it appears to have been formerly a fine fabric ; the tower stands apart, after the manner of a campanile. Scorrier, in this parish, was erected by Mr. J. Williams, a mining merchant and adventurer, who died some years since. It is now in the occupation of his family, and contains a valuable collection of Cornish minerals.

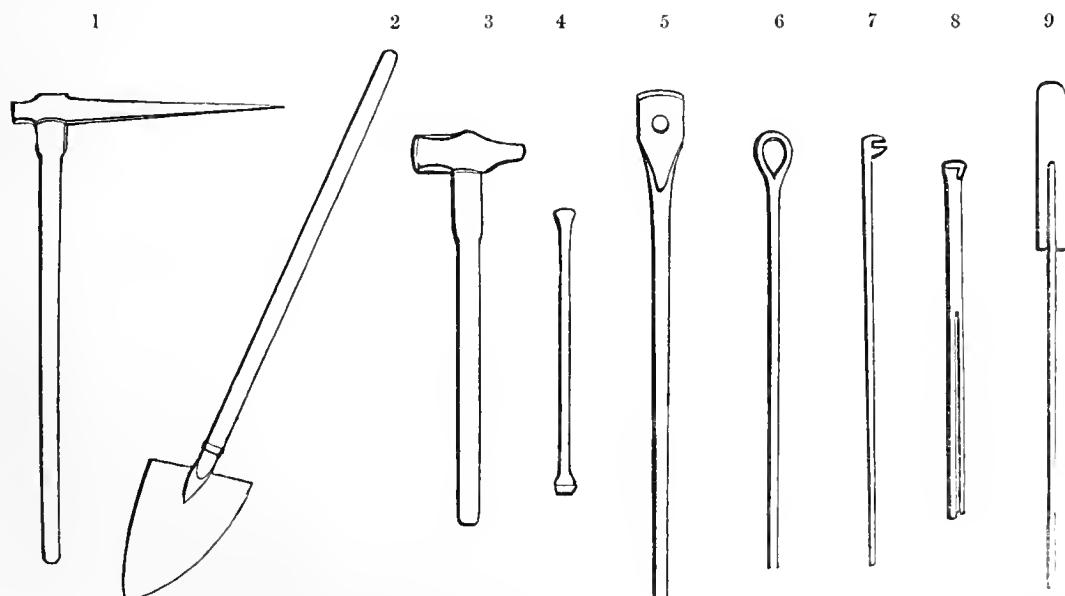
St. Agnes's parish trenches upon that of Gwenap, which, with that of Redruth and Kenwyn, all meet at the point of union of the four hundreds of Penwith, Kirrier, Powder, and Pydar, called "Kyvere Ankou," "the place of death," on account of having been the spot where, according to former barbarian usage, the unfortunate suicide found a grave. The church of this parish was once a free chapel, augmented and rebuilt in 1484, and dedicated to St. Agnes, as a daughter church to Perranzabulo. Some say it was made a distinct parish in 1396, and that the building of the present church was granted by license in 1482. Here is a hill near the sea, seen from a great distance, called St. Agnes's Beacon, having on the summit three barrows, from whence a wide view, thirty-four parishes, a part of Devonshire, and the North and South Seas, may be seen. Off the shore lie the rocks called the Cow and Calf, about two miles distant from the main land. At an inlet, or combe, in this parish, called Trevannance, there is a pier, where small coasters load and unload ; and at Dingle Combe there was formerly one of those sea-side chapels, which, in catholic times, were piously placed on dangerous coasts, and attended by a solitary, who offered up prayers for mariners, and was ready to tender assistance to shipwrecked persons.

The four parishes last described form the most important mining district of Cornwall, in which the mineral wealth seems inexhaustible ; and the labours of the miner, as well as of the machinist, are exhibited upon a scale of magnitude nowhere else surpassed. The ingenuity of the miner is not to be judged by its results, at a distance from the sphere of action ; but even there, in a great degree, by the imagination, rather than the visual sense of the stranger. In darkness, save from the feeble light of a candle, deep in the heart of the earth, amid silence and solitude, he plies his vocation, liable to become the

victim of confined air, great changes of temperature, and numerous accidents. For small wages he labours voluntarily; forgets his perils in the hope of profiting by fortunate discoveries, until from custom it becomes easy to him; and at length he is attached to a pursuit that the bulk of mankind regard with dismay.

The miner's task is performed with very simple implements; but as far as the manual part is concerned, none demands greater exertion of body, in positions more inconvenient, or in situations more calculated to affect the health by slow but certain deterioration. At great depths beneath the surface of the ground, the temperature is uniformly high, while the atmosphere is damp and confined. In Cornwall there is no hydrogen gas emitted resembling that which causes so many accidents in coal-pits; but the metallic substances, particularly copper, may be well supposed to affect the quality of an atmosphere at depths unknown in coal-mines, much exhausted of oxygen, and strongly impregnated at times with carbonic gas, so as to produce in works, remote from communication with pure air, those effects observed in all situations under similar circumstances.

The ground through which the Cornish miner has to find his way is generally of a very difficult character, sometimes consisting of solid granite, or elvan rock of excessive hardness. His tools are few, but they are well adapted to their object; consisting, besides those represented in the following engraving, of a small wedge or two of steel, denominated a *gad*, which is driven into the rock by the round end of the pick, for the purpose of splitting and detaching portions from the mass. The instrument, No. 1, is the pick of the miner; 2, the shovel; 3, the sledge; 4, the borer; 5, the claying bar; 6, the needle, called by some the nail; 7, the scraper; 8, the tamping bar; and 9,



the tin cartridge, for blasting where the rock is wet: a horn to carry his gunpowder, rushes to supply him with fuzes, and a little touch-paper, or slow

match, to fire the fuze, and allow him time to retire from danger, comprise, with a common wheelbarrow, and a kibble, as it is called in Cornwall, known as a “corve” in coal-mines, the only apparatus of which the working miner has need.

When there is reason for believing that a vein of ore of good quality has been found after “shoding,” according to the old practice, as hereafter described, or after any modern mode by which the conclusion is attained, the first thing commonly done is to explore the place, and sink a “shaft” at the spot which experience may dictate as most convenient for future operations. A shaft is a perpendicular opening in the earth, made of a different size, according to circumstances; but the word is always applied to such excavations as go directly downwards to the bottom of the mine, and not to such perpendicular openings as communicate from one level or gallery to another, these last being called “winzes.” The size of a shaft varies; the largest being generally that over which the steam-engine works, requiring room for the pumps to be placed, for the kibbles to pass up and down, and for the ladders and platforms by which the miners descend. An engine-shaft, of good size, measures twelve feet by eight; but those intended merely for the purpose of hauling up ores or rubbish are not more than half that size. In the miner’s phraseology, “sinking” implies excavating downwards, and “driving” means working horizontally; and as the first-mentioned perpendicular excavations are called shafts and winzes, those made or driven horizontally are called “levels,” or “adits;” in the first case, they are driven to open communications, or for getting at the “lode,” or vein of ore; in the second, they are intended merely to carry off the water. A level is about seven feet high by two feet six inches wide, so as to allow room for ventilation if it be found necessary to continue them for a great length. Twelve men are employed in sinking a large shaft, four at a time, relieving each other every eight hours, or every six, if the work require it; in sinking smaller shafts fewer hands are required, but the time of labour and relief is the same. As the ground is broken, men are employed to haul it up out of the way. In driving a level, only two men can work at a time. The sinking is paid for by the fathom, the price varying from as low as 5*l.* up to 90*l.* per fathom, where rock of excessive hardness, at a considerable depth, has to be cut through. From 10*s.* to 30*l.* is paid per fathom for driving levels, or adits, the price depending, in like manner, upon the contract for the ground to be gone through. In these prices are included the expenses of gunpowder, tools, candles, wheeling the stuff, and generally drawing it to the surface. There is yet a third kind of work, called “stoaping,” which has no relation to sinking or driving, but means the working out the ground from between the levels directly upon the veins, and getting out the ore. When this work is pursued above, or over head, it is called “stoaping the backs;” if below the level, downwards, it is called “stoaping the bottoms;” and it is to perform this work that the shafts are sunk and the

levels driven. The men who perform it are styled "tribute men," to distinguish them from those who work by the fathom, upon auction contract also, which is styled "tint-work." The tribute worker is paid by a share of the ore he raises; a certain number of men taking a particular piece of ground for that purpose, to be paid a portion of the produce when the ore is made merchantable, up to which time they bear a proportion of all the expenses. By this means the interest of the men and their employer is the same in getting every possible quantity of ore, and making it marketable at the smallest expense. The proportion paid to the miner is rated at so much in the pound out of the total sold, and this rate naturally varies even in different parts of the same mine, from circumstances attending the nature of the work, and value of the ores. The "pitches," as these takings of the workmen are called, are generally let every two months, to a party of men, by a system of auction, in which the lowest bidder obtains the taking; "the pair," as the party is called, having money advanced to them for subsistence, locally "sist money," until the period of their taking is completed. It is from the pursuance of this system that differences between the miners and their employers are unknown in Cornwall, and that the utmost harmony prevails, as it must needs do where the interest is mutual, and both parties treat upon an equal footing. Even the lowest employment at the mines, that of dressing the ores, is effected upon a similar system. It must be observed that nowhere is business done more methodically. All the contracts are duly entered in a book by a captain of the mine, who makes them on what is called "setting day," which is a holiday at the mine, and takes place every two months; this captain being always a man of great experience in estimating the work. The "survey," as it is called, is either held in the open air, in front of the counting-house, or in some covered place contiguous. A large number of miners attend, who are employed, or may desire to be so. The rules are read, and the fines attached for breach of regulations; and then the first piece of work is declared at a high price, and the miners that are inclined bid *down*, until no one present will go lower, when the captain flings up a pebble, and the "taker," as he is styled, is proclaimed, and his bargain entered. It is seldom that the captain fails to find a taker at what his judgment tells him is a fair price; should he do so, the work is put by for some future setting day. No system of arrangement can be better calculated for the interest of employers and employed, and experience has proved it so. We here present the reader with the portrait of a



Cornish miner, in his holland jacket and trowsers, with his shovel, and “hoggan-bag,”* proceeding to his employment.

A large proportion of the ground which the Cornish miner has to open cannot be penetrated by the pick, and cleared away by the shovel. For this purpose other means must be resorted to. First, wherever the rock can be loosened, as slate can generally be, the steel ‘gad’ and sledge, No. 3 in the cut, is had recourse to; but when this is of no effect, the borer, No. 4, is applied. The borer is placed on the rock intended to be perforated, and is struck with the sledge by a second man, the first turning it round after every blow. By this means a hole is formed in time, from one to three feet deep, as may be required. This hole is cleared with the scraper, No. 7, or if filled with mud, a stick is used; one end of which is beaten until it forms a species of brush, called a “swab stick.” The hole is made in a direction fixed by the experience of the miner, so as, when fired, to loosen, rather than break into shivers, the largest possible mass of rock. When the hole is deep enough, and of a diameter seldom exceeding an inch and a half, it is made, if possible, perfectly dry, and then charged with gunpowder; but if it be not sufficiently dry, and cannot be made so, the cartridge, No. 9, is had recourse to, furnished with a stem which conducts the train to the charge at the bottom; the hole round the tube is then rammed full of clay. If the hole be dry, the gunpowder is introduced into the bottom, and a rod, No. 6,—(too often of iron in place of copper,)—is placed with the lower end upon the charge, and then clay or soft rock is rammed in hard around it with the tamping bar, No. 8,—a dangerous process where copper is not used. The claying bar, No. 5, is sometimes used to fill the sides of the hole with clay, and stop the chinks that may let in water, but not always with such success as to admit the charge of powder into a dry chamber. When the charge is rammed home, and tough clay or soft rock over it, the iron rod is withdrawn, and a rush previously prepared by taking out the pith and filling it with gunpowder, (supposing the tin cartridge not to be used,) is inserted in the hole left by the withdrawal of the rod. A prepared fuze of paper, or match, called the “snuft,” is affixed to the top of the rush, of a length sufficient to permit the miner to remove out of the way. Some improvements in this rude and dangerous mode of proceeding are gradually making way.

The mode of working in the level, or driving, is exemplified in the opposite page; the level proceeding from one side of the perpendicular shaft to form a junction with a second shaft, or reach a vein of ore lying at the point towards which the excavation is directed. The mode of finding the true direction of the level, is by the compass, called “dialling;” not within the sphere of the labouring miner’s operations, he having only to follow the direction which is marked out for him, and which will bring him without guidance, as he appears to be operating, to the exact point which has been indicated.

* A bag in which he carries his dinner to the mine.

The employment of the miner is very liable to accident; he has not only to descend to his labour, and to ascend after it is over, every eight hours, but he has in many cases to traverse levels at a great depth below the surface before he reaches his place of work, shown in the annexed cut; and so deep are the mines, that it frequently costs an hour to reach the surface after his labour is done. Few have an idea of the magnitude of a Cornish mine of the more extensive kind; but some notion may be formed of the vastness of the workings, when we state that those of the Consolidated Mines alone extend sixty-three miles under ground, or 55,000 fathoms. The ascent and descent are by ladders, which were formerly perpendicular to the sides of the mine, and fifty feet long; but as the mines have been worked deeper the ladders have been shortened to half that length, and placed as slopingly as possible, to ease the miner, whose weight is thus rendered more dependent upon his feet than it was before, and less upon his hands. At the foot of each ladder is a platform, called a sollar, with an opening or man-hole leading to the next ladder beneath, as shown in the following engraving, which exhibits the old mode of placing the ladders; in the new, that which the man is represented as ascending should have been drawn out, and the man-hole and next ladder have been behind it. Perhaps the miner has not to descend a quarter of the way down the shaft before he comes to a level, which he must traverse to a winze, or short shaft, which leads him to a level that is beneath that, some portion of which he may have to traverse to a third level. In such a case, the ladder descent and ascent is rendered less fatiguing; but still it is sufficiently so in deep mines to make the action of the heart feeble and irregular on the miner's coming to the surface exhausted, finding too an atmosphere often of 30° or 40° of Fahrenheit, from a temperature beneath of 80° , in which great bodily exercise in the most disadvantageous positions has been used.* The younger portion of the miners are observed to be particularly distressed upon these occasions, both from want of habitude, and the propensity to travel up the ladders with too much celerity.†

* See Population and Diseases, at the end of this volume.

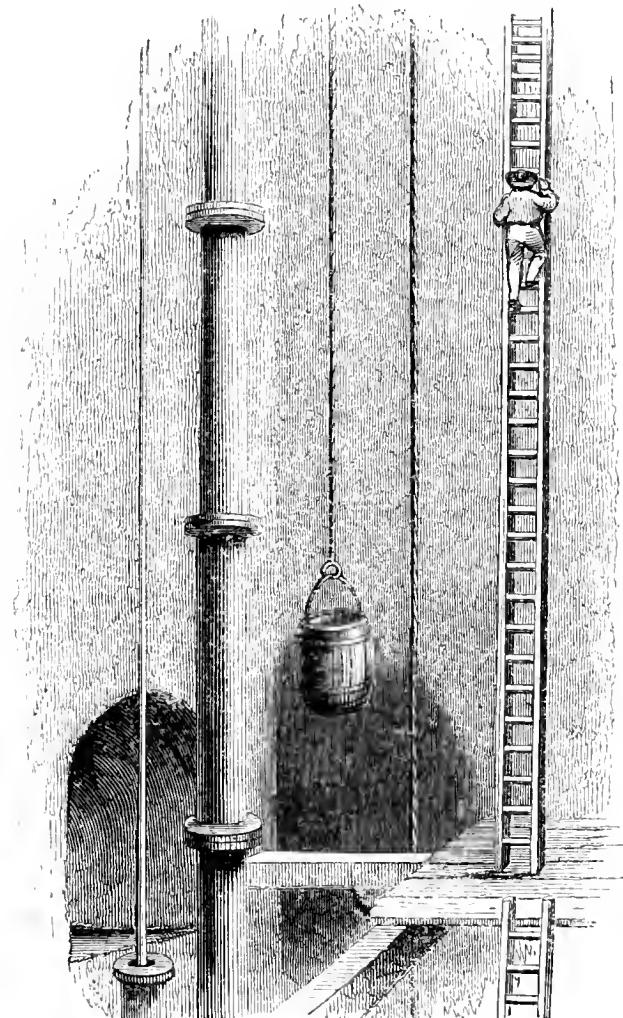
† Observations of Mr. Lanyon and Dr. Barham.

In this engraving, which exhibits the interior of a shaft, with the ladders, engine pumps, and kibbles, the last ascending and descending, some of the minor details are omitted, that the reader may have a more perfect idea of the whole. In general, the portion of the engine shaft where the kibbles pass is boarded

off from the rest to prevent accidents, by any portion of their contents falling out, or from their swinging by striking against the sides. The hollow on the left hand is given to exhibit the entrance to a level, or it may be an adit; in which latter case the pumps would probably discharge into it a portion of the water raised by the engine from what is called the "sump," or bottom of the engine shaft, while the rest is pumped up to the surface, or in the miner's phrase, "to grass."

The Cornish miner, it may be truly inferred, is, when equally devoid of advantages for improving his mind, a superior being to the agricultural labourer, who is ever little above the mill-horse in his nature. Like a machine, he goes through life, performing exactly the same thing from youth to old age, neither increasing, nor perhaps diminishing his scanty

stock of ideas. "Send us none of your rural labourers," says an American; "they can only do one thing—a ploughman, plough, and a carter drive a team. Half the year with us, a saw or axe must be used, and other occupations must fill up the time when husbandry is impracticable, and we can teach your rusties nothing of this; send us a mechanic, we can easily teach him to plough, harrow, and drive a cart, for that portion of time our climate demands such sort of work." The reason of this is, that the agricultural labourer is confined by habit to a set task; he cannot rise above his drudgery, being held in the meshes of a hopeless poverty, and above all never thrown in the progress of his business upon his own resources. The Cornish miner is the reverse of this; he is perpetually taking a new "pitch," in a new situation, where his own judgment must be called into action. His wages arise from contract, and are not the stinted recompense of emancipated

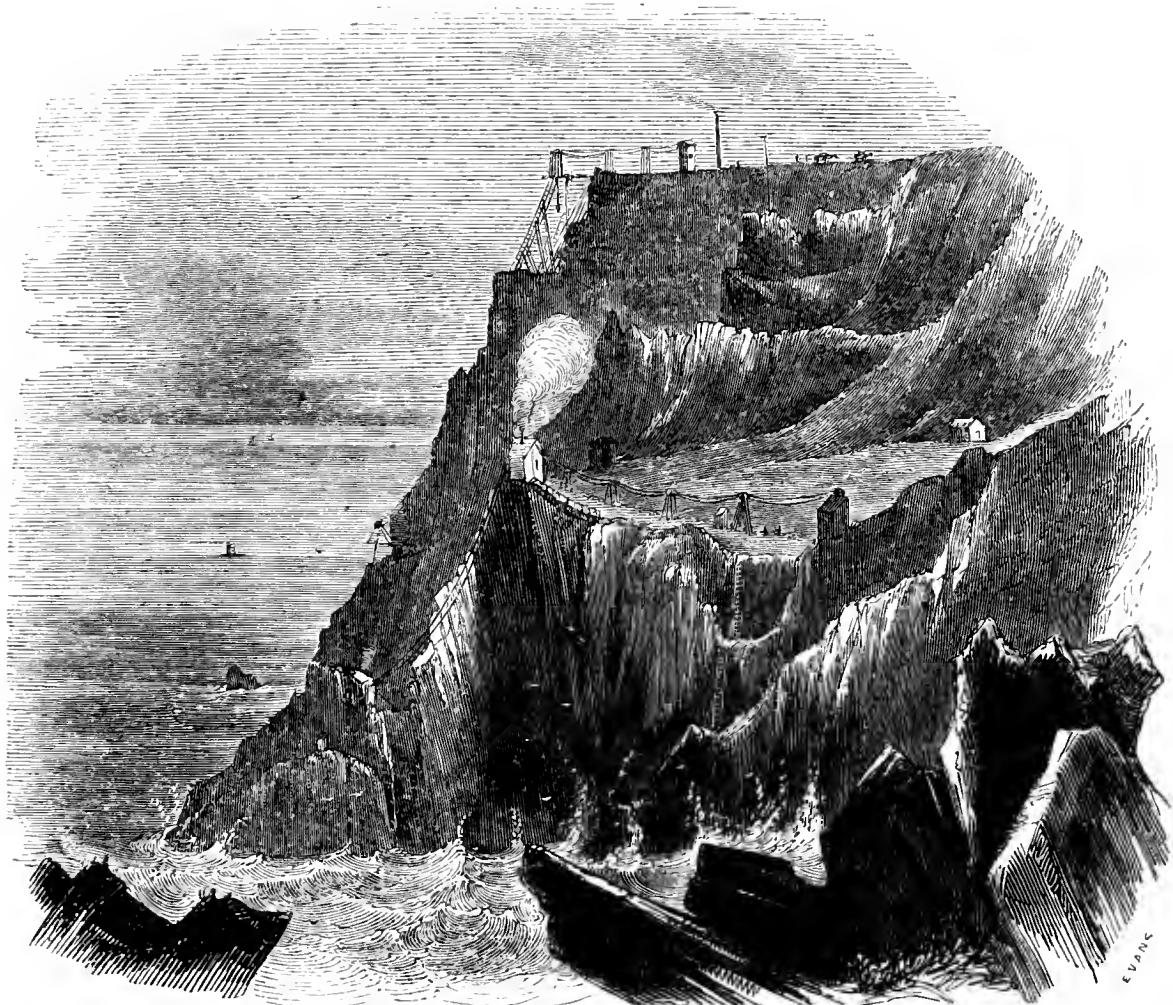


serfship. Upon emerging from the bowels of the earth, the miner goes into the “changing house,” or place appointed for the purpose, washes, and takes off his woollen working dress; then, if the mine was not deep, and his labour too great, on repairing to his cottage, he cultivates his aere or two of ground, which he obtains on lease, upon easy terms, from the heathy downs, for three lives, at a few shillings’ rent. There by degrees he has contrived to build a small cottage, often a good part of it with his own hand, the stone costing him nothing; or it may be he has only taken land for the growth of potatoes, to cultivate which he pares and burns the ground, and rents a cottage at fifty or sixty shillings a-year, with a right of turf fuel, which he cuts and prepares himself. Many miners have tolerable gardens, and some are able to do their own carpentry work, and near the coast others are expert fishermen. The fishermen themselves, a very sturdy and bold set of men, cultivate their own potato ground when on shore. In the mining districts of the west, about Camborne and Redruth, the ground is literally sown with cottages. In Cornwall the miners link together the different labouring classes; and the farm-labourer often imbibes, from mingling with the miners and fishermen, a spirit and acuteness akin to a sense of independence not observed in the rustic of other counties. The miner is generally possessed of personal courage in a very eminent degree. At least one-third of the crew of Captain Pellew’s (Lord Exmouth’s) ship, that fought the gallant action with the *Cleopatra* French frigate, the first naval action last war, were Cornish miners who had never been at sea in a ship before; and almost all on board were fellow-countymen of Pellew. Indeed, courage is required in many situations in which the miner is placed. Thus at Botallack mine,* represented on the other side, at the extreme west of the county, a few miles from the Land’s End, and close to Cape Cornwall, a shore lashed by the full fury of the Atlantic, the workings are upon the verge of the cliff, and, descending beneath the sea, are carried out 480 feet beyond low-water mark; and in some places not eighteen feet is left between the workings and the sea. At every flux and reflux of the tide, the waves are heard breaking in thunder over head; wonderfully high as they run, and tremendously loud as they roar, from over an ocean hundreds of leagues broad; the large pieces of stone rolled backward and forward on the beach during a storm can be distinctly heard above grating “harsh thunder.” Several parts of the lode being rich, were followed to within a few feet of the water, when in stormy weather the noise became so tremendous that the miners, intrepid as they are, deserted their labour once or twice, lest the sea should break in upon them. The nature of the work of the Cornish miner may be further estimated from the fact of the shafts alone of one mine being together twenty miles in depth beneath the surface, and some 1652 feet deep, or nearly five times the height of St. Paul’s from the cross to the ground.† The “Great Adit,” cut from side to side of the county, measures more than thirty miles, including its

* See also page 174—“Botallack mine.”

† Or 340 feet.

branches; and in some parts it is 400 feet below the surface of the ground. The largest branch of this adit is five and a half miles, and it opens into the sea above high water mark at Restronget Creek. This is tunnelling of some character, and evinces abundantly the perseverance, ingenuity, and hazardous nature of these undertakings, as well as the character of those who plan and carry them into effect.*



The Botallack mine at St. Just, here represented, is not the only stupendous

* A Cornish miner can work in a level 600 feet from a shaft without inconvenience, owing to the good ventilation; but they have been known, notwithstanding, to lose 5 lb. or 6 lb. at a single "spell" of labour from perspiration, at the bottom of a deep mine, where the temperature is often nearer 90° than 80°. There is a fund provided at every mine for medical assistance. Out of 1,101 working miners Mr. Lanyon found the average age 31, and the average time employed 16 years and two months. There were only 14 from 60 to 70, and one who was 70; no less than 952 were under 50 years. Of 147 agricultural labourers he found the average 47 years, and they had worked double the average time of the miners. Mr. Lanyon states that in the returns of deaths, the longevity of miners is found the greater from the diseases which they contract, causing many of their last years to be spent in suffering. It would appear that the *Polytechnic Society*, a very useful institution, holding its meetings at Falmouth, has had under consideration a method of introducing machinery for descending into mines, and thus obviating one great cause of disease among this class of men.

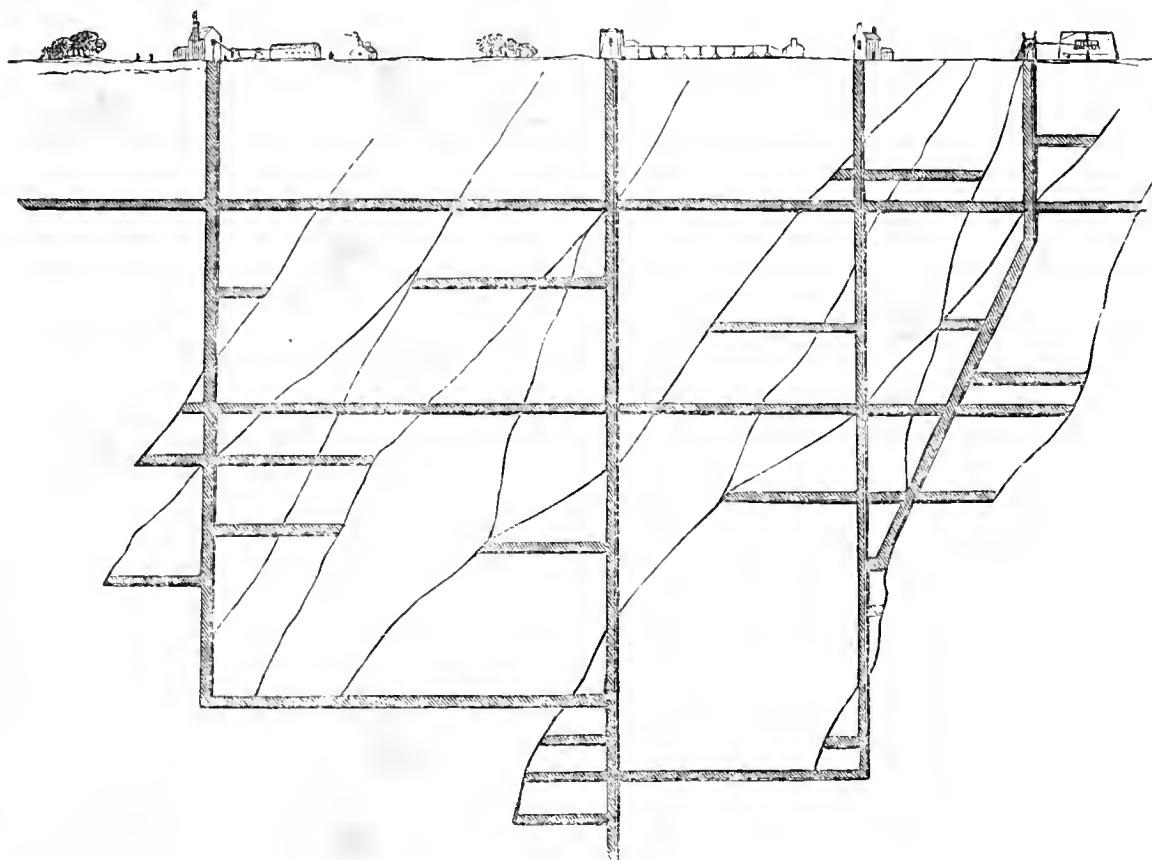
undertaking a part of the workings of which Cornwall exhibits, or has exhibited, above ground. We have mentioned the Carelaze tin mine,* worked for 400 years open to the day. Near Penzance there was an extraordinary undertaking, called the Wherry mine, of which the mouth opened in the sea; the mine was commenced 720 feet from the shore, and the miners worked 100 feet beneath. A steam engine was erected on the shore, which communicated by rods with the shaft, and so pumped up the water. The rods passed by the side of a platform, or wherry, tilted upon piles. A vessel, in a storm, was once driven against the platform, and carried away a portion of it. The upper part of the shaft consisted of a caisson, which rose twelve feet above the ocean level, and stood in the midst of the mound of rubbish excavated from the mine; the miners descending through the sea to their labour, the water continually dropping from the roof of the mine, and the roar of the waves being distinctly perceptible below. The undertaking was adventurous beyond example, and was ultimately given up from the expense exceeding the profit. The ore raised was tin, some of which was mingled with pyritous copper, and a portion of it was of very good quality.

We attired ourselves in a woollen dress, and putting on a large felt hat, and tying three or four candles to a button-hole, with another lighted in the hand, set our feet on the staves of the first ladder of the engine shaft, not afraid, and yet not without apprehension. On one side, over the dark unknown vacuity beneath, in which a double row of iron pumps were lost in the gloom, every instant bowed the huge beam of the steam engine, and then it rose, straining at the deluge of water it lifted. On the other side, through boards which admitted just light enough, at the foot of one or two ladders, to see them pass, uprose the loaded kibble, as its companion descended, so that we were between two shafts descending from stage to stage. Very quickly losing sight of day, we had only the dimness of our candles wherewith to contemplate the gloomy abyss on our left, as we descended. The German who committed suicide, said he was going "to leap into darkness;" he might have found here a reality for his metaphor; here was palpable darkness, and an abyss deep enough for relieving any anxiety about a return to the regions of day. Two or three ladders descended, almost perpendicular as they were, we craved a momentary halt on the platform, which a couple of sturdy miners who were with us readily yielded. We then went down ladder after ladder, until we fancied we were really getting to the antipodes, and, as the miners say, should "soon hear the cocks crowing in China," when we were told we were not more than half way. "And what were we to see at the bottom?" We were answered, nothing more than what we saw there, except that we should see the end of the pumps in a basin of water, drained from all parts of the mine. What then did we come to see? was the question; and we were persuaded to descend directly no further, but to traverse the levels

upon the lode, which we did accordingly; entering galleries and descending shafts, until we formed a pretty good idea of the lone and solitary labour that man makes for himself in pursuit of riches, far from the light of the sun. In the levels we found endless passages, through which two persons can just squeeze by one another, with ugly trap-holes at the ends, leading to headlong destruction; the passages are six or seven feet high. The ore presents no very peculiar appearance; no glittering lights were reflected from the hollows whence the ore was extracting; but all seemed the colour of the rock around. The heat was intense, and the perspiration it produced violent. We toiled heavily to the surface, ladder after ladder; and at the foot of the last, thought of the expression of the native of Hindostan, to Mr. Vigne, on breathing the fresh cool air of Cabul, “*Sahib, sahib, a breath of this would be worth a lac of rupees in Hindostan!*” The appearance of day, and the cool air, was an enjoyment impossible to describe. After this, so short lived are human recollections of what is painful or disagreeable, we made a second descent, in a kibble, to view a lead mine; and here in one of the levels we got a perfect idea of the way in which that species of ore lies in the earth; it was galena, and glittered with great brilliancy in the storhouse of nature, from which it was about to be disengaged, to face the blazing orb of day on the house-top, or carry death to the fellow-creature of him who had despatched it to the upper world for that mischief. The following is a section of a mine, exhibiting the mode of working below the surface. The perpendicular lines are shafts, with the engines above them; one is a *whim* shaft,* principally used for drawing up stuff; the single lines are veins of ore. The engraving is upon a very small scale, representing a transverse section of the works; as it would require a very large map to exhibit in full the shafts, levels, and workings, upon the lodes of

* *Whims*, are drums, generally moved by horse or steam power, round which the ropes run that draw up the kibbles, which, when filled, weigh from 550lbs. to 1,200lbs. We add some other terms: *duty*, is the amount of work done by the steam-engine; *dip* of the lode, is the inclination of the angle it makes with the horizon; *eyes* of the mine, are ores left untouched until the mine is about to be abandoned; *bal*, is spoken of that part of a mine which is on the surface; the *purser* is the chief officer of the mine, who pays and receives all monies; *grass-captains*, are captains above ground, in distinction from those who regulate business below; *bucking* and *cobbing*, are breaking up copper ore for dressing; *gossan*, is the stone or stuff which may envelope the ore in the lode, constituting a good part of the filling up; *fleukan*, a flaw, a term for having cut out of the lode; “*working for discovery*,” a great improvement, adopted in profitable mines, by laying out a portion of the proceeds in working for lodes or branches of ore in new directions, being a continued system of exploration from existing levels, generally rewarded with success, and sometimes richly so. This system is pursued most scientifically at the Fowey Consols mine, which is perhaps the most admirably conducted and systematized of any other in existence, and returns a steady profit of about 15,000*l.* per annum. The unproductive stuff or rubbish in a mine is called *attle*, or the *dead*s. A mine set to work again after abandonment is said to be *in fork*; the *country*, means the earth or ground on all sides of a mine; *doles*, are shares in mining adventures; *setting*, is the right of working ground for ores *set* or granted by the lord of the soil, or the bounder; the *dish*, was formerly the name of a gallon by which block tin was measured; it was subsequently applied to the share or dole which is the due of the owner of the soil, called “*the lord’s dish*.”

a large mine; and they would in such a case only be more multiplied than they are here, and consequently appear more confused to those unaccustomed to the subject. The first dark line across is an adit, which carries off the water above that level; the miners reckon the depths from the adit, because the surface of the ground is not level, and the shafts are distant from each other. Into this adit the engine discharges all the water beneath it not required at the surface.



As there are four great outbreaks or islands of granite in Cornwall, so the mineral treasures of the county may be arranged in four divisions, all either upon these granite islands, or on their borders. Of these, the easternmost, to which the mines near Callington may be said to belong, are the least important. The St. Austle district, to the eastward of Truro, is a very productive portion of the county, but is far exceeded by the mines in the third division, upon and around the granite west of Truro, which are found in the parishes of Redruth, St. Agnes, Gwenap, and Camborne. The fourth division, which includes the county from St. Hilary to the Land's End, and the mines near the shores of Mount's Bay, towards the Lizard, is perhaps the oldest, and is also the most productive in the county after the last mentioned. It adjoins St. Michael's Mount, the ancient Ictis, for no other place in Cornwall answers the description conveyed: in the words of Diodorus, "those who live at the extreme end of Britain, called Belerium,"* are remarkably hospi-

* Or Bolerium—Βελεριον.

table, and, on account of their intercourse with foreign merchants, courteous in their manner. They prepare the tin by properly working the ground that produces it, which, being rocky, contains earthy fissures, the produce whereof they purify by working and melting. When they have cut it into pieces, in the form of dice, they carry it to a certain island lying off the coast called Ictis. At the ebb of the sea, the intermediate space being dry, they carry thither a great quantity of tin in carts;” he adds, “here the merchants buy it of the natives, and carry it into Gaul.” In corroboration of this account, blocks of tin, of a cubical form, have been found near old stream workings.*

The tin mines of Cornwall were not very productive in the reign of King John, who, being Earl of Cornwall, engrossed the trade, which he afterwards farmed to Jews.† The profits became more considerable, until Edward I. banished the Jews from the county; soon afterwards the tinners had a charter granted by King John confirmed to them. Stannary ‡ meetings were held, and towns appointed for coinage, and due authority was conferred upon the Stannary Courts, which privileges were afterwards enlarged and confirmed by Queen Elizabeth.§ At the close of the maiden reign tin was searched for successfully, both in stream works and in lodes; and the practice of “shoding” was conducted much as Borlase describes it in his time. The commencement of a working was attained by the association of several persons together, answering to modern adventurers.|| Captains were appointed over the work and workmen, who superintended the timbering of the mine, and the pumps. The labour is represented as very severe. They went to the depth of thirty or forty fathoms, and drew the miners up in a rope stirrup. A good workman is described as then scarcely able to hew “three feet in three weeks.” They drained the mine by pumps, wheels, and adits. The mode of preparing and stamping the tin ore was very similar to that now in use. The raising of copper and other metallic ores had little place in the county until the commencement of the seventeenth century, although they were raised before that period in quantities comparatively inconsiderable, being thought of little moment compared to tin, and then only in mines opened for this last metal.

The mode formerly in use for finding a “lode,” by which term in Cornwall is understood the contents of a fissure in the strata, in other places called a “vein,” whether the vein consist of clay or mineral substances between the

* Borlase gives an engraving of some of these blocks.

† In the reign of King John, the tin farm of Cornwall had fallen to the value of 66*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, while that of Devon reached 100*l.* per annum. In 1213 the farm to the Earl of Cornwall was 200 marks only for Cornwall, and 200*l.* for Devon. In 1820 the dues to the Duke of Cornwall for tin were, for Cornwall, 11,080*l.*, for Devonshire, 45*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.*; or, for the entire duchy, 11,125*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.*

‡ From *stean*, old Cornish for tin; perhaps from the Latin, *stannum*.

§ An act was passed, 6 & 7 Will. IV. c. 106, by which the ancient Stannary Courts have been remodelled. The Vice-Warden is to be a barrister of five years’ standing, with an appeal from him to the Lord Warden and to the House of Lords.

|| The scrip system has been introduced of late years, but with little real advantage.

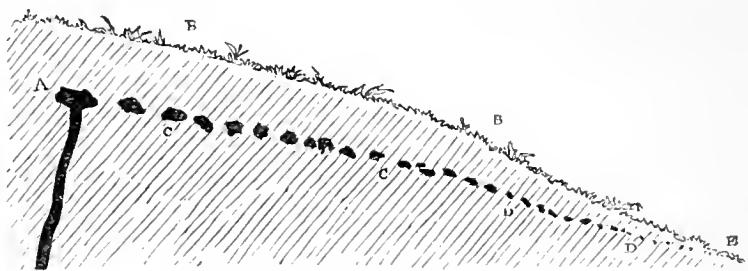
walls of such fissure or chink, was clever and scientific. Of the walls or sides thus bounding a lode, one may be hard and the other soft, or both may be of one substance, as if it had been cracked asunder, and filled up with the lode; but generally the sides are harder than the matter of which the lode itself consists. Sometimes they are perpendicular, but more frequently they incline with no uniform direction; and sometimes, though rarely, they run horizontally a certain distance, and are then called "floors." The fissures enclosing the lodes are of various lengths and breadths, but the course of the larger—the smaller, in many cases, seem to constitute branches which ramify into those still smaller, and end in mere threads, all which are thus really dependent on the larger, joining the main fissure at right angles—the course of the larger is generally east and west, though there are some that have a north and south direction, but in neither case directed exactly to those quarters of the compass; their depth is unknown, no lode of moment having ever been cut out, being given up from expense in working. The fissures, and consequently the lodes they contain,—we shall in future use the latter term alone,—whatever may be their direction, run in an irregular wavy line, curving here and there, and alternately deviating from and recovering a right course, the curves generally greater when the lode crosses a valley.* The summit of the lode—the reader will imagine the vegetable earth removed—consists of loose stones, called "shodes," which, on the side of a hill, have been dispersed uniformly in a downward direction, the smallest being the furthest removed from the lode, and carrying a rounded appearance.

"Lode" comes from "lead," because it leads to the mineral substance sought within it, and found in different parts of its substance, whether clay, stone, or any other mineral matter; but generally the greater part of the lode partakes of the nature of the adjoining strata, though this is far from being a rule.

The top of the lode once within the fissure, consisting of broken stones, part of the lode itself, distributed, as if driven down the side of the hill by some deranging force, is called the "broil of the lode," and is generally covered by the soil. It is found undisturbed, resting on and forming the termination of the lode itself when stiff clay is present, which, rising above the sides of the fissure, and preventing its dissipation, retains it over the parent lode; but this is not commonly the case. On level grounds the broil lies near the lode, scarcely scattered any distance. On a declivity, the steeper it may be the further down are the stones composing the broil found; the smallest the furthest off, the largest retained nearest the lode, and deepest in the surface of the ground, and multiplying as the lode is approached. They differ from the stones of the soil where they rest, both in colour and form, having their angles abraded, the more as they are further from the lode. The following sketch will give a correct idea of a lode, its broil, and shodes. Here the head

* Borlasc.

of the lode A is shown beneath the vegetative surface of the soil B B; the broil c c c, growing larger and deeper as it approaches the head of the lode A. Becoming at D D shallower as it approaches the surface at E, as well as smaller, it there becomes discoverable just beneath or above the roots of the herbage.



Pits, a few feet deep, called "shodding shafts," are sunk over some breadth of ground at E in the above diagram, and are repeated at varying distances up the hill, as the shodes, or stones of the broil, or head of the lode, increase in size, until at length the lode itself is found. The shodes sometimes contain no ore at all, and are seldom so well impregnated as the lode they cover, which is itself not equally impregnated, and sometimes is wholly barren. The smaller the lode the better it is impregnated; some are not more than a foot wide, others are two, and some from six to twenty; their length often from two to six miles. Lodes consist of both hard and soft stone, and ore is found equally in both; but in the last more scattered than in the first. Lodes, we have before observed, generally dip or incline, but in no uniform manner; they are also found fractured and shifted, so that the miner loses the vein by encountering what some call a "fault," the effect of a violent terrene convulsion, which is speedily recovered by driving in the direction experience dictates when a lode is thus "heaved," or "started," as they term it.* The art of shodding is now in a great measure neglected.†

The metal for which Cornwall is most celebrated is tin; and the lode being found, a mine is opened, which will be found to contain, perhaps, both tin and copper, the latter lying deepest. Besides being discovered in perpendicular or inclined lodes, tin is found in horizontal layers, sometimes extending from the lode itself. These floors are considered very dangerous, the strongest wooden supports commonly used being apt to give way and bury the miners, as happened, according to Borlase, in Lennant, where all under ground, and all above, within the fatal circle, perished. Tin ore is discovered in bunches and spots in the body of the stone, without the slightest fissure or intersection, or else it may intersect the stone like veins in marble. The purest is found in

* It is almost always recovered by working to the right; the fractured end of one lode was lost for forty years and then recovered,—a solitary case.

† There are few, it appears, who practise shodding at present. The mode adopted to find a lode is by exploring cliffs or rents in the soil; by arsenical impregnations discovered on burning the soil for agricultural purposes; by sinking a small shaft where the *gossan*, or substance of a lode, is accidentally discovered; and by certain appearances, often fallacious, which present themselves to the miner, and afford, in his opinion, the chance of success. The larger and more important Cornish mines now open, except those near Fowey, are works of old date, which the want of powerful machinery and an improved system of mining prevented from being adequately worked.

what are called stream works, being among the alluvial deposits from the hills, through which a stream generally takes its course, the soil being washed, and the tin picked out. The principal stream works are at St. Stephens in Brannel, St. Ewe, St. Blazey, and at Carnon, between Truro and Falmouth. Here the tin is found in the shape of pebbles, or small stones, evidently the washings down of the hills, at some time immemorial; and these supply the richest and best tin, while from these stream works gold in grains is frequently extracted.*

In the stream works human remains have been found in unbroken alluvial soil among wood, leaves, nuts, and remains of animals, fifty-three feet beneath the mud and sand; and at Pentuan, forty feet beneath similar accumulations, with the remains of deer, oxen, and whales.

The tin ore is separated by stamping and washing from all extraneous substances, and is then carried to the smelting-house, where it is cast into blocks, and delivered ready for the merchant. The stamping mill consists of upright beams of wood, shod each with a square block of two hundred weight of iron, which, lifted by cogs in the barrel of a water wheel, fall upon the tin stone alternately, crushing it small. The "stamps" are continually fed from a hatch, or species of hopper, at the back, into which water is introduced; while in front, by means of a perforated plate of iron, the tin, stamped sufficiently fine, passes out, and falls into a hollow, which when full is emptied, the upper part being the richest in ore, and carried to be "buddled." This last operation takes place in a pit, about seven feet long, three wide, and two deep, at the head of which is a small inclined board, called the "jigging board," upon which the pulverized ore is placed in ridges, in the course of a small stream of water, brought to run evenly over it, while the "buddler," as one portion is washed down, supplies a fresh quantity, at the same time moving his feet, on which he wears wooden clogs for the purpose, over the surface of what has been carried down, that the lighter particles may be borne to the lower part of the pit. The ore is afterwards placed in a large vat, or "keeve," half filled with water, which is kept continually stirred, the ore being introduced by degrees, while the sides of the vat are struck by boys, until the heaviest part has settled hard, when the impure water is taken away, and several other manipulations employed to obtain a still greater degree of freedom from extraneous matter. Arsenical substances, iron pyrites, and sulphuret of copper in the ore, render the further process of "roasting" necessary, for

* The following is a section of the stream works of Par in St. Blazey:—

	Ft. In.
River deposit	1 6
Mud, sand, clay	7 0
Mud, clay, and vegetable matter	8 0
Fine sand, shells, like cockles, under pebbles	4 0
Mud, clay, sand, wood nuts, and mingled vegetable productions .	3 0
Tin ground resting upon slate, from 6 feet to 6 inches thick.	

which purpose it is exposed to the necessary degree of heat in a furnace constructed for the purpose, called the “roasting furnace.” After this, the ore is again buddled, and treated as before, and “trunked and framed,” which is but a more careful and exact method of buddling, frequently of late years performed by machinery, until further working will not repay cost. The ore is now ready for smelting, and is sampled for sale to the smelter, either by private contract, or at stated meetings for that purpose, called “ticketings.” In 1837 about 4105½ tons of tin ore were sold in the latter way, being that formerly adopted for copper alone, raised in seventy-two mines. The prices per ton varied from 58*l.* down to 28*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.*; total at ticketings, 190,721*l.* 4*s.* 11*d.*; sold by private contract, and coined by private adventurers, 172,601*l.* 11*s.* 5*d.*; giving a total value for tin ore that year of 363,322*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.** The average of the return for the Duchy may be about 395,000*l.* per annum. The tin ore being smelted, what is called grain tin, the produce of stream works, is most valued, as being purest; that from the ore is called block-tin, which last is subdivided into block-tin and refined tin, the latter being subjected to a process giving it greater purity than the former. The old mode of coinage on payment of the duty, which consisted of cutting a piece out of the corner of each block,† was abolished in 1838, together with the duties, which had been paid for six centuries, and a compensation in lieu of them given to the Duchy.

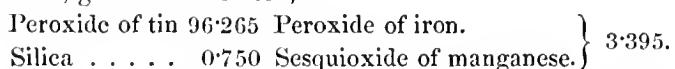
Copper, which was neglected until the commencement of the seventeenth century, and from which money was not coined until 1717, at present takes the lead in Cornish mining.‡ The value of the ores, upon the best authority, that of the great grandfather of the present Sir Charles Lemon, whose career

* De la Beche, p. 584.

† The blocks weighed each from 3·34 to 3·35 cwt. The produce of tin in Cornwall in 1780 was 19,022 blocks; in 1838, 29,321. About a nineteenth of the total produce was grain tin. The following is the result of the tin coinage of 1838 for the Duchy of Cornwall:—

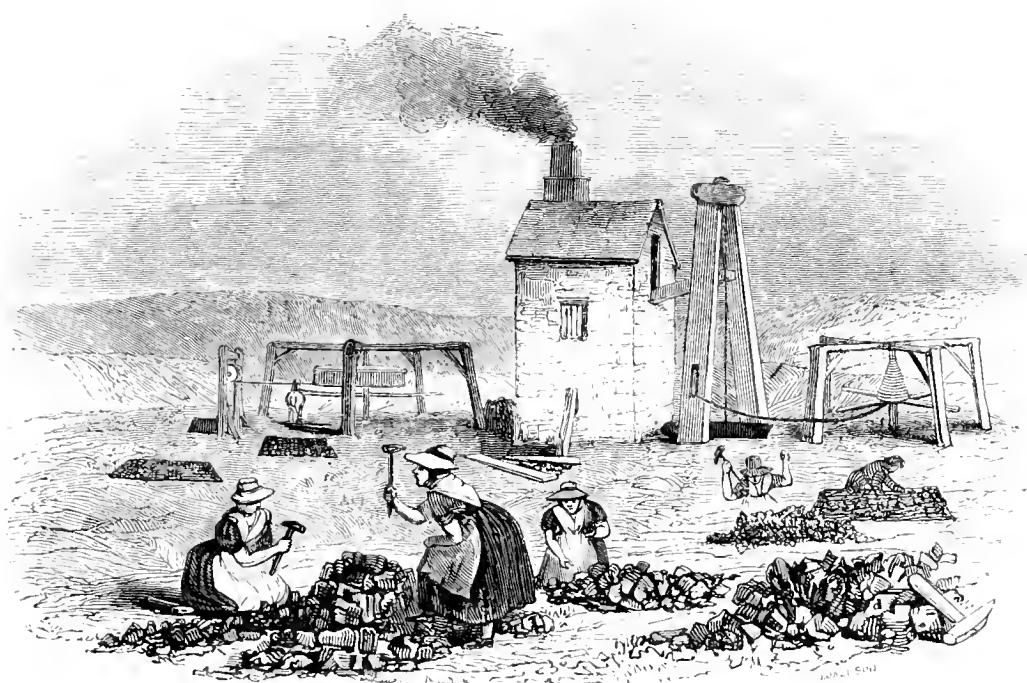
	Grain Tin.	Com. Tin.	Total.		
In the coinage town of Truro	1,345	8,952	10,297	blocks.	
” ” Penzance	12,423	12,423	”	Cornwall.	
” ” Hayle	118	5,334	5,452		”
” ” Calstock	”	393	393		”
” ” Morwelham	82	674	756	Devonshire.	

Tin ore is smelted with coals in a reverberatory furnace; charcoal was used until no more wood could be obtained. Blowing furnaces were also once used, but only one now remains at work in the county. Polberrou, a tin mine in the parish of St. Agnes, seems to have returned the richest ore, some not requiring to be dressed; one piece of ore weighing 664 lbs., and giving 11½ out of 20, without dressing; another piece from the same mine weighing 1,200 lbs. equally rich. The ores of tin found are tin pyrites in very small quantity, and the peroxide, varying in its constituent parts; one specimen, with a specific gravity of 6·945, gave Dr. Thomson,



‡ The total of copper ore raised in 1771 was 27,896 tons, which produced 12 per cent. of pure copper; in 1837, the number of tons was 142,785, producing 8½ per cent., arising from the improvements in smelting continually bringing lower priced ores into the market.

was an era in Cornish mining, did not yield, for fourteen years previous to 1758, more than 160,000*l.* per annum. And yet in 1757, Huel Virgin, now at work, produced in the first fortnight 5,700*l.*, with an outlay of 100*l.*; an example of good fortune perhaps never surpassed.* The copper ores are sold on certain days, called ticketing days, at Truro, Redruth, and Pool, upon which attend the agents for the ores to be sold, and those of eight or nine copper companies, who, having previously sampled the ores through their assay masters, purchase the whole that is for sale, which they transport to Wales for smelting; the vessels returning with coal for the mines. The prices of the ores differ according to their richness; some bringing 20*l.* per ton, and some only 40*s.* At one of these sales 3323 tons of ore may be sold, calculated to produce 266 tons 15 cwt. of fine copper; the amount of sale, 20,124*l.* 5*s.*; the standard being 109*l.* 14*s.* The whole of such a sale is so well and simply regulated, that the business is completed in an hour or two, although there may be fifty different qualities of ore sold, and all at different prices, the produce of a dozen different mines.



The copper ore is broken small, picked, dressed, and placed in heaps, at the mine, ready to remove, as seen in the above cut; and from each heap, classed.

* If we take the total value of copper raised in Cornwall at 910,000*l.*, the tin at 390,000*l.*, and other metals at 19,000*l.*, we shall have a total of 1,319,000*l.*; but this amount must necessarily fluctuate with the standard of value. The number of mines in which copper alone is found it is not easy to designate, as both tin and copper are raised in the same mines, and discoveries are continually taking place in this respect, which alter their character; a little time ago the number of copper mines was reckoned to be 85. Nor is it easy to calculate the aggregate profit and loss upon these mines, for if in one mine enormous profits are made, there are heavy losses on others. Large sums have been gained

according to the miner's judgment, the samples are taken and assayed, a reasonable time being given for the purpose. On the day appointed for the sale, the samplers attending produce a sealed ticket of the price they will give for ore ; and he whose ticket is highest takes the ore on the part of the copper company for whom he acts.

The lead mines of Cornwall are of little comparative moment, being few in number ; and the ore raised, though oftentimes the galena has been rich in silver, amounts to not more than 100 tons annually ; although from the middle of the sixteenth century to the middle of the eighteenth, some lead mines near Helston were worked to great advantage. The lead mine of Garras, near Truro, produced 100 ounces of silver to the ton of lead ; there were other mines that yielded forty or fifty ounces to the ton.

Silver has been raised in several mines opened for that metal alone ; as at Huel Herland, in Gwinear, which produced about 8000*l.* in native silver, arseniate, and sulphuret of silver. About 2000*l.* value was found in Dolcoath mine, in one year ; and at Huel Duchy and Huel Brothers, in the north of the county, native, ruby, and grey silver ores, as well as the sulphuret, were obtained ; as also in St. Mewan and Cubert. At Huel Mexico, horn silver and some rare varieties of ore were discovered ; but the profits of the silver mines of Cornwall have been too small to compete with the exhaustless stores of the other metallic substances it contains ; and capital is naturally directed where the largest gain is accessible.

Gold has only been found native in the tin stream works by the miners, who collect the grains in quills, and sell them to the jewellers. The largest piece found weighed 15 dwts. 3 grs. ; the total quantity is so small as to make it no object of mining adventure.

Manganese is principally raised near Launceston, generally the pyrolusite or grey and black ores ; the exact quantity it is not easy to ascertain. It has also been raised on Tregoss moors.*

and lost by mining. Huel Alfred, in Hayle, cleared 130,000*l.* ; Crinnis returned 84,000*l.* in a twelve-month clear gain ; and Huel Vor divided 10,000*l.* in three months. About 1760, Polgooth returned a profit of 20,000*l.* a-year, for several years ; and Polberrou, in St. Agnes, cleared 40,000*l.* in one year. On the other hand, the loss on North Downs alone has been estimated at 90,000*l.* That the aggregate of gain upon the whole of the mines together is very moderate, may naturally be presumed when the number of such adventures that fail is taken into account.

* Not to occupy space in the text with little more than a bare enumeration of names, we may add here to the other mineral substances above,—cobalt ; nickel ; bismuth ; antimony ; sulphuret of zinc, or calamine, literally thrown away ; iron, magnetic, hematite, pyrites, specular, menaccanite, spathose, near the Lizard, sub-carburet, brown, cuprous arseniate of, all the known crystallizations of the common sulphuret and arseniate, this metal occurring in more varied forms than any other found in the county ; the various mineral forms of tin and copper are some of them rare, and discovered nowhere else ; those of copper in one collection amount to a thousand varieties. The prevalent forms of copper are the bisulphuret ; sulphuret, called locally grey copper, with which tennantite is sometimes found ; arseniate and carbonate ; red oxide in varieties ; native, the largest mass ever found weighing 112 lb. ; phosphate, yellow ore, cubed ruby, green carbonate, blue ditto, olive copper ore, triple sulphuret—also wolfram, uranite, carbonate of lead, triple sulphuret of antimony and of lead, oxide of tin,

Iron ores in endless variety, both of kind and value, are generally left untouched, except what are wanted for foundries in the county; they occur in many different places; some few have been exported.

No one may open a mine in Cornwall where he pleases: leave must be obtained of the lord of the soil if the ground be enclosed; but if it be waste land, and no bounds are marked out upon it, the first step is to bound the spot, which any one may do by digging small pits at certain distances, within the limit of which he may work, or allow others to work, for ores. The lord of the soil receives a portion of the ores raised, varying from a sixth to an eighth of the value, in many cases amounting to a very large sum of money from land utterly unfit for any agricultural purpose. On commencing to work a mine, the water soon renders any secondary efforts to keep it dry of no avail; and it becomes necessary to have recourse to a steam engine for that purpose, and to all the auxiliaries which form a perfect mining establishment. These are of an extensive nature, involving a great expenditure, not less from the number of persons employed, than from the machinery used, and the different articles in constant consumption. It appears that the number of individuals actually employed at present upon the mines of Cornwall is little short of 28,000 or 30,000; and that the number of men, women, and children, varies from a total of only half a dozen to 3000 and upwards on a single mine. Thus the Consolidated Mines employ 1730 men, 869 women, and 597 children; total, 3196; and the Fowey Consols a total of 1706; Cook's Kitchen employs but 247; Huel Prosper, 14; and West Cliff Down, 6. Nor is it easy to calculate the number of mines; but Sir Charles Lemon has given a list of 160, employing about 27,000 persons.

In the earlier days of mining, water wheels were generally used for the purpose of pumping; but water was not always to be had, near or far, if the cost that might be expended to bring it from a distance were of no moment. Many mines were situated upon hills, and water could not be made serviceable above its own level. Horse-power was frequently used, and gangs of men, who relieved each other spell and spell; but all were inadequate to the

muriate of tin, sulphuret of tin, known only in this county; wood tin the same; copper and lead in cubes, arseniate of lead in prisms of six sides, sulphuret of tin and copper blended, tetraedal crystals of sulphuret of zinc; tungsten only at Pengelly in Breage, though its ferriferous oxide, or wolfram, is more common; oxide of uranium in uran-glimmer, titanium; crystallized carbonate and phosphate of lead in combination with sulphuric acid in crystals; a very rare species of arseniate of lead; braunite, psilomelite, bisilicate of manganese; purple copper ore, arborescent native copper, hydrous oxide of iron, epidote, clorite, axinite, calcedony of many varieties, jasper, jaspery iron ore, arragonite, prehnite, stilbite, zeolite, apatite, radiated mesotype, pinite, plumbago, antimony and lead; sulphuret of tin-fluor spar and wolfram; mica crystallized in tables; topazes in greenish or whitish crystals; carbonate of copper and tin crystals; rock crystals, the same grouped; amethystine quartz, and common ditto; asbestos actynolite, stalactical calcedony, adularia, crystallized apatite, wavellite, cubic and with bevelled edges, and octohedral crystals of fluor, or fluat of lime, carbonate and ferriferous carbonate of lime, the last scarce. These and other mineralogical substances, ever varying in form and colour, are arranged as they occur, indiscriminately.

purpose, even at a very limited depth from the surface. At what time Newcomen's steam engine was introduced is uncertain, but it constituted an era in mining, until it gave place to Watt's engine, about 1780, which caused a vast saving of fuel. Watt's engine, and that of Hornblower with double cylinders, which appeared and were adopted in the Cornish mines about the same period, are no longer used, having given place to greater improvements by Woolf, Trevithick, and others. Watt's engines, singularly enough, while they effected a vast saving in fuel, a great object of the miners, did not show a proportional increase of power; for in 1798 not one of his engines reported to a committee, who sat to examine the subject, did more duty than one of Newcomen's erected by Smeaton in 1775, and did not permit the mine to be deepened. Hornblower's father came into the county as a builder of Newcomen's engines, about 1744, and was residing at Polgooth in 1749, and the son took out a patent in 1781, for working steam expansively in a double cylinder. Watt did the same to apply it to his engines; but both were too much afraid of high pressure steam, to risk it with the boilers of that day.* Engines are now manufactured far better than they could be made in those days; resistances are reduced, the powers are enlarged, the air pump is less burdened from steam, the double beat valves of Hornblower being introduced, by which high pressure steam is easily managed; a pressure of 3000 lb. being reduced to 800, by the steam pressure acting on the plating of the circumference, and not on the entire valve.† Woolf introduced high pressure steam, worked expansively in an engine like Hornblower's, about 1816, and beat all competitors until 1827; when Trevithick's boilers being introduced, high pressure steam was used in single cylinder engines; and further improvements being effected, the present superior engines were constructed.

We are thus minute because we shall presently state the enormous power and duty of the existing steam engines of Cornwall, of which so little is known out of the county, and which have no parallel elsewhere. Thus the reader sees accounts of the wonderful works of the steam engine in Lancashire and Birmingham, and imagines naturally enough that a beautiful engine adapted by Watt to a manufacturing purpose is repeated in Cornwall, or that the engines seen in the coal mines of Staffordshire and Lancashire are precisely the same; never was there a greater mistake. The power, magnitude, duty, and, in many cases, the construction, are very different. The worst engines now reported in Cornwall reach the average duty of Watt's four best working there in 1798, and are of less bulk; and these engines are now manufactured in the county.

At Wigan in Lancashire there are about 115 engines, with a power of 2113 horses, a power not more than equal to two Cornish engines. In order, therefore, to give an idea of one of these enormous machines, we quote an account

* De la Beche, from Mr. Enys.

† Mr. Enys.

of one at the Consolidated Mines, constructed by a Cornish engineer, Mr. Davey, and pumping directly from a depth to the adit of 1600 feet; the weight of the pumping apparatus being 507 tons 1 qr.; the cost, 5236*l.* It burned 2859 bushels only, or 120 tons, of coal in thirty days,* and made in that time 269,200 lifts of 8.75 feet in the shaft; pumping up the 1600 feet, thirty-three and a half gallons each lift, and discharging them at the adit, and delivering forty-five gallons more to the surface at each stroke; to effect which a weight of more than 300 tons is set in motion and balanced, except the weight of the column of water in the shaft, which last weighs 38 tons 3 cwt. The main pump rod is 290 fathoms, or 1740 feet long; formed for 390 feet of two twelve-inch squares of Riga balk timber, each piece from fifty to seventy feet long, and afterwards of fifteen-inch, decreasing to fourteen and twelve in descending the mine; the whole in its height, more than *one-third of a mile* perpendicular, connected by iron straps, and kept in a proper place by forty guides fixed to the sides of the shaft. Here is a Cyclopæan engine, almost without parallel in the history of machinery. The steam pressure on the piston is eighty tons, diminishing to eighteen at the end of the stroke; and the leverage of the main beam balancing the friction, or resistance of the engine, the above steam pressure overcomes the resistance in the pit, and elevates the load of thirty-eight tons every lift. In Cornwall, nearly thirty years ago, there were engines of between 1000 and 1100 horse power. Even to an eye practised in machinery of magnitude, the first sight of one of these engines, and a due examination of the enormous power it wields, without noise,—as was observed by a London engineer, “with none of the noise and clash of a steam engine at the London water-works, and so easy to be managed, that a child of ten years of age may stop or set it working,”—is truly surprising.† Elsewhere the ingenuity of the steam engine may be contemplated, but the full development of its power is as yet only to be seen in Cornwall. Still further to evince the truth of this remark, we may add that a counter is kept locked, attached to each engine, which returns the work it performs, monthly; and the coals being measured from what have been consumed in that time, the result is published in what are called “duty papers.” In one case, at the Consolidated Mines, there is an engine of Mr. Taylor’s, with an eighty-five inch cylinder, having a load of 11.46 on the piston, a length of stroke in the

* One of Newcomen’s or Watt’s engines, where the mine was deep, pumped the water half way up, and a second engine lifted it to the surface. This arose from the fear already mentioned, on the part of Watt, as well as of Hornblower, with the engine of the latter, that the boilers of their time could not be trusted; for both were well aware of the principle of the present improvement. Newcomen’s engine worked at ninety fathoms. In 1798, Watt’s engine gave an average duty of seventeen and a half millions of pounds, at 200 fathoms, with a sixty-three inch double cylinder; the modern engines give fifty millions, at a depth of 290 fathoms, with single cylinders, and a consumption of coal in proportion less than Watt’s, whose saving in that respect was so great compared to Newcomen’s.

† De la Beche.

cylinder of 10·33, and of 7·75 in the pump, lifting 73,160,000 lb. a foot high, with the consumption of a bushel of coals. Some of the cylinders are ninety inch. Austen's Fowey Consols is a celebrated engine for duty, having an eighty-inch cylinder; 10·97 load on the piston, and the length of stroke in the pump 9·25 feet, lifting 87,065,000 lb. a foot high, by the consumption of one bushel of coals.* The greatest quantity of water discharged from any of the Cornish mines, per minute, in 1837, was from the United Mines in the month of March, 1634·49 imperial gallons; and from the Consolidated Mines, 1657·18 per minute. Sir Charles Lemon ascertained by the duty paper that the whole quantity of water pumped out of the earth by sixty Cornish engines in 1837, reached the amazing aggregate of just thirty-seven millions of tons!†

The expenditure of money for mining materials is great. The amount for gunpowder averages 13,200*l.* annually; the consumption being about 300 tons. The timber, Norwegian pine, averaging a growth of 120 years, would require 140 square miles of forest;‡ a drawback is allowed on the duties. The consumption of 1836 was 36,200 loads, or 144,800 trees. In 1836 the cost of timber imported was 176,000*l.*; the drawback on which was 82,000*l.*

The expenses of the Consolidated and United Mines for one year were 137,968*l.* 8*s.* 1*d.*; the receipt for ores of copper, tin, and arsenic, 164,925*l.* 7*s.* 5*d.*, leaving a profit of 26,956*l.* 19*s.* 4*d.* There was a loss on the United Mines of 10,680*l.* 19*s.* 2*d.*; both undertakings being carried on as one concern. The coals consumed were 15,270 tons; candles, 162,144 lb.; gunpowder, 82,000 lb.; 13,493 lb. of leather; pick and shovel handles, 16,698 dozen; and a vast quantity and variety of other articles. The total number of hands employed was 3196.

The rate of wages among the work-people at the mines depends upon the nature of the employment. Tributers, in the most extended mining district about Gwennap and Redruth, may average through the year about 68*s.* per month; tut workers, 57*s.* 2*d.*; and day labourers, 41*s.* Sometimes a tributer will make 90*s.* a month, or more, at others only 62*s.* or 63*s.*, as his profits vary from the character or quantity of the ores he may raise.

* It consumed 84 lb. of coals an hour. "This is a most splendid engine, and does greater duty than any other engine in Cornwall. The construction of the valves and other parts of the engine is so perfect, that, though its load was equal to about 51,000 lb., the hand gear might be worked by a boy of ten years of age, as far as strength was required. I worked it myself with perfect ease; whereas, although a load upon one of our engines of thirty-six inches cylinder is only about 12,000 lb., it requires not only a strong but also a weighty man to work it."

"I was very much struck with the ease with which the engine in question appeared to work; there was scarcely any noise; the greatest was that of the steam in its passage through the expansion valve. To one who had been used to the noise of the pumping engines in London, it appeared remarkable." —*Mr. Wickstead's Observations, Trans. Civil Engineers.*

† The enormous quantity of 43,500 hogsheads has been pumped up in twenty-four hours at one mine, Huel Abraham, from 1440 feet of depth.

‡ Sir Charles Lemon.

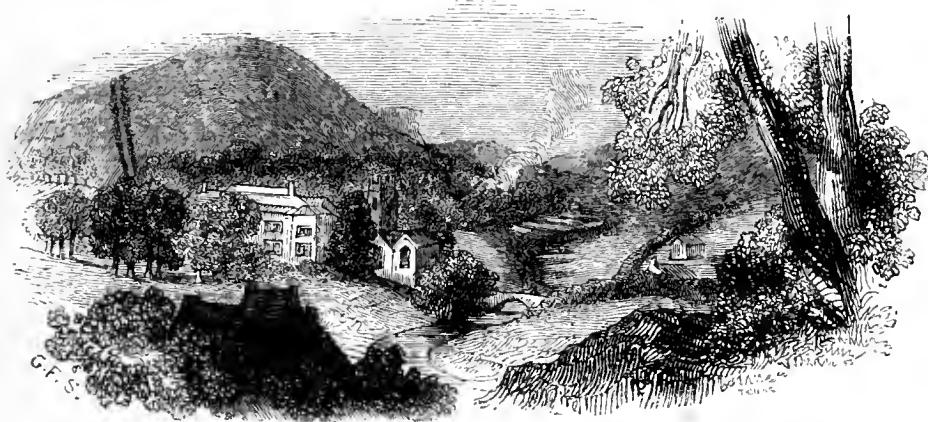
Proceeding from St. Agnes into the bordering parish of Kenwyn, towards Tregavethan, three large barrows are seen not far from the road ; and crossing the road from the westward, four more are discovered on the southern side. Tregavethan, or the grave-town, probably took its name from these tumuli; it contains a chapel and burying ground, used before the church of Kenwyn was erected. The three parishes of St. Allen, St. Erme, and Ladock, lie on the right hand of the road to Mitchel. In the first is Trerice, now belonging to Lord Falmouth, a seat of one of the younger branches of the Arundel family ; here, too, were the lead mines of Garras. There is a village in this parish called Zela, and an eminence named Tolcarne, or “the lofty rocks.” St. Erme contains the estates of Tregosa, Truthan, Trehane, and Killigrew, the last the original estate of the family of that name, afterwards resident at Arwenik, mortgaged by Sir John Killigrew in the reign of James I. to Mr. Mitchel of Truro, which town is about four miles distant. It is now the property of the Stephens family of Tregenna Castle. Polglaze, another estate of the same family here, was sold about the same time to Mr. J. Luxmore. The advowson of the living once belonged to the family of Wynne, and is now the property of E. W. S. Pendarves, Esq., member of parliament for the county. Ladock is principally remarkable for comprising one of the most beautiful valleys in Cornwall ; the church, situated on high ground, is a handsome edifice. The Rev. St. John Eliot, once the rector, left several charitable bequests for education, to different places in the county ; he died in 1760. Mitchel is a miserable hamlet in St. Enoder parish, which returned two members to parliament before the Reform Act, elected by five persons. Summercourt, Penhale, and Fraddon, are villages in this parish ; the former noted for its annual fair. The parish of Newlyn adjoins St. Enoder, in which there is an old manor called Cargol, and the more noted manor of Trerice, the property of John Arundel,* nicknamed “Tilbury,” and “John for the King,” who so bravely defended Pendennis Castle after he was eighty years of age ; he was with Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury, whence his name of “Old Tilbury ;” it is now, we believe, in the possession of a farmer. Here, too, was worked a rich silver and lead mine, by the late Sir Christopher Hawkins.

* He seems to have been a hard man, with little of the milk of human kindness, like some others of the king’s officers in the west, which did the royal cause much mischief. The Truro people would not suffer one of old Arundel’s daughters to land there in a boat, and she actually died on the river. The Arundels were exceptions to the kindness and civility shown by the gentry of Cornwall to each other during that contest. (See page 18.) John Arundel was so bitter, that Hals says he suppressed all natural affection. Colonel Hals, being immured in Lidford Castle, wrote to old Arundel, stating his sufferings, but he only got a verbal reply, that he, Arundel, would hasten his “deliverance, if possible, by a gallows execution.” Another proof of the ill conduct and unrestrained character of the king’s officers, new we believe to history, is shown by Hals in his Notes,—a friend to the royal cause as he was. When Sir W. Balfour, with several Cornish gentlemen, and 2500 horse, cut their way through the king’s army under General Goring, whose conduct in the west was so bad,—the infantry under the Earl of Essex were soon afterwards forced to capitulate, on condition of being disarmed and returning to their homes,—when this had taken place, and they passed before the king on Braddock Down.

Cubert, Crantock, St. Columb Minor, and Colan, lie northwards from Newlyn. Cubert contains a noted well, called Holy Well, situated on the sea-shore; rumour confers many virtues upon the water, which probably do not belong to it, but have grown out of some ancient superstition. It is on the left side of a hollow or cave in the rocks, appears to deposit a slight incrustation, and is perfectly limpid; it is only accessible at low tide. The church of Crantock is dedicated to St. Carantocus; there were secular canons there in the time of Edward the Confessor. An inlet of the sea, meeting a fresh-water stream called the Ganal, separates this parish from St. Columb Minor and Little Colan, the former being bounded by the sea; it has an inlet with a quay and a shelter for small vessels, called Newquay, where a considerable fishery is carried on. The church of St. Columb Minor is one of the best in the county, and was pewed, according to Hals, with black oak, in 1525. This parish and the district went in Doomsday Book under the name of Rialton, and it possessed certain royalty rights, by which it claimed, in the person of the bailiff, a jurisdiction over the whole hundred of Pydar. This name is supposed to have been derived from St. Peter, to whom or to St. Pedyr, as then spelled, there was a chapel dedicated, and probably used before the church was built; there are also some remains of the priory once existing here; they stand in a beautiful valley, and consist principally of the old gateway, with three windows over it; the arms of Prior Vivian, the founder, yet appear upon some of the stones. Sir John Munday, a Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Henry VIII., was sent down to be steward of the manor. In Colan, a small parish, which contains nothing remarkable, was anciently the seat of Cosworth, or Cosaworth, said to have been renowned for its woods, of which no vestiges remain. St. Denis, an adjoining parish, in the same presentation as St. Michael Carhayes, already described, together with St. Stephens in Brannel, present a rough surface everywhere turned inside out in search for tin. The church stands in miserable solitude upon an eminence. Mr. D. Gilbert observes that Robert Dunkin, who entered the list of controversy with the illustrious Milton, was a native of this parish. The four parishes of Mawgan, St. Columb Major, St. Wenn, and Withiel, run nearly from west to east, north of St. Denis. The first is bounded by the sea on the north, and by St. Columb Minor on the west. Here is the manor of Lanherne, originally the property of the family of Pincerna, and afterwards of the

they were "barbarously slaughtered and shot upon by the king's troops, so that many perished; others were stripped almost naked and robbed; others had their horses taken away; upon which Major-General Skippen, with undaunted courage, rode up to the king's troop, and told him personally of the injury and violence offered, and the slaughter of his men, contrary to the articles, which in such cases were kept inviolable by all nations and men, and therefore prayed the king to be just, and to prohibit these barbarities of his soldiers for the future, which the king commanded to be done." But his authority was little regarded; and his conduct produced a dreadful retaliation on the king's forces and adherents in other places.

Arundels, who became so celebrated in the county. Symon Pincerna, who was butler to Henry II., together with his male issue failing, one of the St. Ervan Arundels married his heiress in 1231, and obtained Lanherne. The Arundels were said to be derived from John de Arundel in the time of Henry I.; and the first public character of the family appears to have been John Arundel, Sheriff of Cornwall in 1418. In this parish, too, was the seat of the notorious Noy, or Noye, Attorney-General to Charles I., who set out as a great patriot in the House of Commons, until he exchanged his patriotism for the office of Attorney-General, and, "holding a brief on the opposite side," filled his pockets at the expense of his character; when, finding his advice gratefully received, he persuaded the king to levy ship money, send vessels to sea without consent of parliament, and to take other measures by which Charles effected his own ruin. The estate, once Noy's, is called Carnanton, and is now the property of the family of Willyams: a number of ancient coins have been found here, principally British.

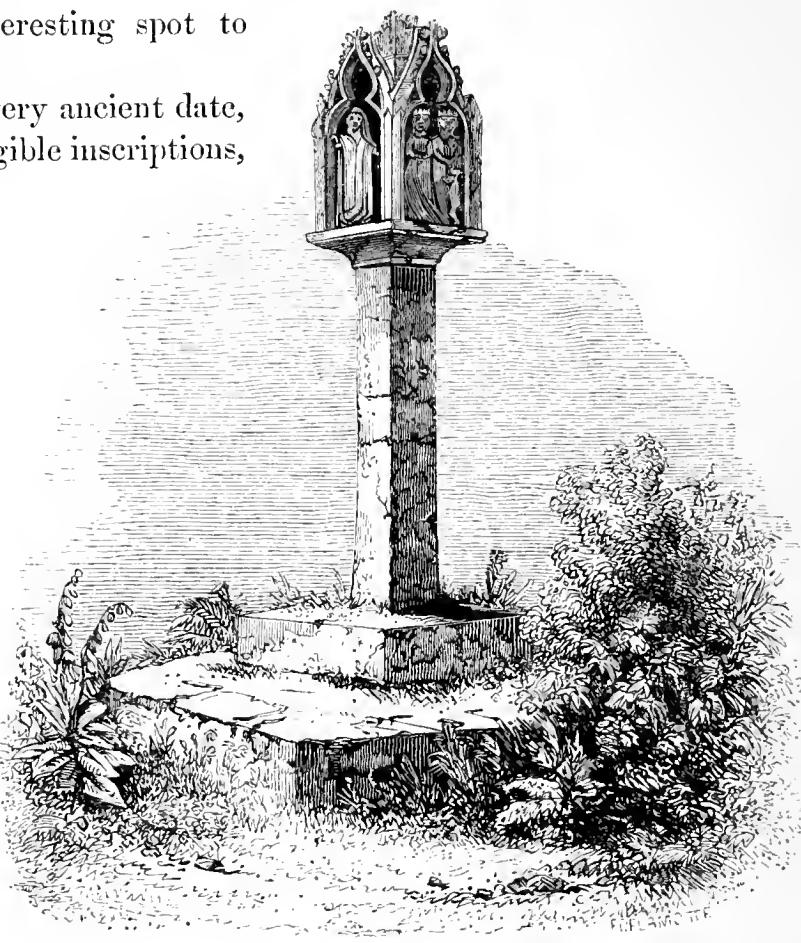


Lanherne, the seat of the "Great Arundels," as they were once called, whose race became extinct in 1701, is the property of Lord Arundel of Wardour. The estates were left to his grandson by the last Cornish Arundel, whose name was Billinge, upon condition of taking the name of Arundel; and Mr. Billinge had an only daughter, by marriage with whom the property came to Lord Arundel of Wardour. The church stands by a little river, over which there is a bridge. Hills interpose between the church and the ocean, which last is at no great distance, but concealed from the valley, although from one side of the hill it appears in great majesty. Close to the church is the ancient dwelling of the extinct Arundels, now occupied as a religious house of Carmelite nuns, that removed from Antwerp at the time of the French revolution, and have been protected here by Lord Arundel, who sold all the estates of the "Great Arundels" except Lanherne, above delineated, one of the most beautiful spots we ever saw. The nuns were almost all English women; and the antique character of the house, which possesses a pretty chapel, and several fine paintings, the neighbouring scenery aided by the parish church of Mawgan, which is hard by, together with the seclusion of the place, render

Lanherne a most interesting spot to the stranger.*

The church is of very ancient date, and contains many illegible inscriptions, together with some curious carving. In the church-yard is the annexed cross, which is in very good preservation, and represents royal personages, together with the figure of an angel and a serpent; but it is not possible to make out the subject, or to what end it was erected, unless as a votive memorial.

St. Columb Major is a considerable parish; the church of which, of very old



* We met with a poem here, by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, who was clergyman of the parish, descriptive of the scenery and nunnery in 1802; we give an extract:—

“ I MIGHT tell, in numbers soft,
For I thither ramble oft,
Pleased and flattered to be free
Of the sweet community;
And approved, repeat to fame
Every harmonizing name
Of the well-known vestal train,—
Tell how tenderest amongst these
Sighs the pensive HELOISE,
Fair as her of Paraclête,
Less, I trust, unfortunate;
ANGELA’s soft mien commend,
ANGELA, my chatty friend;
Blooming AUSTIN’s cherub face;
The reverend mother’s winning grace;
Or TERESA’s ancient smiles,
Who the weight of age beguiles,
Hers the tranquil vestal’s lot,
Long the scenes of life forgot;
Half a century she, immured,
Self-restriction hath endured,
And her jubilee, elate,
Kept in climaeteric state;

When the white rod graced her hand,
Blossoming as Aaron’s wand;
When each amaranthine flower
Decked her cell as Eva’s bower;
When the gay symbolic round,
Loeks of silver, twining, bound.
Oft the muser, passing by,
At the mansion casts his eye,
Grieved for the devoted host,
There to social freedom lost:
But the long-caged lark no more
Imps its pinions spread to soar;
And the linnet on the wire
Spends not long its idle ire;
Each renews its wonted song,
Not a silent captive long.
So the window, grated, barred,
Seems no more confinement hard,
When the heaven-directed mind
Feels its pinions unconfined,
And in unimpassioned tone
Knows not solitude alone.”

date, was much injured by an explosion from the “parish stores” of gunpowder, placed in the rood-loft in 1676 ; and in 1690 the steeple was destroyed by lightning. It contains a bust of Robert Hoblyn, Esq. of Nanswhyden, whose fine mansion stands a burnt-out wreck not far from the road. St. Columb had formerly a college of Augustine monks, and four free chapels are said to have stood here in early times. The town is on an eminence, about four miles from the sea, on the high road from Truro to Wadebridge, having a good deal of cultivated land around. In this parish is Castle an Dinas, an ancient work, inclosing six acres of ground, built of turf and unhewn stones, with ruins, apparently of dwellings, within the rampart. It stands in a very commanding situation ; and not far from it a barrow of stone, called the Coyt, or a cromlech, is said to exist, or to have existed, with another stone, which bears the impression of King Arthur’s horses’ shoe, but we did not go in search of them. In this parish, also, we noticed a fine barrow, or tumulus, and the following upright stones,

called the “Nine Maids,” or in Cornish, “ *Naw Voz*,” pronounced



“naw whoorz,” the Nine Sisters. They occupy a straight line of about a hundred and five yards, and stand at nearly equal distances. Trewan, or Truan House, is a fine old granite building, erected in 1633, a seat of the Vyvyan family. It contains a drawing-room, curiously sculptured with passages from the Mosaic history. The whole is battlemented, and of a form almost unique in design, commanding a very fine prospect.

In St. Wenn parish, on the east, bordering upon St. Columb, was born Michael de Tregury, Archbishop of Dublin, before which he was President of the University of Caen, in Normandy, in the reign of Henry V.* Here, too, are the remains of another castle, called Damelsa, being a triple entrenchment of stones and earth, one within another. Withiel, which adjoins St. Wenn, is a parish containing nothing worthy of record ; and the same may be said of those of St. Ewen, St. Eval, and St. Merryn, or Merrin, which lie north of St. Columb towards the sea, except that St. Merryn had a church and well dedicated to St. Constantine. The church is in ruins, but the well is still to be seen : it had seats for the devotees to sit and wash themselves. There is a small pier in this parish for boats, and a seat of the Peter family, called Harlyn. Little Petherick, having a very pretty and secluded church-town, adjoins St. Issey on the shore of the Camel ; it had once a chapel, dedicated to St. Ide, or Ida,

* He died in 1471, and was buried in Dublin, with this epitaph :—

“ *Præsul Metropolis Michael hic Dublinensis
Marmore tumbatis, pro me Christum, flagitetus.*”

In his will he devised an oblation to St. Michael’s Mount by the hands of William Wyse. A list of his works may be found in Pits’ “ *De Illustribus Angliæ Scriptoribus*. ”

and possesses a village called Tregonnen. St. Breock, on the western* shore of the Camel, derives its name from an Irish saint, a Bishop of Armorica, and contains a moiety of the town of Wadebridge on the Camel; following which river a few miles near its mouth we arrived at Padstow, a market-town, standing on the western shore of the estuary, in a spot sheltered by hills, and having a very pleasing aspect. It is an ancient place, and was called Lodenick by the Cornish, and then Adelstow, from King Athelstan. Here St. Petroe, a Welshman, educated in Ireland, built an oratory, took up his abode about A.D. 560, and wrote a work "Of Solitary Life;" and here was born, in 1648, of an old family, Dean Prideaux, the well-known divine, author of the "Scripture Connection." The church is a handsome edifice, with a curious font,† and contains memorials to the Prideaux family, who have now assumed the name of Brune. A chapel to St. Sampson once stood here, built on the ruins of St. Petroe's monastery, destroyed by the Danes in 981. Upon the remains of the monastery stand at present the embattled house of the Prideauxs, called Padstow Place. There were anciently several other chapels near this town. The port is impeded by a sand bar, so that large ships cannot enter; but a considerable trade is carried on in vessels of moderate burthen. This was anciently a great resort of the Irish; and it is also a fishing town, by which it has realized considerable profits. Numerous sand-banks lie off the entrance, and the country on the opposite side of the estuary is greatly encumbered with blown sands. Padstow received one of the donations of the Rev. St. John Eliot for establishing a charity-school, and possesses several public institutions for the relief of the poor, together with Sunday and day-schools.

From Padstow we went a second time to Bodmin,‡ and, proceeding from thence to Launceston, over a road miserably dreary, entered the sister county by Poulton Bridge, and thus bade farewell to one of the more ancient, celebrated, and romantic portions of the British Isles.

* By mistake, in place of the western, St. Breock is stated at page 43 to be at the eastern end of the bridge.

† See page 103, font No. 3.

‡ We may be excused for referring to our paragraph respecting Bodmin (page 47), having been once the see of a western Bishop, grounded upon the authority of Whittaker. The present work can afford no space for antiquarian conjectures, but we are bound to retract our opinion thus expressed upon what we thought competent authority, having since seen the copy of the MS., No. 9381, in the British Museum, containing the four Gospels which once belonged to the church of St. Petroe, and is supposed to be of the date of the ninth century, printed by Mr. Davies Gilbert.



STATISTICAL RELATIONS OF CORNWALL.

DUCHY OFFICES, STANNARIES, PARLIAMENTARY REPRESENTATION, BOROUGH BOUNDARIES, GREAT LANDHOLDERS, ANCIENTLY AND AT PRESENT, PEERS, BARONETS, PRINCIPAL FAMILY RESIDENCES, ECCLESIASTICAL RELATIONS, STATISTICS.

WHEN speaking of the agriculture of Cornwall, at page 144, we noticed the proprietary of the duchy, created for Edward the Black Prince, in 1337, together with the extent of its ancient and present limits, the revenues from the manors and tin dues belonging to the king's eldest son, as Duke of Cornwall, by right of inheritance. The officers of the duchy consist of a vice-admiral, lord-warden of the stannaries, and steward of the duchy; his secretary; two vice-wardens, one for Cornwall, the other for Devon; a receiver-general, and his deputy; an auditor, and his deputy; a surveyor-general, and two deputies; an attorney-general; a constable of Launceston Castle; an assay master of tin; a comptroller of coinages; a deputy steward of the stannary courts for each county; four supervisors of blowing and smelting-houses; stewards of estates and revenues in Berks, Dorset, Surrey, and Somerset; seven deputy stewards of Cornwall and Devon, and three clerks in the office of the surveyor and auditor-general;* quite enough, it may be presumed, to take care of a revenue of 20,000*l.* per annum. The original charter of the stannaries, granted by Edward I., and confirmed by Edward III., is said to have been lost or destroyed at Lostwithiel, in the wars of Charles I. The miners were by this charter exempt from all jurisdiction except that of the stannary courts, save in such cases as might affect land, life, or limb. The appeal from the lord-warden, or his courts, lay to the duke, or king in council. The vice-warden's court is now commonly held once a month, and decides all matters between tinners relative to mining, and no writ of error lies from it to the courts at Westminster. No laws were to be enacted but by the consent of twenty-four persons, chosen out of four districts, namely, Foy-more, Blackmore, Tywarnhaile, and Penwith and Kirrier. The corporators of Lostwithiel choose the stannators for Foy-more; those of Truro, the delegates for Tywarnhaile; and those for Penwith and Kirrier are chosen by the body corporate of Helston. The laws are published in an octavo volume. We believe that the last stannary parliament was held at Truro, in 1752: the members selected are gentlemen of the county connected with mining; they choose a speaker, and proceed regularly with business; but as the enactment of new laws, or the revision of old, is rarely required, the lord-warden, whose duty it is, has seldom had occasion to convene them. The stannary prison is at Lostwithiel.

Turning to the civil divisions of Cornwall—we find it divided into nine hundreds; namely, those of East, West, Powder, and Kirrier, in the southern, and Stratton, Lesnewth, Trigg, Pydar, and Penwith, on the northern side of the county; the civil being different from the ecclesiastical divisions. Doomsday book mentions only seven hundreds,—Conarton, Fawton, Pawton, Rialton, Stratton, Tibesta or Tibestina, and Winneton. The change to the present denominations and number is supposed to have occurred between the years 1088 and 1288. All the hundreds were anciently attached to the Earls of Cornwall, except that of Penwith, of which two-thirds also were the property of the duchy in the reign of James I. This last hundred was held by the Arundel family, until purchased of them by the late Sir C. Hawkins.

The parliamentary representation consists, since the Reform Act, of four members for the county, which is divided into the Eastern and Western divisions for that purpose; and of two for the towns of Truro, Bodmin, Falmouth and Penryn; and one each for Launceston, Liskeard, St. Ives, and Helston.

The Eastern division comprises the five hundreds of East, West, Lesnewth, Stratton, and Trigg; also the parishes of St. Austle, St. Blazey, St. Denis, St. Ewe, Fowey, Gorran, Ladock, Lanlivery, Lostwithiel, Luxulian, Mevagissy, St. Mewan, St. Michael Carhayes, Roche, St. Sampson, St. Stephen in Brannel, and Tywardreth, in the hundred of Powder, together with such parts of the hundred of Pyder as are not included in the Western division. The population in 1831 was 146,275. Polling places, Bodmin, Launceston, Stratton, Liskeard, and St. Austle: election at Bodmin.

* Many of these places, it is presumed, are sinecures; and more must have recently become so by the change which has been wisely effected in the abrogation of the old practice of coinage. The whole management of the duchy property pressingly calls for revision.

The Western division comprises the hundreds of Kirrier and Penwith, with what of Powder is not included in the Eastern division; and the parishes of St. Agnes, Crantock, Cubert, Newlyn, St. Enoder, Perranzabulo, and the Scilly Isles, in the hundred of Pydar. Population, 156,165. Polling places, Truro, Penzance, Helston, and Redruth: election at Truro. St Michael, St. Mawes, Tregony, Gram-pound, Tintagel, Boscastle, East and West Looe, Camelford, St. Germans, Newport, Saltash, Fowey, and Lostwithiel, making fourteen boroughs, returning twenty-eight members, with one member from St. Ives, Launceston, Liskeard, and Helston, deducted, renders the total reduction thirty-two, out of forty-four returned before the Reform Act. With thirty-two reduced, and two added for the county, the present state of the parliamentary representation is fourteen. The limits of the boroughs, and the additions when any were made, are as follow; together with the number of 10*l.* houses at the time of the alteration.

Truro.—10*l.* houses, 237: population, 8,252, on the census of 1831. Limits, from Bosvigo Bridge, over the brook, along Bosvigo-lane to its junction with the Redruth-road, thence to Green-lane, where it is joined by this road at Chapel Hill-gate, and thence until Green-lane joins the Falmouth road; thence along an Occupation road, leading through Newham Farm-lane; thence along the south-western fence bounding the two fields "Great Beef," and "Little Beef Close," until it meets the north-western fence of Bramble Close; thence eastward to where this latter fence reaches Calenick Creek; thence along this creek to Lower Newham-wharf; thence in a straight line across Truro river, to the south-eastern extremity of Sunny-corner wharf; thence in a straight line to Sunny-corner; and from thence in a line to where Trenack-lane would be cut by a straight line drawn from the eastern extremity of Newham Farm-lane to Hill Head, where St. Clement's-lane meets the old St. Austle-road; thence in a straight line to Mitchel-hill gate, on the old London road; thence in a straight line to where the boundary of the old borough would be cut by a straight line drawn from that gate to Kenwyn church; thence, northward, along this boundary to Bosvigo bridge. The mayor, returning officer.

Bodmin.—10*l.* houses, 311: population, 5,288: borough comprises Bodmin, Lanivet, Lanhydrock, and Helland. The mayor returning officer.

Launceston.—10*l.* houses, 327: population, 5394: comprises old borough, part of St. Stephen, and the parts of Lawhitton, St. Thomas, and South Petherwin, without the old borough. The mayor, returning officer.

Penryn and Falmouth.—10*l.* houses, 796; united population, 11,805; limits north of Penryn, where the old borough boundary leaves that of Mylor; westerly along the old boundary to where it meets the road from Penryn to Helston; thence straight to Hill Head, where the road from Budock joins that to Penryn from Constantine; thence in a line to the nearest point of the boundary of Falmouth parish, and along it southward to where it meets the boundary of the detached parts of the parish of Budock; thence in a straight line to the northern point, where this latter boundary leaves that of Falmouth; thence westward, along the sea coast, to the boundary of St. Gluvias; thence eastward to the point first described. The mayor is returning officer.

Liskeard.—10*l.* houses, 315; population, 4042; comprises the parish of Liskeard, and all the parts of the old borough without that parish. Returning officer, the mayor.

St. Ives.—10*l.* houses, 302; population, 4776; old limits. The mayor returning officer.

Helston.—10*l.* houses, 225; population, 3293; borough comprises the old borough, the parish of Sithney, and the space extending from Coverack Bride over the Loe, in a straight line along the Wendron road to the western extremity of a lane leading by Huel Ann to Graham mine; thence along this lane until it meets a small stream; thence southward along the stream to where it meets a lane leading from Wendron to Trecoose and Constantine; eastward along this line until it meets the boundary of Wendron, and so southward along this boundary to Coverack Bride. The mayor is returning officer.

In the Exeter copy of the Doomsday Survey, East Anthony, Bodmin, Boyton, Calstoeck, Constantine, Codiford in St. Wenn, St. Germans, Glynn, Mewan, Rame, Stratton, Trenant, are the only names to be directly and certainly recognised by their present designation. The names of the early landholders were, de Valletort, Fitzwilliam, de Lucie or Lacy, de Boterell or Bottreaux, Geoffry, Baldwin, de Mandeville, de Pomeroy, Hoel, Jordan, de Bouhard, de Trewodoret, Fitzalured, de Dun, Fitzful, and Eiulph, De Cardinan, Walter Hay, de Lacel, Fitzwalter, de Briwere, Fleming, de la Roche, de Dunstanville, a member of which family married with a Basset, and brought a good estate as her portion. In 1225 the names of de Granville, de Tracy, Valletort, Pomeroy, Carminow, Flamank, de Mesy, Wise, Beauchamps, de Draenes, and de Dones occur. In 1323, Champernon occurs as a great Cornish landholder; the Blanchminsters, Bodrugan, Edgecumbe, Trevanion, Powlet, Dawney, Ferrers, Basset, Dinham, Mohun, Reskymer, Prideaux, Herle, Lambourn, Sore, Petit, Tinton, Beaupré, Tregagle, Bloghous, Archdekkne, Arundel of Lanherne and Arundel of Trerice, Hewis, Peverell, Cheynduit, Beville, De Cant, Lansladron, Govely, Kymells, Meules or Moyles of Bake, Rame, Cobham, St. Colan, Blewet, Trefusis, Bodrane, Helligan, Killigrew, Hamelyn,

Thurlebe, Bret, St. Winnow, Fysac, Quoyhin, Trom, Trewithen, del Estre, Kellerion, le Brun, Waunford, and Cole.

In the time of Elizabeth, the Tregians, cruelly robbed of their property for remaining faithful to the religion of their ancestors, are mentioned as large landholders ; and in the reign of James I., the families of Godolphin, Robartes, and Treise, are to be noticed. Later we find the families of Basset, Boscowen, Eliot, Mount Edgecumbe, Agar, Lemon, Vyvyan, Carew, Granville, Hawkins, Call, Gregor, Glanville, Rashleigh, Buller, St. Aubyn, Molesworth, Rodd, Coryton, Glynn, Tremayne, and Rogers, possessed of the largest estates in the county, to which list the duchy must be added.

The first earl of Cornwall was Robert Earl of Morton, or Morteigne ; after passing through other hands, Cornwall was made a dukedom, and given by Edward III. to the Black Prince,* since which, Henry V. and VI., Edward son of Henry VI., Edward V., Edward son of Richard III., Arthur son of Henry VII., and his younger brother Henry VIII., Henry son of James I., and his brother Charles I., Charles II., George II., Frederick prince of Wales, George IV., and the present infant prince, have enjoyed this distinguished title. The dukes of Cornwall never had a residence in the duchy, but the earls before them resided at Launceston castle, occupying occasionally those of Tintagel, Liskeard, Restormel, and Moresk.

The Cornish families ennobled are those of Boscowen of Boscowen-Rose, in St. Burian, traced back to 1200 ; they subsequently removed to Tregothnan, near Truro, on the marriage of one of the family with an heiress of Tregothnan in 1330. The Boscowens were ennobled as Barons Boscowen-Rose and Viscounts Falmouth, in 1720.

TREFUSIS, Lord Clinton and Say, the fourth on the list of English barons, acquired by inheritance in 1794. This family is traced back four generations before 1292 ; its residence is at Trefusis house, about eight miles from Truro, and two from Penry.

MOUNT EDGCUMBE, of Mount Edgecumbe and Cothele, both on the Cornish side of the Tamar, the estates bordering that river. Richard Edgcumbe, of Mount Edgecumbe, was created a baron in 1742. The family came from Devonshire to Cothele in the reign of Edward III., and possess large estates in Cornwall. The title of Viscount Mount Edgcumbe and Valletort was conferred in 1781 ; that of earl in 1789.

ST. GERMANS, Earl of, and Baron Eliot, of Port Eliot, whose family came into Cornwall from Devonshire, in consequence of making the exchange of Cutland, in Devon, for the estate of the priory of St. Germans, about 1565. This family was ennobled in 1784, in the person of Edward Craggs Eliot, who died in 1804 ; his second son, succeeding to the title of Lord Eliot, was advanced to the earldom of St. Germans in 1815.†

GRAVES, William Thomas, Baron Gravesend, son of Thomas Graves, Esq. of Thankes ; ennobled for his naval services in the battle of the 1st of June, 1794.

DE DUNSTANVILLE, Francis Basset, baron of Tehidy-park, and LORD BASSET OF STRATTON. Although the honour of de Dunstanville is recently extinct, Frances, daughter of the late baron, succeeded to the second title, as Lady Basset of Stratton, with remainder to her male descendants. This is a very old Cornish family. The late baron was created a baronet in 1779 ; Baron de Dunstanville in 1796 ; and Baron Basset of Stratton in 1797.

VIVIAN, Richard Hussey, Baron Vivian of Truro, an eminent general officer, colonel of the 12th dragoons, descended from a family long settled at Truro, and son of the late John Vivian, Esq. Vice-warden of the Stannaries, and one of the most respectable gentlemen in all the relations of life that Cornwall ever boasted.

The extinct peerage of Cornwall is a list of names, many of which were famous in their day : among them were the Lords Tregoyes, Bottreaux, Bonville, de Brooke, Marney, Denham, Valletort of Trematon, Pomeroy of Tregony castle, Cardinan, or Dinan, of Cardinham, Tyes of Alvarton, Llansladron of Llansladron, Archdekkne of Shepestall, d'Aunay of Sheviock, Courtenay of Boconnoc (earl of Devon), Robartes baron Truro, Mohun of Bodinnick, Granville (earl of Bath), Arundel of Trerice, Godolphin of Godolphin, Camelford of Boconnoc. Erskine was made baron of Restormel, but he possessed no land in the county. But few of the residences of the extinct peers remain : the mount of Bottreaux castle is all that is left of that seat ; Colquhoun, Lord Marney's, is utterly demolished ; of Lord Bonville's seat at Trelawney a few fragments remain ; Trerice is a farm-house, once the seat of the Arundels ; so is Godolphin and others ; Stow, the most magnificent mansion of the west, is utterly gone ; Efford, an old seat of the Arundels, still stands ; Lanherne is a nunnery.

The baronets of Cornwall are—

Sir Bouchier Wrey, of Trebigh, in St. Ive ; now resident at Tawstock House, Devon ; date of baronetcy, June 30, 1628.

* There seems a straining of the original words of the statute, which declared the *first-begotten* son of the king of England should be duke of Cornwall. In the time of James I., on the death of Henry Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall, the king got his second son to be declared duke ; the lawyers citing a subsequent authority, by which they made any son of the king the "first-begotten" who happened to be the eldest son living, and heir to the realm of England. The gentry of the law had a wonderful skill in making statutes suit convenience in such things.

† In the text we have spelt this family *Elliott* ; it should be Eliot.

Sir William Lewis Salusbury Trelawney, of Trelawney, in Pelynt, and Harewood House, Calstock; date of baronetcy, July 1, 1628.

Sir Richard Rawlinson Vyvyan, of Treloowarren; date of baronetcy, Feb. 12, 1644-5.

Sir John Trevethan, of Trevethan, in St. Veep, whose family removed into Somersetshire some generations back, but still retain their ancient property; date of baronetcy, Jan. 24, 1661-2.

Sir William Molesworth, of Pencarrow; the first baronetcy created by King William, June 12, 1688.

Sir Charles Lemon, of Carclew, near Truro; date of baronetcy, 1774.

Sir Joseph Copley, of Bake, the seat of the Moyles; the possessor of Bake taking the name of Copley on being created a baronet, Aug. 15, 1778.

Sir Warwick Charles Morshead, of Trenant Park; date of baronetcy, Dec. 10, 1773.

Sir William Pratt Call, of Whiteford; date of baronetcy, June 21, 1791.

Sir Charles Price, of Trengwainton; date of baronetcy, May 30, 1815.

Sir J. C. Rashleigh, of Prideaux; date of baronetcy, Sept. 15, 1831.

Sir Joseph Sawle Graves Sawle, of Penrice; date of baronetcy, March 22, 1836.

The extinct baronetries are—Hawkins, of Trewithen; Buller, of Trenant; Molun, of Boconnoc; Robartes, of Truro; Granville, of Stow; Carew, of Anthony; Smith, of Crantock; Killigrew, of Arwenik; Coryton, of Ferrers; and, we believe, St. Aubyn, of Clowance.

The names of the Cornish landholders are generally marked from local derivation, it having been formerly the practice to call a man, after his own and his father's name, by that of his dwelling; as John Thomas Pendarves, whose younger brother would be addressed Richard Thomas Pendarves, and so on, which practice was not discontinued until 1736. On changing a habitation the name was also changed. The names of many of the principal Cornish gentry very recently were—*Beauchamp*, of Pengreep; *Billinge*, of Treworder; *Bond*, of Erth; *Borlase*, of Borlase; *Braddon*, of Treworgy; *Buller*, of Morval and Shillingham; *Burell*, of Burell; *Carew*, of Antony; *Carlyon*, of Tregrahan; *Chynoweth*, of Chynoweth; *Coode*, of Morval; *Darell*, of Trewornan; *Dewen*, of Gwinnear; *Enys*, of Enys; *Flamank*, of Bocarne; *Foote*, of Trelogosick; *Giddy*, of Trelease and Tredrea; *Glanville*, of Catchfrench; *Glynn*, of Glynn; *Gregor*, of Trewarthenick; *Grylls*, of Lanreath; *Hals*, of Fenton-gollen; *Hamley*, of Halwyn; *Harris*, of Kencgie; *Hawkey*, of Trevegoe; *Hearle*, or *Herle*, of Prideaux; *Hext*, of Trenerran; *Hoblyn*, of Bodrane and Nanswyden; *Ians*, of Whitstone; *Jago*, of St. Erme; *Keigwin*, of Mousehole; *Kekewich*, once of Catchfrench; *Kempe*, of Levethan; *Kendall*, of Treworgy and Pelyn; *Kestell*, of Kestell; *Kingdon*, of Trehunsey in Qwithiock, and Trenowth in St. Cleer; *Kingdon* also occurs at Stamford Hill, near Stratton, and at Morton in Launcells, which last was said to be a seat of Robert, Earl of Moreton, half brother to William the Conqueror;* *Lanyon*, of Lanyon; *Manaton*, of Manaton; *Mayow*, of Bray, in Morval; *Nicholls*, of Trereife; *Paynter*, of Boskenna; *Penrose*, of Penrose, in Sithney; *Penwarne*, once of Penwarne, in Mawnan; *Peter*, of Harlyn; *Polwhele*, of Polwhele; *Prideaux*, of Place; *Pye*, of Nansarth; *Pyne*, of Ham; *Rashleigh*, of Fowey, or Menabilly; *Rawle*, of Hennet; *Rescorla*, of Rescorla; *Robinson*, of Cadgwith; *Rodd*, of Trebartha Hall; *Rogers*, of Penrose; *Rosecreeg*, of Rosecreeg; *Rous*, of Halton; *Sundys*, of Lanarth; *Spiller*, of Penventon; *Spry*, of Cutcrew; *Stackhouse*, of Trehane and Pendarves, now Pendarves; *Stephens*, of Tregenna; *Stone*, of Trevego; *Thomas*, of Chiverton; *Tremayne*, of Helligan; *Tremenheere*, of Rosecadghill; *Trevanion*, of Carhayes; *Trewinnard*, of Trewinnard; *Trewren*, of Trevardeva; *Ustick*, of Botallack; *Webber*, of Middle Amble, St. Kew; *Williams*, of Treverne; *Wills*, of Landrake; *Williams*, of Roseworthy; *Woodridge*, of Gadenick; and *Austen Treffry*, of Fowey.

The extinct families form a very numerous list; and of these, none are more remarkable than the Arundels, one of whom was sheriff of Cornwall in 1260. The Arundels formed two branches of the same name. One of these, settled originally at Trembleth, removed afterwards to Lanherne, which he had acquired by marriage, and this branch became extinct in 1701. The other branch of the Arundels, that of Trerice, became extinct at an earlier period. In the time of Norden, there were twelve seats of the Arundel family in Cornwall. The Trevanions had five seats, and they are extinct in the male line. The Carminows have been extinct more than a century. The Granvilles, Mohuns, Champernons, Bodrugans, Killigrews, Bevills, Godolphins, Tregians, Tonkins, Scawens, Roscarrocks, Reskymers, Praeds, Robartes, Polkinhernes, Peverills, Lowers, Levelis, Haweis, Glynn of Wendron, Ferrers, Eriseys, Courtenays, Chamonds, Bonithous, Blanchminsters, and Arweniks, have all passed away, with others, of whom only the names and arms are now known.

The continual changes of family residence, and the numerous deaths, render any list of names attached to modern residences very imperfect. Besides the country seats already mentioned in the course of this work, we give the following in addition, with the names of the late or of existing

* The estate, thus historically remarkable, is the property of George Boughton Kingdon, Esq., G.P.C., a Deputy Lieutenant and Magistrate both for Cornwall and Devon, who resides at Launceil's House; well known for his literary and scientific acquirements, as well as for his urbanity and kindness as a country gentleman.

occupiers; it cannot be expected that we should give the occupants of mere villas, or leasehold residences, who are unconnected with estates, as it would swell the list beyond all reasonable compass. Behan Park, the Rev. Mr. Trist; Bodmin Priory, W. R. Gilbert, Esq.; Bonithon, Cury, T. Hartley, Esq.; Bosahan, Meneage, T. Grylls, Esq.; Bray, Morval, P. W. Mayow, Esq.; St. Cadoe, in St. Veep, R. Wymond, Esq.; Carnanton, Mawgan, in Pydar, J. Willyams, Esq.; Carrines, Cubert, R. Hosken, Esq.; Chiverton, Perran, late J. Thomas, Esq.; Colquite, D. Peter, Esq.; Crigmurriion, J. P. Peters, Esq.; Croan, Eglosheyle, Rev. H. H. Tremayne; Crugsillack, Veryan, J. Kempe, Esq.; Duporth, St. Austle, late C. Rashleigh, Esq.; Ellenglaze, Cubert, J. Hosken, Esq.; Ennis, St. Erme, S. Jago, Esq.; Garlinnick, Creed, Rev G Moore; Harlyn, — Peter, Esq.; Hatt, Botusfleming, Rev. C. Tucker; Hellanclose, Cubert, J. Hosken, Esq.; Hengus, St. Tudy, M. Mitchel, Esq.; Ilex-worthy, Lawhitton, E. Prideaux, Esq.; Kilmarth, (unoccupied;) Kirland, Bodmin, J. Kempthorne, Esq.; Lanarth, St. Keverne, Lieut-Col. Sandys; Lanearffe, Bodmin, Capt. Hext, R.N.; Longford Hill, Marham Church, Mrs. J. C. Woolcombe; Lavethan, Blisland, late General Morshead; Meer, Ponghill, R. Braddon, Esq.; Nansalvan, Madern, J. Scobell, Esq.; Nansloe, Wendron, Rev. W. Robinson; Newcot, Bridgrule, J. Braddon, Esq.; Newton Park, St. Mellion, W. Hellyar, Esq.; Penquite, T. Graham, Esq.; Penrice, J. S. Graves, Esq.; Percothen, St. Merryn, S. Peter, Esq.; Place, Anthony in Meneage, late Admiral Spry; Place, Padstow, Rev. C. P. Brune; Poltair, Madern, Rev. Dr. Scobell; Rosemundy, St. Agnes, late J. James, Esq.; Rosewarne, Camborne, W. Harris, Esq.; Skisdon, St. Kew, H. Braddon, Esq.; Stoketon, St. Stephen's, Saltash, late Admiral De Courcy; Trebartha Hall, — Rodd, Esq.; Trebarsy, South Petherwin, D. Howell, Esq.; Tredethy, St. Mabyn, F. J. Hext, Esq.; Tredudwell, E. Eveleigh, Esq.; Tregarrick, St. Kew, A. Hambly, Esq.; Treglith, Treneglos, W. Braddon, Esq.; Trekenning, St. Colomb, F. Paynter, Esq.; Tremeer, St. Tudy, Mrs. Read; Trengoffe, Warleggon, E. Angove, Esq.; Trevonian, — Gully, Esq.; Twardale, Blisland Mrs. Collins; Twardreva, C. Scott, Esq.; Trewithian, Gerrons, M. G. Cregoe, Esq.; Treworgy, St. Clare, or Cleer, Mrs Inch; Truan, or Trewen, St. Colomb, R. Vyvyan, Esq.; Vacye, North Tamerton, G. Call, Esq.; Westcot, St. Dominick, W. Pode, Esq.

Upon the subject of the decay of many of the Cornish families, Dr. Borlase pertinently and beautifully says, and we cannot close this part of the subject with a better quotation, "The most lasting families have only their seasons, more or less, of a certain constitutional strength. They have their spring and summer sunshine glare, their wane, decline, and death; they flourish and shine perhaps for ages; at last they sicken; their light grows pale, and, at a crisis, when the offsets are withered, and the whole stock is blasted, the whole tribe disappears, and leaves the world as they have done Cornwall. There are limits ordained to everything under the sun; *man will not abide in honour*. Of all human vanities, family pride is one of the weakest. Reader, go thy way; secure thy name in the book of life, where the page fades not, nor the title alters nor expires; leave the rest to heralds and the parish register."

LORD WARDEN OF THE STANNARIES.—His Royal Highness Prince Albert.

LORD-LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY.—Sir William Lewis Salusbury Trelawney, Bart., of Harewood House, Calstock.

COMMISSION OF THE PEACE.

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Earl of Falmouth.	Edward Rodd, D.D.	Nicholas Martyn Bucket, Esq.
Earl of Mount Edgecumbe.	John Kendal Fletcher, D.D.	George Cotsford Call, Esq.
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Lord Robert Grosvenor.	Josh. Thomas Austen, Esq.	John Carpenter, Esq.
Lord Graves.	Wm. A. Harris Arundel, Esq.	John Carthew, Esq.
Lord Vivian.	Edward Archer, of Trelask, Esq.	Matthew Garland Cregoe, Esq.
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Jonathan Elford, Esq.	Christopher Wallis Popham, Esq.	Rev. Samuel Cole.
John Samuel Enys, Esq.	Wm. Tyringham Praed, Esq.	Rev. George Cornish.
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John Inglett Fortescue, Esq.	T. Pearse, of Launceston, Esq.	Rev. John Davis.
J. Dicker Inglett Fortesue, Esq.	J. T. Rous Peter, of Harlyn, Esq.	Rev. Henry Thomas Dyke.
G. Croker Fox, of Falmouth, Esq.	J. T. H. Peter, of Harlyn, Esq.	Rev. Edward Dix.
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Francis Glanville, Esq. the yr.	John Quicke, Esq.	Rev. George Fortescue.
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John Hext, Esq.	C. Rashleigh, Esq. of Prideaux.	Rev. Henry Charles Hobart.
William Hext, Esq.	William Sandys Sandys, Esq.	Rev. William Hocken.
Thomas Hoblyn, Esq.	John Seobell, Esq.	Rev. Charles Hodgson.
Wm. David Horndon, Esq.	John Nugent Smith, Esq.	Rev. Peter Fry Hony.
John Hoskin, Esq.	Richard Spry, Esq.	Rev. John Jope.
James Harvey Hosken, Esq.	George Strode, Esq.	Rev. Charles Trevanion Kempe.
David Howell, Esq.	Augustus Smith, Esq.	Rev. John Kempe.
Charles Henry Hotchkys, Esq.	C Brune Graves Sawle, Esq.	Rev. Nicholas Kendall.
John Hall, Esq.	R. S. Sutton, of Falmouth, Esq.	Rev. John Kingdon.
Thomas Hext, Esq.	John Ustick Seobell, Esq.	Rev. Thomas Hockin Kingdon.
C. Pollexfen Hamlyn, Esq.	Henry Thomson, Esq.	Rev. Charles Lethbridge.
James Halse, Esq.	Lovell Todd, Esq.	Rev. Thomas Hunt Ley.
William Hext, Esq.	John Hearle Tremayne, Esq.	Rev. Charles Lyne.
D. P. Hoblyn, of Colquhoun, Esq.	J. T. P. B. Trevanion, Esq.	Rev. Charles Valentine Le Griece.
F. B. Hambly, of Trebarrook, Esq.	J. C. Bettesworth Trevanion, Esq.	Rev. Charles Marshall.
Richard Johns, Esq.	Charles Trelawney, Esq.	Rev. William Molesworth.
George John, Esq.	H. Pendarves Tremenheere, Esq.	Rev. Edward Morshead.
William Jope, Esq.	Edmund Turner, Esq.	Rev. Hender Molesworth.
Wm. T. Johns, Esq.	J. S. Trelawny, of Harewood, Esq.	Rev. Richard Martin.
Nicholas Kendall, Esq.	Jedediah Stephens Tucker, Esq.	Rev. John Molesworth.
Arthur Kelly, of Kelly, Esq.	John Jervis Tucker, Esq.	Rev. John Peter.
George Boughton Kingdon, Esq.	John Ennis Vivian, Esq.	Rev. John Phillips.
William Peter Kempe, Esq.	John Vivian, Esq.	Rev. Thomas Pascoe.
John Lyne, Esq.	John Vowler, Esq.	Rev. T. Philpotts, of Gwenap.
John King Lethbridge, Esq.	Richard Vyvyan, Esq.	Rev. Thomas Robyns.
Day Perry Le Griece, Esq.	James Veitch, Esq.	Rev. John Rogers.
R. G. Lakes, of Treverrick, Esq.	Major C. Crespigny Vivian.	Rev. Edward Rogers.
J. Littleton, Esq.	John Vigners, of Rose Hill, Esq.	Rev. John Sheepshanks.
James Bryant Messenger, Esq.	Humphry Willyams, Esq.	Rev. Thomas Scott Smyth.
William Marshall, Esq.	William Williams, Esq.	Rev. William Stackhouse.
John Penberthy Magor, Esq.	Michael Williams, Esq.	Rev. Darell Stephens.
E. Morshead, of Rose Bank, Esq.	Thomas Wetherall, Esq.	Rev. Samuel Symonds.
W. Morshead, of Lavethan, Esq.	Captain Geo. Wightman.	Rev. Uriah Tonkin.
John Toupe Nicholas, Esq.	J. M. Williams, Esq.	Rev. George Treweke.
W. Nattle, of Cudsonbury, Esq.	Wm. Arundel Yeo, Esq.	Rev. Arthur Tatham.
John Paynter, Esq.	Rev. James Blencowe.	Rev. Robert Michael Nowell Ustick.
Samuel Humphry Pellew, Esq.	Rev. Richard Budd.	Rev. William Veale.
Samuel Pellew, Esq.	Rev. Richard Buller.	Rev. Vyell Francis Vyvyan.
E. W. Wynne Pendarves, Esq.	Rev. John Buller.	Rev. John Wallis.
John Penhallow Peters, Esq.	Rev. Robert Stapylton Bree.	Rev. Henry Woolcombe.
William Peter, Esq.		
Robert Rons Peter, Esq.		

MILITIA.—Cornwall furnishes two regiments of militia in time of war. The first, or Duke of Cornwall's Rangers, is commanded by the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe, and its rendezvous is at Bodmin. The second is called the Royal Cornwall Miners, and its head-quarters are at Truro; the Colonel is the Lord Warden of the Stannaries. The only garrison in the county is at Pendennis Castle.

RENTAL—TAXES.—The average rental of land in 1815 was 13s. 4d.; the annual value assessed to property-tax under Schedule A. was 922,259*l.*; under D. 230,112*l.*; rental, 566,472*l.* The return of land and assessed taxes in 1809, was 48,647*l.*; the assessments, 1830, 121,203*l.*; with 47 select vestries.

Places of Religious Worship.—A few years ago, when an accurate return was made of the places of religious worship in this county, there were 197 churches and chapels of the establishment, 2 Roman-catholic, 31 independent, 12 Baptist, 10 Quaker, 219 Wesleyan, and 42 other methodist, 4 missionary and other stations,—total 320, with 197 of the establishment, making a total of 517 places of worship. There is no doubt a considerable increase upon these numbers since the return was made.

Endowed Grammar Schools.—**BODMIN.**—Endowed by Queen Elizabeth with 5*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per annum, and to this the corporation adds 95*l.* more for a master's salary.

ST. IVES.—A grammar-school was founded here by Charles I., in 1639.

LAUNCESTON.—Here a royal grammar-school was founded by Queen Elizabeth, and endowed with 17*l.* 13*s.* 3*½d.* An additional sum annually of 10*l.* was given by George Baron, in 1685, with a power to nominate ten boys free of expense. The Duke of Northumberland gives 15*l.* annually.

LISKEARD.—The date and founder of the Liskeard grammar-school are alike unknown. The site is where an old castle of the Duchy of Cornwall once stood. There is no endowment, but 100*l.* per annum from the corporation. The celebrated Dean Prideaux was educated here.

PENRYN.—The grammar-school in St. Gluvias here was founded by Queen Elizabeth, and endowed with 6*l.* 18*s.* annually, out of the land revenue, for teaching three boys.

SALTASH.—Queen Elizabeth founded a grammar-school here, and endowed it with 7*l.*

TRURO.—The founder of this, the most celebrated school in the county, is unknown; the salary paid to a master by the corporation it is supposed was the product of lands vested in their hands at a very early period. The school-room is an old structure, 42 feet long and 28 broad, with Corinthian columns and pilasters; and attached to it is a library, containing some excellent books, placed under the control of the master, to be lent to the scholars as he may see fitting. One of the Lords Falmouth added 25*l.* per annum to the school revenues. There is attached an exhibition at St. Mary's College, Oxford, arising from the bequest of the Rev. St. John Elliot, once rector of St. Mary's here. Three medals were annually given in this school to the reciters in public of speeches in English and Latin; first by Governor Macarmick, and secondly by Lord Falmouth. Many eminent men were educated here; among them Foote, the comedian; Henry Martyn, the orientalist, who died in Persia; Polwhele, the historian; Davy, the great chemist; Pellew, afterwards Lord Exmouth, of Algiers; Hitchens, who began the history of his native county—carried out and published by Drew; and several living characters of eminence. The masters were several of them rectors of St. Mary, in Truro; the appointment of 1600 bears the name of John Hodge, and is followed by T. Syms, 1609; M. Sharrock, 1612; N. Upcot, 1618; G. Phippen, 1620; W. White, 1635; R. Jago, 1666; this last, for what reason is not stated, was dismissed in 1685, and was succeeded by G. H. Greenfield; S. Paget, 1693; J. Hillman, 1698; T. Hankyn, and J. Jane, 1706; G. Conon, 1728. Mr. Conon recovered the school from a state of much depression. He resigned July 3, 1771, and was succeeded by Dr. Cornelius Cardew, who extended the fame of the school yet further, and augmented considerably the number of the scholars. Dr. Cardew resigned in 1805, and retired to the rectory of St. Erme, where he died at a very advanced age. The school now ceased to be exclusively a grammar-school, but the classics still made an essential part of the system, under the superintendence of Thomas Hogg, who was the next master elected.

Schools.—The numbers educated in schools, were, in the National, in union, 3,672; British and Foreign, 540; Sabbath, in union, 13,211; total, 17,423.

Charities.—The annual rental of the endowed public charities was 746*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*; but no return was made of those entered with the clerk of the peace in the paper laid before the House of Commons with the other counties.

Newspapers.—There are three newspapers in Cornwall; the *Cornwall Gazette*, the *West Briton*, and the *Falmouth Packet*, all of considerable standing in the county, and respectably conducted.

ECCLESIASTICAL BENEFICES,

EPISCOPAL JURISDICTION.—Anciently, it is believed, under its own Bishops, resident at St. Germans, but this is disputed; at present in the Diocese of Exeter.

ARCHEDEACONY.—Limit, the county, including the Scilly Isles, with 32 parishes of exempt jurisdiction. The Visitations are held at Launceston, Liskeard, Bodmin, Truro, Helston, and Penzance, a little after Easter.

DEANERIES.—These are in number eight; namely, East, Kirrier, Penwith, Powder, Pydar, Trigg Major, Trigg Minor, and West.—The office of Rural Dean has always been an efficient office in Cornwall.

SPIRITUAL COURT.—The Archdeacon's Spiritual Court has been held at Bodmin since 1750, every other Friday, except at Easter and Christmas.

PARISHES.—In the sense of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, the parishes of St. Giles-in-the-Heath, North Petherwin, and Werrington, the two last separated from the territory of Cornwall, as it is supposed by the Abbots of Tavistock, to whom these lands belonged, make 206 parishes: in civil jurisdiction, 203. Of these, 85 are Rectories; 100 Vicarages; and 18 Donatives or Curacies. The great Tithes of most of the two last descriptions are lay impropriations. At the early part of the last century, the richest living was that of St. Columb, estimated at 400*l.* per annum, now 1,500*l.*; five were of the estimated value of 300*l.*; two of 220*l.*; fifteen of 200*l.*; one of 170*l.*; nine of 150*l.*; twelve from 100*l.* to 150*l.*; twenty-seven of 100*l.*; and the remainder under that sum. The Scilly Islands are within the Archdeaconry, having one chapel.

DEANERY

DIOCESE OF EXETER.

PARISHES.	Descrip- tion.	Gross Ann. Val. 1831.	Curates' Stipend.	Fixed Payments.	INCUMBENTS.	Date of Induction.	CURATES' NAMES.	PATRONS.	Tithe Com- munications.
Anthony, East	V.	285	£	£	23 G. P. Carew	1841	W. H. P. Carew	THE CROWN	£ s. d.
Botus Fleming	R.	236	..		46 W. Spry	1826	W. Spry	THE CROWN
<i>Callington</i>	<i>R.</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>
<i>See Southill</i>	<i>R.</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>
Calstock	R.	520	125		10 E. Morshead	1795	J. Gill	THE CROWN	425 0 0
Dominick, St.	R.	400	..		82 F. L. Bazeley	1835	F. L. Bazeley	F. L. Bazeley
<i>Erney, St., see Landrake</i>	<i>C.</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>
Germans, St.	C.	143	..		T. Furneaux	1828	D. & C. Windsor	D. & C. Windsor
John, or St John's . . .	R.	211	..		32 W. Row	1808	John Adams	R. P. Carew	116 0 0
Ive, St.	R.	403	78		41 J. Jope	1806	W. Nattle	THE CROWN	430 0 0
Landrake, w. St. Erney	V.	282	120		42 T. H. Ley	1820	W. Grylls	Visct. Valletort
Landulph	V.	340	75		43 E. V. J. Arundel	1805	Dy. of Cornwall
Lawhitton	R.	480	43		44 F. du Boulay	1839	Bp. of Exeter	360 0 0
Lewannick	V.	242	120		45 A. H. Gore	1840	Ld. Chancellor
Lezant	R.	522	..		46 W. S. Carey	1830	Bp. of Exeter	12 9 0
Linkinhorne	V.	315	74		47 E. M. Kempe	Rev. Mr. Kempe	461 8 0
Maker	V.	223	156		48 D. Stephens	1796	E. Trelawney	Ld. Chancellor	130 0 0
Mellion, St.	R.	220	60		49 G. Coryton	1841	T. Pigott	J. T. Coryton	224 0 0
Menheniot	V.	1020	..		50 R. Martin	1831	M. Anstis	Exeter Coll. Oxf.	1100 0 0
Northill	R.	487	..		51 C. Rodd	1832	F. H. Rodd	538 9 0
Pillaton	R.	235	..		52 H. Woolecombe	1816	T. L. Hill	E. Collins
Quithiock	V.	346	..		53 J. R. Fletcher	1816	Bp. of Exeter
Rame	R.	206	120		54 T. H. Ley	1824	El. M. Edgecombe	214 0 0
Sheviock	R.	412	100		55 G. P. Carew	1841	J. Roberts	W. H. P. Carew
Southill	R.	868	{ 84 }		56 H. M. Rice	1841	{ G. Martin }	{ Ld. Ashburton }
<i>w. Callington</i>	<i>R.</i>	<i>{ 80 }</i>	<i>{ 80 }</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>..</i>	<i>{ J. K. Fletcher }</i>	<i>{ G. Stroud }</i>	<i>..</i>
St. Stephen's, Saltash .	V.	100	100		57 O. Manley	1841	T. Edwards
Stoke-Climsland	R.	621	104		58 W. Carwithen	1840	H. A. Gilbert	Dy. of Cornwall	730 0 0

DEANERY

Anthony in Meneage .	V.	101	71	..	W. Polwhele	1828	E. Budge	Ld. Chancellor	210 0 0
Breage, w. Cury & Gnnwallo	V.	870	{ 150 }	{ 80 }	110 R. G. Grylls	1809	{ J. Perry }	THE CROWN	140 0 0
Budock, see Gluvias	V.	{ J. Stevenson }
Constantine	V.	521	..		121 E. Rogers	1817	D. & C. of Exeter
Cury, see Breage	V.

INCUMBENTS, CURATES, PATRONS, &c.

The Devonshire parishes of St. Giles, North Petherwin, and Werrington, are in the Cornish Deanery of Trigg Major, within the Archdeaconry; and so are the Scilly Isles. Thirty-two parishes have exempt jurisdiction, of which twenty-one are in the peculiar jurisdiction of the Bishop of Exeter; viz. Anthony in Roseland, Breock, Budeok, Evall, Eglosheyle, Erney, Ervan, Falmouth, St. Germans, Gerrans, Gluvias, Issey, Landrake, Lawhitton, Lezant, Mabe, Merrin, Mylor, Padstow-town, (the rest of the parish being within the archdeacon's jurisdiction,) Little Petherick, South Petherwin, and Trewen.

The parishes of St. Agnes, Boeonnoe, Broadoak, Perranzabulo, and St. Winnow, are in the peculiar jurisdiction of the Dean and Chapter of Exeter. Burian, St. Levan, and Sennen in that of the Dean of Burian. Lanhydrock and Temple are in lay jurisdiction. The registry for wills of these two last parishes is in the archdeacon's registry at Bodmin, or in Doctors' Commons. In the Dean of Burian's registry at Penzance, or Doctors' Commons, for his three parishes. At Exeter, or Doctors' Commons, for the parishes in the Bishop's jurisdiction; and in the same places for those of the Dean and Chapter of Exeter. The Archdeacon's registers, at Bodmin, commence in 1569; and here the three parishes of St. Giles, North Petherwin, and Werrington register, or otherwise in Doctors' Commons.

The parishes in *italics* are daughter-churches. V. signifies Vicarage; R. Rectory; C. Curaey; D. Donative.

OF EAST.

ARCHDEACONY OF CORNWALL.

TITHE OWNERS.	Glebe.	Tax. et Valor. 1291 or 1294.		Tax. et Valor. Henry VIII.		Statute Acres.	Popula- tion, 1831.	POST TOWNS.	PARISHES.
		A.	R.	P.	£	s.	d.		
		...	6	0	0	12	17	6	Anthony, East.
		...	2	13	4	16	15	0	Botus Fleming.
		...						Callington.	
		...						Callington.	See Southill.
Reector		...	5	0	0	26	4	4	Calstock.
		...	4	6	8	23	11	0	Dominick, St.
		...						Saltash.	Erney, St., see Landrake.
		...	10	0	0	not named.	10,050	2586	St. Germans
Reector		...	2	6	8	12	4	4	Germans, St.
Reector		63	0	0	4	3	4	640	John, or St John's.
		...	4	13	4	18	12	4	Callington.
		...	4	0	0	20	3	6	Devonport.
Reector		...				19	6	8	656
		...	4	0	0	7	18	2	Ive, St.
Oxf. Univ. College.		...	5	0	0	32	0	0	Landrake, w. St. Erney.
Reector		...	4	6	8	13	0	0	Linkinhorne.
Impropriator		...	5	0	0	23	11	0	Maker.
Vicar		...	64	0	0	4	0	0	Callington.
Reector		...	8	0	0	11	12	6	Mellion, St.
Vicar		...	6	0	0	21	15	4	Liskeard.
Reector		...	3	6	8	36	6	8	Menheniot.
		...	5	0	0	16	15	6	Launceston.
Reector		...	2	6	8	15	11	0	Northill.
		...	5	6	8	12	7	4	Pillaton.
		...	5	13	4	26	14	6	Quithioek.
Reector		...	9	6	8	38	0	0	Rame.
		...	5	6	8	40	0	0	St. Germans.
		...							Shevioek.
		...							Southill.
		...							St. Stephen's, Saltash.
Reector		...							Stoke-Clinsland.

OF KIRRER.

Gregor	62	2	22	4	13	4	4	15	11	1410	300	Helston	Anthony in Meneage.
Vicar													Breage.
{ Mrs. Richards &													
{ others													
D. & C. of Exeter . .													

DIOCESE OF EXETER.

DEANERY OF

PARISHES.	Descrip- tion.	Gross Ann. Val. 1831	Curates' Stipend.	Fixed Payments.	INCUMBENTS.	Date of Induction.	CURATES' NAMES.	PATRONS.	Tithe Com- munications.
Falmouth	R.	854	{ 218 } { 150 }	166	W. J. Coope	1817	J. W. Johns	Ld. Wodehouse.	£ s. d.
<i>Germoe, see Breage</i>	V.
<i>Gluvias.</i>	V. {	J. Sheepshanks	1824	{ H. B. Illingworth R. F. Wise G. Kemp }	Bp. of Exeter.	...
<i>w. Budock</i>	C. }
<i>& Penwerris</i>	C. }
Grade	R.	276	100	33	J. Peter	1817	...	Reps. of J. Rogers	...
<i>Gunwallo, see Breage</i>	V.	{ 165 0 0 105 0 0 }
Gwennap	V.	527	...	45	T. Phillpots	1825	{ J. Flamank A. A. Vawdrey }	D. & C. of Exeter Vic. of Gwennap	225 0 0 420 0 0
St. Day, or Dye	C.	150	135 0 0
Helston, <i>see Wendron</i>	V.
Keverne, St.	V.	448	...	65	D. Evans	1839	...	Mr. Hill
Landewednack	R.	270	...	17	Ed. Griffith	1840	...	P. V. Robinson.	...
<i>Mabe, see Mylor</i>	V.	{ 141 14 1 170 0 0 }
Manaeacan	V.	235	...	26	E. Budge	1839	...	Bp. of Exeter	240 0 0
<i>Mawgan in Meneage</i>	R.	630	150	10	H. Mann	1816	J. Rate	G. Trevelyan
<i>w. St. Martin in Meneage.</i>	R.	393	...	70	R. B. Kinsman	1838	...	J. Rogers	160 0 0
Mawman	R.	401	50	53	E. Hoblyn	1823	J. Symonds	Bp. of Exeter	{ 350 0 0 215 0 0 }
Mylor, <i>w. Mabe</i>	V.	200	...	22	F. Gregory	1834	...	Bp. of Exeter	{ 310 0 0 225 0 0 }
<i>Perran Arwothal, see Stithians</i>	V.
Ruan Major	R.	195	...	4	E. Griffith	1840	...	P. V. Robinson	170 0 0
Ruan Minor	R.	97	66	6	R. T. St. Aubyn	1814	J. Peter	P. V. Robinson
Sithney	V.	440	...	72	W. Thomas	1839	...	Bp. of Exeter
<i>Stithians, w. Perran Arwothal</i>	V.	474	100	97	H. W. Hockins	J. P. Keigwin	Ld. Falmouth	{ 255 7 6 322 0 0 }
Wendron, <i>w. Helston</i>	V.	1090	80	212	{ G. B. Boras-ton, jun. }	1837	{ W. M. Stracey G. Barlow }	Qun.'s Coll. Oxf

DEANERY

<i>Burian, St. w. St. Leven & Sennen</i>	R.	1012	{ 156 } { 146 }	8	F. H. R. Stanhope	1819	{ W. M. Stracey C. Jenkyns }	THE CROWN	570 0 0
Camborne	R.	833	100	43	H. Rogers	1816	C. Hickson	Ld. Dunstanville	{ 8 0 0 900 0 0 }
Crown	V.	559	...	108	J. M. St. Aubyn	Wm. Borlase	Sir J. St. Aubyn
Earth, St., or Erth	V.	300	...	51	J. Punnet	1833	...	D. & C. of Exeter
Gulval	V.	400	...	1	W. Wingfield	1839	...	THE CROWN
Gwinear	V.	362	115	54	J. G. Wulff	1833	...	Bishop of Exeter
<i>Gwithian, see Phillack</i>	V.	234 19 6
<i>Hilary, St. and Marazion Chapel</i>	{ V. { P. C.	389 { 96	...	78	{ T. Pascoe J. H. Town- send, 1822 }	1814 { 1819	...	{ Du. of Leeds and others. V. St. Hilary }	105 0 0 140 0 0
Illogan, <i>w. Trevenson</i>	R.	624	100	37	G. Treweek	1822	{ C. Grylls E. M. Pridmore }	Ld. Dunstanville	670 0 0
Just, St., in Penwith	V.	450	...	1	J. Buller	1825	...	THE CROWN
<i>Ives, St.</i>	V.	150	...	1	W. J. Havart	1836	...	{ Vic. of Towed- nack & Lelant }	{ 212 10 0 175 0 0 }
<i>Lelant-Euny, or Enny-Lelant, w. Towednack</i>	V.	441	...	3	U. Tonkin	1832	W. Griffith	Bp. of Exeter	{ 250 0 0 205 0 0 }
<i>Levnn, St., see Burian</i>	R.	1	250 0 0
Ludgvan	R.	1	H. E. Graham	1835	J. N. Campbell	Duke of Bolton	800 0 0
<i>Madern, or Madron, w. Morvah</i>	V.	740	{ 88 } { 53 }	1	M. N. Peters	1838	{ H. Pennick G. Morris E. Shuttleworth }	M. N. Peters
<i>Morvah, see Madern</i>	V.	1	{ 68 0 0 69 19 9 }
Paul	V.	382	...	2	C. G. R. Festing	1827	W. O. Gurney	THE CROWN
Penzance	P. C.	156	...	1	E. Shuttleworth	1840	See Madron	Cor. of Penzance

KIRRIER—continued.

ARCHDEACONY OF CORNWALL.

TITHE OWNERS.	Glebe.	Tax. et Valor. 1291 or 1294.	Tax. et Valor. Henry VIII.	Statute Acres.	Popula- tion, 1831.	POST TOWNS.	PARISHES.
	A. R. P.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.				
.....	621	7284	Falmouth	Falmouth.
.....	See Breage.	1360	1175	Helston	Ger-moe, see Breage.
.....	...	2 0 0	{ 21 16 9 w. Budock. }	2420	4490	Penryn	{ Gluvias, w. Budock, & Penwerris.
.....	...	3 0 0	306	Helston	Grade.
{ Vicar	4 3 4	Breage.	1440	284	Helston	Gunwallo, see Breage.
D. & C. of Exeter	69 1 36	7 0 0	16 18 9	7940	8529	Truro	Gwennap, St. Day, or Dye.
Vicar							
Rector				130	3293	Helston	Helston, see Wendron.
Various Proprietors		22 13 4	18 11 4	9650	2437	Falmouth	Keverne, St.
.....		..	11 16 6	1300	406	Helston	Landewednack.
Impropriator	2410	512	Falmouth	Mabe, see Mylor.
Vicar	1371	654	Falmouth	Manaccan.
Impropriator		4 0 0	4 16 0½				
.....		{ 4 6 8 10 0 0 }	{ 35 10 0½ (5510) }	1094	Helston	{ Mawgan in Meneage, w. St. Martin in Meneage.	
Vicar	38 1 19	4 3 8	14 6 1	2250	578	Falmouth	Mawnan.
Lord Clinton				
Vicar		6 13 4	16 15 0	3463	2647	Penryn	Mylor, w. Mabe.
Rev. R. Ustick				
Vicar		8 0 0	9 4 4	4550	733	Helston	Mullion.
.....		4030	1504	Penryn	{ Perran Arwothal, see Stithians.
.....	95 0 0	4 3 4	16 10 0	2520	162	Helston	Ruan Major.
.....		..	4 4 5	890	269	Helston	Ruan Minor.
S. T. Spry		6 6 8	19 11 4	5670	..	Helston	Sithney.
Lord Falmouth	4490	1874	Penryn	{ Stithians, w. Perran Arwothal.
Vicar	14 0 8				
{ Vicar, endowed & with great Tithes}	...	17 6 8	26 19 3	12,317	8073	Helston	Wendron, w. Helston.

OF PENWITH.

Dean of Burian	{ 20 0 0 5 11 8 }	48 12 0	6670	1707	Penzance	{ Burian, St., w. & St. Leven, & Sennen.
Impropriator	55 0 0	8 0 0	39 16 9	6900	7699	Camborne	Camborne.
Rector		8 0 0	11 9 0½	7340	4332	Helston	Crowan.
Sir J. St. Aubyn		not named.	14 1 0	3050	1922	Marazion	Earth, St., or Erth.
D. & C. of Exeter			3050	1922			
Wm. Blanco		3 8 8	6 11 0½	3280	1467	Penzance	Gulval.
Exeter Coll. Oxford		5 13 4	12 0 0	4400	2728	Redruth	Gwinear.
Rector	0 0 5	5 13 4	Phillack.	2070	539	Redruth	Gwithian, see Phillack.
Impropriator		3 13 4	11 6 0	3380	3121	Marazion	{ Hilary, St., and Marazion Chapel.
Vicar of St. Hilary				
.....	77 0 0	8 0 0	22 7 5	8010	6072	Redruth	Illogan, w. Trevenson.
S. Borlase		8 0 0	11 11 0½	7820	4667	Penzance	Just, St., in Penwith.
Rector		w. Lelant.		{ 1850 }	4776	St. Ives	Ives, St.
Impropriator			22 11 10½	{ 4215 }			
W. Praed	9 0 0	15 13 4			1602	Heyle	{ Lelant-Euny, or Euny Lelant, w. Towed- nack.
Vicar							
Dean of Burian		w. Burian.	..	2400	515	Penzance	Leran, St., see Burian.
Rector	38 2 6	7 0 0	30 11 6	4560	..	Penzance	Ludgvan.
{ C. V. Le Grice, & & D. P. Le Grice }	...	5 6 8	21 5 10	6810	2322	Penzance	{ Madern, or Madron, w. Morvah.
Gt. Tithes w. Madern, Small with Vicar }	...	not named.	not named.	2060	377	Penzance	Morvah, see Madern.
Corporat. of Penzance	...	9 6 8	13 11 6	3530	4191	Penzance	Paul.
		Madern.	6563	Penzance	Penzance.

DIOCESE OF EXETER.

DEANERY OF

PARISHES.	Descrip- tion.	Gross Ann. Val. 1831.	Curates' Stipend.	Fixed Payments.	INCUMBENTS.	Date of Induction.	CURATES' NAMES.	PATRONS.	Tithe Com- munications.
Perran Uthno, or Udnou	R.	316	123	44	W. M. Johnson	1815	Lady Carrington
Phillack, w. Gwithian	R.	570	..	30	W. Hockin . . .	1809	H. Stambury . . .	W. Hockin
Redruth, (St. Uny) . .	R.	501	..	69	J. W. Hawkesley	1835	E. Crow	Lady Basset
Sancreed	V.	265	125	..	H. Comyn	1829	D. & C. of Exeter	{ 165 0 0 344 12 8
Sennen, see St. Burian	R.	230 0 0
Towednack, see Lelant	V.
Zennar	V.	190	..	11	H. Stoneman . . .	1837	Bp. of Exeter	{ 166 18 2 201 13 9

DEANERY

Allen, St.	V.	175	75	1	G. Kemp	1840	Bp. of Exeter	{ 265 0 0 147 1 7
Anthony, St., in Roseland	D.	W. Baker	S. T. Spry, Esq.	118 0 0
Austle, St., w. St. Blazey	V.	640	130	64	F. Todd	1839	{ C. S. Woolcock J. G. Childs }	THE CROWN	{ 502 0 0 537 10 0
Blazey, and Pentuan, see St. Austle	V.	120 0 0
Clements, St. (Truro).	V.	280	..	37	C. M. Gibson . . .	1839	THE CROWN	{ 437 3 4 330 0 0
Cornelly	C.	47	J. Collins	1839	Principal Inhab.
Creed, w. Grampound	R.	351	J. Daubuz	1829	C. H. T. Hawkins	450 0 0
Cuby, w. St. James, { (Tregony)	V.	348	..	37	J. L. Lugger . . .	1831	J. Mickleburgh . . .	J. A. Gordon
Denis, St., see St. Michael Carhayes }	R. & V.	260 0 0
Erme, St. Rectory . .	R.	492	..	19	J. Pomery	1831	{ E. W. W. Pendarves }	500 0 0
Ewe, St.	R.	680	93	188	T. J. Trevenen . . .	1836	T. Carlyon . . .	{ 10 0 0 640 0 0
Feock	V.	204	120	29	F. Cole	1833	H. Todd	Bishop of Exeter
Filley, or Philleigh, { (Eglosros)	R.	386	102	37	S. Symonds	1819	E. Tippet	C. Bedford . . .	350 0 0
Fowey	V.	203	..	24	J. Kempe	1818	J. T. Treffry	{ 163 18 1 168 0 0
Gerrans	R.	281	..	23	W. Baker	1807	H. T. Rodd	Bishop of Exeter
Gorran	V.	305	..	47	D. Jenkins	1824	Bishop of Exeter
Just, St., Roseland, w. St. Mawes	R.	546	..	121	C. W. Carlyon . . .	1804	J. Hawkins
Kenwyn, (Truro,) { w. Kea	V. } V. }	780	115	77	G. Cornish	1828	{ W. D. Longlands W. Oliver	Bp. of Exet.	{ 535 0 0 524 11 2
St. John's Chapel	190	O. J. Tancock	Vic. of Kenwyn
Chacewater Chapel .	..	60	D. Jackson	1840	Vic. of Kenwyn
Ladock	R.	841	..	74	H. Ware	1832	E. Linscombe	H. Ware	700 0 0
Lamorran	R.	200	..	7	W. Curgenven . . .	1803	Lord Falmouth.	153 0 0
Lanlivery	V.	240	..	12	N. Kendall	1815	N. Kendall
Lostwithiel	V.	106	..	96	J. Bower	1816	{ Lord Monnt Edgecumbe }	40 0 0
Luxulian	V.	195	..	10	R. G. Grylls	1813	{ Sir J. C. Rashleigh }	225 0 0 230 0 0
Mary, St. (Truro) . .	R.	137	120	2	W. W. Harvey	1838	H. B. Bullocke	LMt. Edgecumbe	30 14 0
Merther	C.	57	F. Webber	1833	Parishioners
Mevagissy	V.	259	73	..	J. Arscott	1824	E. Carlyon	LMt. Edgecumbe
Mewan, St.	R.	314	..	30	W. Hocker	1802	C. Hocker	{ Representatives of Sir C. Hawkins, J. H. Tremaine, & Rev. H. Hoblyn. }	275 0 0
Michael Carhayes, St. St. Stephens, and St. Denis	R & V.	985	103	326	C. T. Kempe	1806	C. Rawlings	{ Lord and Lady Gren- ville }	150 0 0
Michael Penkivel, St. Probus	R.	170	..	14	G. J. Gower	1818	W. Curgenven	Lord Falmouth. Bishop of Exeter	118 10 0

PENWITH—*continued.*

ARCHDEACONY OF CORNWALL.

TITHE OWNERS.	Glebe.	Tax. et Valor. 1291 or 1294.		Tax. et Valor. Henry VIII.		Statute Acres.	Popula- tion, 1831.	POST TOWNS.	PARISHES.
		A.	R.	P.	L.	s.	d.		
.....	...	1	10	0	17	11	3	1600	1033 Marazion
.....	...	6	13	4	w. Gwithian	45	10	8	2880 3053 Redruth
.....	...	2	10	0		19	11	0	3770 8191 Redruth
D. & C. of Exeter }	...	6	0	0	8	0	0	4240 1069 Penzance	Redruth, (St. Uny.)
Vicar }	...	not named.	5	13	4	2350 689 Penzance	Sanereed.
Dean of Burian								Sennen, see St. Burian.
.....	...	4	0	0	5	5	0	2880 737 Heyle	Towednack, see Lelant.
G. John }	...	not named.	4	0	0	4640 811 St. Ives	Zennar.
Vicar }	...								

OF POWDER.

Earl of Falmouth	6	0	0	3610	637 Truro	Allen, St.	
Vicar	710	144 St. Mawes	{ Anthony, St., in Rose- land.	
.....	...	{ 10	13	4	21	0	0 { 11,540 { 2,000	8758 St. Austle	{ Austle, St., w. { St. Blazey. { Blazey, and Pentuan, see St. Austle.
Vicar & Impropriator	...								
H. P. Andrew, & others	...	6	0	0	9	0	3520 2885 Truro	Clements, St. (Truro).	
Vicar	not named.	1480	170 Tregony	Cornelly.	
Principal Inhabitants.	...	4	13	6	13	6	2710 258 Grampound	Creed, w. Grampound.	
Rector	5	6	8	10	4	2410 155 Tregony	{ Cuby, w. St. James, Tregony.	
J. A. Gordon	not named.	{ see Car- hayes. }	3370	721 Tregony	{ Denis, St., see St. Mi- chael Carhayes.		
Rector	80	0	0	6	0	3780	586 Truro	Erme, St. Rectory.	
{ Sir J. Sawle		81	1	4	8	0	6100 1699 St. Austle	Ewe, St.	
{ E. Carlyon		21	0	0	22	13	4		
Rector		3	6	8	11	0	2350 1210 Truro	Feock.	
Rector		5	0	0	2310	432 Tregony	{ Filley, or Philleigh, (Eglosros.)	
Impropriator	6	1	34	4	0	0	1900 1767 Fowey	Fowey.	
Vicar	not named.	15	6	0 ¹ ₂	2470	766 Tregony	Gerrans.	
.....	...	6	13	4	20	0	4660 1205 Tregony	Gorran.	
.....	...	4	6	8	37	0	2550 1558 St. Mawes	{ Just, St., Roseland, w. St. Mawes.	
Earl of Falmouth	{ 2	19	0 (1447)	{ 16	0	{ 7600 { 3896 Truro	{ Kenwyn, (Truro,) w. Kea.	
Vicar								
.....	
Reector	6	0	0	18	0	5730 761 Truro	St. John's Chapel.	
Rector	42	2	7	1	0	0	1320 96 Tregony	Chaeewater Chapel.	
Ld. Mount Edgecumbe	...	9	11	8	13	6	6670 1687 Lostwithiel	Ladock.	
{ Vic.endowed with }	...	not named.	2	13	4	120	1548 Lostwithiel	Lamorran.	
{ Rectorial Tithes }	
Sir J. C. Rashleigh }	10	3	0	not named.	10	0	5400 1288 Lostwithiel	Lostwithiel	
Vicar	2	13	4	16	0	190 2925 Truro	Luxulian.	
Rector	not named.	2170 411 Truro	Mary, St. (Truro.)	
D. & C. of Ch. Ch. Oxf.	...	2	0	0	6	0	1250 2169 Mevagissy	Merther.	
Duke of Buckingham	...	35	0	0	2	0	2380 1306 St. Austle	Mevagissy.	
Reector	not named.	27	10	6 ¹ ₂	820	197 Tregony	{ Michael Carhayes, St. St. Stephens, and St. Denis.	
Rector	33	0	30	2	0	9	14	0 ¹ ₂ 1240 179 Tregony	Michael Penkivel, St.
Bp.of Exeter, & others.	...	12	0	0	13	6	7400 1350 Truro	Probus.	

DIOCESE OF EXETER.

DEANERY OF

DEANERY

<i>Agnes, St. see Perranzabulo</i>	V.
Breock, St.	R.	1005	..	146	W. Molesworth	1816	<i>{ Sir W. Molesworth }</i>	..
Colan	V.	163	J. Creser	Bishop of Exeter	..
Columb, St., Major .	R.	1507	145	211	S. E. Walker .	1841	<i>{ R. H. Whiteway H. Wybrow . . . }</i>	<i>{ E. Walker . . . }</i>	1500	0 0
Columb, St., Minor .	D.	120	..	3	C. A. N. Thomas	1839	Sir J. B. Buller	725 0 0
Crantock	C.	81	..	3	N. F. Chudleigh	1839	J. W. Buller .	380 0 0
Cubert, or Cuthbert .	V.	185	45	5	T. Stabbaek .	1810	C. A. Hocken . .	Rev. T. Stabbaek	<i>{ 322 0 0 178 0 0 }</i>	..
Enoder, St.	V.	298	..	20	S. M. Walker .	1828	Bishop of Exeter	463 0 0
Ervan, St.	R.	466	106	61	W. Molesworth	1817	W. Polwhele . .	<i>{ Sir W. Molesworth }</i>
Evall	V.	179	50	17	W. Kitson . .	1803	W. B. Bennet . .	Bishop of Exeter
Issey, St.	V.	273	..	27	W. Gillbee . .	1830	D. & C. Exeter	459 0 0
Lanivet	R.	722	84	55	W. Phillipps .	1817	J. H. Hext . . .	The Incumbent	223 1 2	663 2 7
Mawgan in Pydar . .	R.	685	..	100	P. Carlyon . .	1806	H. Williams .	605 0 0
Merrin, St.	V.	277	75	20	J. Baily . . .	1792	J. Carlyon . . .	Bishop of Exeter
Newlyn	V.	380	150	..	E. Dix . . .	1839	Bp. of Exeter	470 0 0
Padstow	V.	259	60	57	R. Tyacke . .	1790	Rev. C. P. Brune	755 0 0
<i>Perranzabulo, w. St. Agnes</i>	V.	422	150	3	J. Buller . . .	1818	<i>{ — Burton . . E. M. Hamilton }</i>	D. & C. of Exeter	<i>{ 440 0 0 245 0 0 }</i>	..
<i>Petherick, Little, or Petroc Minor</i>	R.	238	76	35	D. Stephens .	1834	..	<i>{ Sir W. Molesworth }</i>
Wenn, St.	V.	R. P. Gilbert .	1810	J. Southcomb . .	W. Rashleigh
Withiel	R.	341	..	17	V. F. Vyvyan	1825	Sir R. R. Vyvyan	..

DEANERY

<i>Advent, see Lanteglos</i> .	R.
Altarnon	V.	363	105	43	R. H. Tripp . .	1841	H. Trimuner . . .	D. & C. of Exeter
Boyton	C.	136	..	13	E. Rudall . . .	1826	Rev. J. Prideaux
Cleather, St., or Clether	V.	168	80	3	H. J. Morshead	1837	J. Serjeant.	$\begin{cases} J. Carpenter, \\ \text{and} \\ T. J. Phillips \end{cases}$	80 0 0	90 0 0
Davidstow	V.	205	77	13	J. Glanville . .	1797	J. Gillard	THE CROWN	240 0 0	166 0 0
Egloskerry, w. Tremayne }	C.	118	90	7	J. Serjeant . .	1826	H. A. Simcoe . .	— Owen	155 16 0	220 0 0
Gennis, St., or Genys .	V.	147	120	1	J. A. H. Laffer .	1834	$\begin{cases} \text{Earl of} \\ \text{St. Germans} \end{cases}$	160 0 0	310 0 0
Jacobstow	R.	276	..	33	J. Glanville . .	1832	$\begin{cases} \text{Earl of} \\ \text{St. Germans} \end{cases}$		

POWDER—*continued.*

ARCHDEACONY OF CORNWALL.

TITHE OWNERS.	Glebe.	Tax. et Valor. 1291 or 1294.		Tax. et Valor. Henry VIII.		Statute Acres.	Popula- tion, 1831.	POST TOWNS.	PARISHES.
		A.	R.	P.	£	s.	d.		
Reector	34 3 41		6	6	8	20	0	0	4940 1630 St. Austle Roehe.
Impropriator		5	6	8	12	0	0	2120 424 Tregony Ruan Lanyhorne.
Reector and Vicar		not named.			no return.			1180 314 Lostwithiel Samson, or Golant.
Impropriator		8	6	8	{ see Car- hayes. }			9230 2477 Tregony Stephens, St. in Bran-
Reector		5	6	8				2990 2228 Fowey nel, see St. Michael
D. & C. of Exeter }	...		10	0	0	19	0	0	5430 1525 Tregony Carhayes.
									Tywardreth.
									Veryan.

OF PYDAR.

.....	w. Perran	8660	6442	Truro	Agnes, St., see Perran-
.....	...	not named.	41 10 6	7860	1450	Wadebridge	zabulo.
Vicar & Sir R. Vyvyan	...	4 0 0	6 14 8	1790	261	St. Columb	Breock, St.
Reector	30 0 0	17 13 4	53 6 8	11,680	2796	St. Columb, Major	Columb, St., Major.
Sir J. B. Buller	not named.	no return.	5520	1409	St. Columb, Minor	Columb, St., Minor.
Impropriator	19 6 8	in 1294, } Vic. & 9 Prebs. 19 3 4 }	2440	458	St. Michael	Crantock.
Impropriator	4 16 8		2320	487	St. Michael	Cubert, or Cuthbert.
Vicar	6 6 8	26 13 4	4050	1125	St. Columb	Enoder, St.
Impropriator	5 0 0	19 6 8	3110	453	Padstow	Ervan, St.
D. and C. of Exeter	6 13 4	7 13 4	2970	354	St. Columb	Evall.
D. and C. of Exeter }	...	4 6 8	9 0 0	4440	720	Padstow	Issey, St.
Vicar	8 0 0	24 0 0	5540	922	Bodmin	Lanivet.
Reector	50 0 0	6 13 4 } 1 6 8 }	5130	745	St. Columb	Mawgan in Pydar.
Vicar	not named.	26 13 4	3740	576	Padstow	Merrin, St.
Chan. of St. Peter's, Ext.	9 2 0	9 0 0	15 16 8	8340	1218	Truro	Newlyn.
Impropriator	5 6 8	16 13 4	3270	1822	Padstow	Padstow.
Vicar	not named.	11 3 0	10,660	2793	St. Michael	Perranzabulo, w.
D. and C. of Exeter		24 9 0				{ St. Agnes.
	...	1 10 0	6 6 8	1720	224	Padstow	{ Petherick, Little, or
	...	6 13 4	16 6 8	5600	649	St. Columb	Petroe Minor.
	...	4 0 0	10 0 0	2740	406	Bodmin	Wenn, St.
							Withiel.

OF TRIGG MAJOR.

D. and C. of Exeter	see Lantegl.	4020	244	Camelford	Advent, see Lanteglos.
H. Thompson	8 0 0	18 14 10	13,840	1069	Launceston	Altarnon.
Cur. of St. Thomas, } near Launceston, } <td>...</td> <td>1 10 0</td> <td>no return.</td> <td>4460</td> <td>452</td> <td>Launceston</td> <td>Boyton.</td>	...	1 10 0	no return.	4460	452	Launceston	Boyton.
Vicar	6 0 0	6 11 0½	3540	2885	Launceston	Cleather, St.
Vicar	7 5 0	8 0 0	6260	389	Camelford	Davidstow.
Impropriators	18 0 0	2 0 0	no return.	3060	537	Launceston	Egloskerry, w.
Impropriators	1 0 0	8 0 0	5580	761	Launceston	{ Tremayne.
Impropriator	20 0 0	6 0 0	19 0 0	4890	638	Stratton	Gennis, St., or Genys.
Reector						Jacobstow.

DIOCESE OF EXETER.

DEANERY OF

PARISHES.	Descrip- tion.	Gross Ann. Val. 1831.	Curates' Stipends	Fixed Payments.	INCUMBENTS.	Date of Induction.	CURATES' NAMES.	PATRONS.	Tithe Com- munications.
		£	£	£					£ s. d.
Juliot, or St. Jilt . . .	C.	60	32	..	A. Laffer	{ Sir W. Moles- worth, and W. Rawle	165 0 0
Kilkhampton	R.	609	..	122	J. Davis	1810	{ Lord Carteret	50 0 0
Laneast	C.	70	70	15	W. Cowland	1826	J. Serjeant	{ J.K. Lethbridge, and another	607 0 0 113 7 8
Launcells	V.	201	120	20	R. H. K. Buck	1839	{ L. W. Buck	280 0 0
Mary, St. (Launceston)	C.	117	..	1	G. B. Gibbons	1837	{ Corporat. of { Launceston	220 0 0
Marham Church	R.	412	..	62	J. Kingdon	1818	J. Kingdon	390 0 0
Moorwinstow	V.	323	..	47	R. S. Hawker	1834	Bp. of Exeter	390 0 0
Petherwin, South, <i>w.</i>	V.	625	..	276	R. S. Stevens	1824	{ University of Oxford	365 0 0
Trewen								see Lezant.	
Poughill	V.	116	75	..	John Davis	1810	R. W. Riley	THE CROWN	65 5 6
Poundstock	V.	185	..	11	P. D. Dayman	1841	J. Dayman	124 5 0
Stephen, St. (Laun- ceston)	C.	100	100	20	C. H. Lethbridge	1818	{ Feoffees & Inhabitants	370 0 0
Stratton, <i>w.</i>	V.	162	75	33	J. S. Hawker	1833	THE CROWN	200 0 0
Tamerton, North	C.	250	90	20	C. P. Coffin	1811	J. Heathcote	{ R. P. Coffin, and others	240 0 0
Thomas, St.	C.	103	83	20	J. H. Kendall	1841	The Inhabitants.	84 14 3
Tremayne, or Tremiean, <i>see</i> Egloskerry	C.		
Trenegloss, <i>w.</i>	V.	212	77	25	J. H. Mason	1804	J. French	THE CROWN	63 15 0
Warbstow									90 0 0
Tresmere	C.	125	..	7	W. A. Morgan	1821	THE CROWN	130 0 0
Trewen, <i>see</i> South Petherwin	V.		
Warbstow, <i>see</i> Trene- gloss	V.		169 4 0
Week, St. Mary	R.	465	..	77	Walter Gee	1821	{ Sidney Suss. { Coll. Camb.	135 0 0
Whitstone	R.	247	76	16	John Kingdon	1793	W. Kingdon	John Kingdon	450 0 0
									255 0 0

DEANERY OF

Blisland	R.	625	..	64	F. W. Pye	1834	F. W. Pye	543 0 0
Bodmin	V.	283	J. Wallis, jun.	1817	G. T. Bull	Lady Basset	311 15 10
Breward, St.	V.	T. J. Landon	1815	D. & C. of Exeter	50 0 0
Eglosheyle	V.	389	..	62	T. S. Carlyon	1833	Bp. of Exeter	392 17 10
Endellion	R.	223	63	27	W. Hocken	1833	THE CROWN	399 15 0
Prebd. of Endellion:									500 0 0
Bodmin-on-Kings	63	J. Boyse	1797	Mr. Basset	225 0 0
Trelaverock	115	J. Kempe	1818	Mr. Gray	128 0 0
Marnays	N. Kendall	Hon. A. M. Agar	130 0 0
Forrabury	R.	70	..	113	R. Winslow	1800	C. Woolecombe	T. J. Philipps	60 0 0
Helland	R.	215	103	19	F. J. Hext	1817	J. Glencross	W. Morshead	212 10 0
Kew, St. or Lanow	V.	467	120	66	J. S. Scobell	1837	N. Every	738 0 0
									520 3 9
Lanhydrock	C.	N. Kendall	Hon. Mrs. Agar	150 0 0
Lanteglos by Camel- ford, <i>w.</i> Advent	R.	528	88	54	C. Luxmore	1794	W. Borlase	THE CROWN	
Lesnewth	R.	190	80	..	C. Worsley	1814	W. P. Bray	E. J. Glynn	

TRIGG MAJOR—*continued.*

ARCHDEACONY OF CORNWALL.

TITHE OWNERS.	Glebe.	Tax. et Valor. 1291 or 1294.	Tax. et Valor. Henry VIII.	Statute Acres.	Popula- tion. 1831,	POST TOWNS.	PARISHES.
	A. R. P.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.				
{ Sir W. Moles- worth, and W. Rawle . . . }	...	13 0 0	no return.	2600	271	Camelford	Juliot, or St. Jilt.
Impropriator	100 0 0	13 14 4	26 13 10 $\frac{1}{2}$	8120	1126	Stratton	Kilkhampton.
Rector							
Impropriators	2 0 0	...	2600	279	Launceston	Laneast.
L. W. Buck	7 15 0	10 10 8	6340	843	Stratton	Launceulls.
Vicar							
{ Duke of Northumberland	not valued.	2180	2231	Launceston	Mary, St. (Launceston)
...	38 0 0	6 13 4	15 11 0	2630	659	Stratton	Marham Church.
Impropriator	70 0 0	13 6 8	10 8 6	7780	1102	Stratton	Moorwinstow.
Vicar							
University of Oxford	6 0 0	{ 20 Ed. I. 6 0 0 }	1940	988	Launceston	{ Petherwin, South, w. Trewen.
Propriet. of Estates in the Parish	2 13 4	6 12 6	2070	360	Stratton	Poughill.
Vicar							
Impropriators	25 0 0	8 0 0	13 6 8	4420	727	Stratton	Poundstock.
Vicar							
Impropriators	10 0 0	{ 20 Ed. I. 10 0 0 }	3910	1084	Launceston	{ Stephen, St. (Laun- ceston.)
Impropriators	2 0 0	7 13 4	{ 20 Ed. I. 10 11 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ }	2380	1613	Stratton	{ Stratton, w. Bude Chapel.
Vicar							
...	...	2 6 8	{ 2 6 8 in 1294 }	5400	517	Launceston	Tamerton, North.
...	...	1 10 0	1 10 0	2120	626	Launceston	Thomas, St.
Impropriators	not named.	118	Launceston	{ Tremayne, or Tre- mean, <i>see</i> Egloskerry.
Impropriator	20 0 0	7 0 0	{ 9 19 6 Ed. I. }	3130	183	Camelford	{ Trengloss, w. Warbstow.
Vicar							
Impropriators	1 6 8	1 6 8	1490	171	Launceston	Tresmere.
...	...	not named.	{ see Pe- therwin }	970	213	Launceston	{ Trewen, <i>see</i> South Petherwin.
Impropriator	not named.	{ see Tre- negloss }	4180	481	Camelford	{ Warbstow, <i>see</i> Trene gloss.
Vicar							
Rector	84 0 0	5 6 8	17 0 0	5830	769	Stratton	Week St. Mary.
Rector	37 0 0	4 6 8	14 11 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	4080	481	Stratton	Whitstone.

TRIGG MINOR.

Rector	6 0 0	13 10 0	6800	644	Bodmin	Blisland.
{— Wallis, and Landowners . . . }	...	6 3 4	No retrn. { T.2840 P.3470 }	3732	Bodmin	Bodmin.	
Mayor & Corporatrs.							
Vicar	7 0 0	8 0 0	9180	627	Bodmin	Breward, St.
Vicar, partly endwd.							
{ To Sub-Dean of Exeter }	29 2 3	16 0 0	6170	1335	Wadebridge	Eglosheyle.
Rector	18 3 0	Endellion.
Prebendary	11 0 0	{ With Prb. }	10 0 0	3530	1218	Wadebridge	Prebs. of Endellion : Bodmin-on-Kings.
Prebendary	15 0 0	{ 24 4 0 }	10 0 0	3530	1218	Wadebridge	{ Trelaverock. Marnays.
Prebendary	14 0 0						
Rector	9 0 15	1 0 0	4 12 8	430	358	Boscastle	Forrabury.
Rector	2 0 0	9 13 4	2770	285	Bodmin	Helland.
{ Vicar endow. with part of Gt. Tithes }	...	8 13 4	19 10 0	7530	1316	Wadebridge	Kew, St., or Lanow.
{ Rest to Sir Wm. Molesworth . . . }	1680	239	Bodmin	Lanhydrock.
Impropriator	34 11 2	3750	1359	Camelford	{ Lanteglos by Camel- ford, w. Advent.
...	...	4 6 8	8 0 0	1940	127	Camelford	Lesnewth.

DIOCESE OF EXETER.

DEANERY OF

PARISHES.	Descrip- tion.	Gross Ann Val 1831	Curates' Stipend.	Fixed Payments.	INCUMBENTS.	Date of Induction.	CURATES' NAMES.	PATRONS.	Tithe Com- munications.
Mabyn, St.	R.	730	100	18	G. L. Gower . . .	1818	N. Kendall, jun. .	Lord Falmonth . . .	£ 780 s. 0 d.
Michaelstow	R.	276	..	6	E. Spettigue . . .	1818	THE CROWN
Minster	R.	230	See Forra- bury.)	6	R. Winslow . . .	1800	C. Woolcombe . . .	T. J. Philipps . . .	255 0 0
Minver, St. w. Porthilly, C. . . . & St. Enoder	V.	344	150	7	G. Treweeke . . .	1817	J. Ellis	W. Sandys . . .	1000 0 0 356 5 0
Otterham	R.	172	..	11	S. Chileot	1810	{ Represts. of { W. Chilcot
Teath, St.	V.	260	..	34	T. Amory	1838	Bishop of Exeter
Temple*	C.	23	..	2	D. Clements	Sir B. P. Wrey
Tintagel, alias Bossiney	V.	255	75	37	R. S. Bree	1835	D. & C. Windsor
Trevalga	R.	146	J. T. Symons	1831	D. & C. of Exeter
Tudy, St.	R.	703	..	3	C. Hodgson	1817	{ D. & C. Ch. . . { Ch. Oxf.	693 1 6

* There is no church or service in this parish, and only thirty-seven inhabitants.

DEANERY

Broadoak, <i>see</i> Boconnoc	R. {	416	..	38	A. Tatham	1832	Lrd Grenville {	195 0 0
Boconnoc	R. {	561	..	37	T. Grylls	1814	E. J. Glynn . . .	185 0 0
Cardinham	R.	281	58	36	J. Jope	1776	E. Polwhele	THE CROWN {	500 0 0
Cleer, St., or St. Clare .	V.	479	R. Scott	1840	Balliol Coll. Oxf. . .	330 0 0
Duloe {	S. R. {	50	W. Greswell	1830	Lieut. Cory, R.N. . .	330 0 0
Keyne, St.	R.	211	50	13	T. Leah	1833	J. Buller	140 0 0
Laureath	R.	584	..	80	R. Buller	1829	H. P. Rawlings . . .	500 0 0
Lansallos	R.	465	..	70	W. Rawlings	1822	Lrd. Grenville {	315 0 0
Lanteglos, by Fowey .	V.	232	80	36	W. Hocker	1806	J. Kendall	225 0 0	
Liskeard	V.	317	150	14	J. F. Todd	1821	J. F. Todd
Martin, St., by Looe .	V.	524	..	43	W. Farwell	1830	{ Lady S ⁿ nd- wich, & Ld. {	415 0 0
Morval	V.	250	85	12	S. Puddicombe . . .	1803	J. G. Harrison . .	THE CROWN
Neot, St.	V.	416	..	49	H. Grylls	1820	{ R. G. Grylls, — Glencross, and others
Pelynt	V.	303	..	63	J. B. Kitson . . .	1841	J. W. Buller {	400 0 0
Pinnoch, St.	R.	164	..	4	J. Rawlings	1835	{ J. Coryton, { J. T. Treffy, & { J. Rawlings . .	235 0 0
Talland	V.	245	..	38	N. Kendal	1806	J. Dunn	N. Kendal . . .	314 14 0
Veep, St.	V.	243	..	28	J. B. Kitson . . .	1823	D. Howell . . .	136 0 0
Warleggon	R.	146	75	21	D. Clements	1833	G. W. F. Gregory . .	320 0 0
Winnow, St. w. Knighton	V.	207	..	10	P. Frye	1835	D. & C. Exeter {	231 0 0

PARISHES WITHIN THE DEVONSHIRE LIMIT, BUT UNDER THE

Giles, St., in the Heath	C.	108	5	12	Edward Rudall . . .	1830	Lords Lothian & Valletort, & Lady Suffield . . .	123 14 0 0 14 0
Petherwin, North . . .	V.	135	70	..	J. Kingdon, jun. . .	1833	Duke of Bedford
Werrington	D.	257	83	28	J. Bradden	1788	T. B. Melhuish . . .	Earl of Buckinghamshire . . .	290 0 0

TRIGG MINOR—continued.

ARCHDEACONRY OF CORNWALL.

TITHE OWNERS.	Glebe.	Tax. et Value 1291 or 1294		Tax. et Val. r Henry VIII.		Statute Acre.	Popula- tion, 1831.	POST TOWNS.	PARISHES.
		A.	R.	P.	L.	s.	d.		
Rector		8	0	0	36	0	0	3570	795 Wadebridge Mabyn, St.
.		3	0	0	10	13	8	1780	215 Camelford Michaelstow.
Rector	40 0 0	5	0	0	22	17	10	3140	497 Boscastle Minster.
Impropriator	21 Imp.	7	0	0	13	10	1	6890	1110 Padstow Minver, St.
Vicar	41 Vicar.	2	0	0	6	14	0	3300	227 Camelford w. Porthilly, C.
E. P. Lyon		not named.			12	0	0	5900	1280 Camelford & St. Enoder.
.		0 10 0			no return.			780	29 Bodmin Teath, St.
Lord Wharncliffe		8 0 0			8 11	2	2	3960	1006 Bossiny Temple.
.		2 0 0			7	6	0	1130	192 Bossiny Tintagel, alias Bossiny
Rector		5 0 0			31	0	0	3590	658 Bodmin Trevalga.
									Tudy, St.

OF WEST.

{ Rector	83 1 36	0 13 4	{ 8 13 4	3240	301 {	Lostwithiel	{ Broadoak, see Boconnoc
Rector	197 0 0	6 13 4	{ 9 17 3	2230	259 }	Boconnoc	Boconnoc.
Vicar			24 17 6	8550	728	Bodmin	Cardinham.
Impropriator	2 0 0	not named.	19 16 8	9700	982	Liskeard	Cleer, St., or St. Clare.
Vicar		7 3 4	8 0 11½	5900	928	West Looe	Duloe.
Rector	25 0 0	1 0 0	5 18 6	850	201	Liskeard	Keyne, St.
.		6 6 8	1750		651	West Looe	Lanreath.
Rector		5 6 8	18 0 0	2930	884	West Looe	Lansallos.
Impropriator	8 0 0	10 13 4	14 7 6	3280	1208	Fowey	Lanteglos, by Fowey.
Vicar		8 0 0	18 13 10	7740	4042	Liskeard	Liskeard.
J. Harris		9 6 8	36 0 0	3060	1320	East Looe	Martin, St, by Looe.
.	108 0 0	1 10 0	6 14 9	3730	644	East Looe	Morval.
J. Buller		10 0 0	9 11 0	14,540	1424	Liskeard	Neot, St.
Impropriator	50 0 0	8 0 0	17 18 6	4460	804	West Looe	Pelynt.
Vicar		not named.	17 13 6	3240	425	Liskeard	Pinnock, St.
J. Graves		8 0 0	{ Bp.'s In.	2690	1434	West Looe	Talland.
Vicar			{ 8 0 0				
Impropriator	18 0 0	5 0 0	5 0 6	2940	697	West Looe	Veep, St.
Vicar		1 0 0	5 17 6	1930	274	Bodmin	Warleggon.
Rector	9 0 0	2 0 0	5 0 0	6840	1048	Lostwithiel	{ Winnow, St.
D. & C. of Exeter							{ w. Knighton.
Vicar							

ARCHDEACONRY OF CORNWALL, AND IN THE DEANERY OF TRIGG MAJOR.

The Patrons		3280	357	Launceston	Giles, St., in the Heath.
Rector of Sydenham		6 10 0		7920	1044	Launceston	Petherwin, North.
— Hawke, and others		1 0 0		5070	661	Launceston	Werrington.

PARISHES PARTLY IN CORNWALL AND PARTLY IN DEVONSHIRE.

DEANERY OF HOLSWORTHY, DEVON.

PARISHES.	Descrip- tion.	Gross Ann. Val. 1831.	Curates' Stipend.	Fixed Payments.	INCUMBENTS.	Date of Induction.	PATRONS.	TITHE OWNERS.
Bridgerule* (Stratton)	V.	150	T. H. Kingdon	1806	R. R. Wright ...	T. H. Kingdon.

DEANERY OF PLYMPTON, DEVON.

Budeaux, St.† (Plymouth) ... }	V.	113	B. W. S. Vallack	1832	Vicar of St. An- drew, Plymouth	Impropriator.
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* The church is on the Devonshire side of the Tamar; and the number of Acres in Cornwall, out of the entire number in this parish, is 851, being not quite one-fourth of the total, or 4010, although the population on the Cornish side of the river amounts to 276, out of 497; the tax. et val. 1294, was 5*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.* In temp. Henry VIII. 14*l.*

† This church is in Devonshire; the number of acres in Cornwall is not ascertained; report makes it about 500, with forty inhabitants, lying opposite Saltash, on the eastern shore of the Tamar.

N.B. The population returns of 1831 are given with the benefices above, that being the year of the return of their gross annual value. The increase or decrease of the population of each parish to 1841, inclusive, may be ascertained at page 248, and sequel.

TURNPIKE ROADS OF CORNWALL.

TURNPIKE RETURNS.

NO. OF MILES, 335.

TRUSTS.	Total Income.	Total Expenditure.	Total Debts.	Interest on Debts.	No. of Surveyors.	Surveyors' Salaries.	Clerks' Salaries.	Law Expenses.	Treasurers' Salaries.
Bodmin	1,850 2 10	1,873 13 11	8,927 16 6	433 10 0	1	80 0 0	30 0 0	40 3 10	20
Bodmin and Roche .	304 12 3	446 16 5	3,221 7 0	12 10 0	1	25 0 0	10 0 0	10
Callington	710 10 0	673 3 1	4,325 0 0	60 0 0	1	70 0 0	20 0 0	12
Camelford, Wade- bridge, and St. Columb	2,596 0 0	2,839 12 3	6,428 15 0	210 0 0	2	55 0 0	15 0 0	255 19 7	15
Creed and St. Just .	227 5 8	227 16 8	1,509 0 0	40 0 0	1	10 0 0	13 0 0		
Hayle Bridge Comp.	955 17 11	1,329 3 10	12,080 0 0	480 0 0	1	56 13 4	44 17 6	48 11 2	
Helston	2,197 19 11	2,249 16 1	13,966 17 4	668 0 0	1	21 0 0	21 0 0	13 15 6	21
Launceston	2,383 4 7	2,358 5 6	12,528 0 10	542 14 2	2	150 0 0	14 0 0	28 15 10	16
Liskeard	2,340 16 10	2,497 3 1	23,069 9 9	1,303 9 9	1	52 0 0	15 0 0	27 13 9	25
Penryn and Redruth	1,034 10 1	993 17 6	6,651 10 1	385 6 8	1	42 0 0	10 10 0		
St. Austle & Lost- withiel	1,048 7 1	903 18 9	5,081 0 10	263 8 3	1	50 0 0	15 0 0	5 5 0	15
Saltash	468 0 8	521 4 6	19,963 14 8	257 8 9	1	35 0 0	12 0 0		
Trebarwith Sands .	206 15 7	311 7 10	3,171 0 2	164 19 4	1	15 0 0	5 0 0	5
Truro	3,694 7 2	3,346 3 5	12,714 9 1	620 14 6	1	160 0 0	40 0 0	31 3 1	
	20,015 10 7	20,572 2 10	133,638 1 3	5,442 1 5	16	821 13 4	265 7 5	451 7 9	139

The unpaid interest is £7,113 16s. 1d. Very great and costly improvements have been recently effected. Of the parochial roads we have no return. There are no railroads for passengers in this county.

POPULATION, LONGEVITY, DISEASES, POOR-LAW UNIONS,
EXPENDITURE, &c.

WE give the population of every parish to 1841, in the Table of Poor-law Unions, for the last fifty years, decennial; we shall here give only results. The *parochial* returns for 1841 are not yet made public; but by great exertions, and at considerable expense, we have procured the returns from the localities, and their general accuracy may be relied upon. The population of Cornwall, in 1831 and 1841, including the Scilly Islands,* was as follows:†—

Males, 1841 . . . 164,451	Females . . . 176,818	Total . . . 341,269
Males, 1831 . . . 146,213	Females . . . 154,725	Total . . . 300,938
Increase, 18,238	22,093	Total increase, 40,331

Majority of females over males in the county, on the census of 1841, 12,367, or 1,075 females for every 1,000 males.

The total population of Cornwall in 1801 was 188,269. This number had increased 15 per cent. in 1811, and the population then amounted to 216,667. In 1821 it was found in the preceding ten years to have augmented 19 per cent. Between 1821 and 1831, 17 per cent.; and between this last date and 1841, 13·4 per cent.

In the year 1377 the inhabitants of Cornwall—assessed by a poll-tax, exempting mendicants and children under fourteen years of age, and including the religious, both male and female, who were 686 in number—were 34,960. This was after a fearful plague had raged;‡ and, according to a rough calculation, allowing 1,500 or 2,000 mendicants, would make the total population about 48,000. In 1700 the number was estimated at 105,800, and in 1750 at 135,000. It is singular that in the muster for able-bodied military in 1574—the return for Devonshire being 10,000, Kent, 8,960, Yorkshire, 40,187, Bucks, 7,253 (now one of the least populous counties), Norfolk, 8,460, Somerset, 6,800—Cornwall should be next, mustering 6,600.§

The inhabited houses in 1831 were 53,521; uninhabited, 2,538; building, 758. In 1841, inhabited, 65,641, uninhabited, 4,956, building, 928. Increase in ten years—inhabited, 12,120, or 22·6 per cent., uninhabited, 2,418, building, 170; the average number of inhabitants to each house in 1841 being 5·2. The total increase of houses between 1831 and 1841 is 14,708, being an average of 1,470 built in each year since 1831. If we may judge by a comparison of the increase of inhabited houses in the same period, the social and domestic comforts of the people in this county must have greatly increased, being only 13·4 per cent., while the inhabited houses are 22·6 per cent.

The Registrar-General's return|| for June 30, 1840, it may be presumed approximates as closely to accuracy as such returns will ever do; but applying it to the census of 1841, would be obviously erroneous, as the census was taken on the 6th of June, 1841, and there is a tenth part of the decennial increase too much, wanting twenty-four days. The population to which the return of June 30, 1840, applies, should be 337,503, in place of 341,269; and thus calculating, for the sake of accuracy, we have the following results for Cornwall:—Marriages, 2,399; births, 11,240—males, 5,785, females, 5,455; deaths, 5,760—males, 2,985, females, 2,775; marriages to population, 1 to 140·6; births to population, 1 to 30·02; deaths to population, 1 to 58·59;¶ marriages to deaths, 1 to 2·40; marriages to births, 1 to 4·68; deaths to births, 1 to 1·9 annually. Of men, 3·92 per cent., and of women, 14·17, marry under twenty-one years of age; and 33 men and 54 women per cent. sign with marks on their marriage, the men being the same, the women 5 more than the average for all England.

The majority of deaths takes place in the March quarter, the minority in that of September; the same rule holds good regarding births. We know not if we are the first to remark, that in all the southern counties of England this is the case; while in Cheshire, Lancashire, the Ridings of Yorkshire, in Durham, Cumberland, Northumberland, and Westmoreland, the births are uniformly most in the June quarter. In the five north-midland counties, they are nearly on an equality in both quarters. Can this bear any relation to the atmospheric temperature?

Cornwall, unlike the sister county of Devon, has a large population of miners, and yet it stands first in the returns, giving 1 death in 58·59, and Devon 1 death in 57·79. Sir Charles Lemon calculates the mining population at about 28,000. We notice, as accounting for an increase of

* An account of these Islands we propose to give with the smaller Islands appendant to England.

† Parliamentary Returns.

‡ Magna Britannia, vol. iii.

§ Public Document.

|| The Registrar-General's districts in Cornwall are fifteen in number, viz. St. Austle, Bodmin, Camelford, St. Columb, Falmouth, St. Germans, (this last including Anthony, Rame, St. John, Sheviock, St. Stephens, Saltash, Botus Fleming, Landulph, Pillaton, St. Mellion, Quethiock, Landrake, part of the parish of Maker, the borough of Saltash, the borongh and parish of St. Germans, (part of St. Budeaux is unaccountably omitted,) Helston, Holswothy, (comprising North Tamerton and part of Bridgrule,) Launceston, (comprising Alerton, Trewen, Laneast, Lewannick, Lawhitton, Stoke-Climsland, Lezant, South Petherwin, Northill, Egloskerry, Tremayne, Tresmire, Trenglos, Warbstow, St. Stephen with Newport and St. Thomas, part of the parish of Boyton, and the borough and parish of Launceston,) Liskeard, Penzance, Redruth, Scilly Isles, Stratton, and Truro.

¶ The return of deaths for all England, without Wales, we have made, with great care, 1 to 44·45 annually.

mortality in the male sex between 40 and 60, a disease called the "miner's consumption," to distinguish it from the common species of disorder so called. Dr. Barham states that in St. Agnes, Perranzabulo, Kenwyn, and Kea, out of 146 deaths of miners, 77 die from consumption, which attacks only 33 out of 134 in other classes. We have examined the returns of all the English counties, and find Cornwall standing alone in this peculiarity of the disease, giving 662 males to 569 females; whereas in Essex, a county of the same population, these numbers reversed would appear about correct, there being in that county nearly a hundred female deaths annually from this cause more than male. London, Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham, present the same singularity, it is true, as regards the male sex, but these are towns. In a county so remarkably temperate and healthy, this singular complaint, which it does not appear has been yet much noticed, demands close investigation into its nature and causes. The appendix to the Registrar-General's return, which, as before observed, may now be depended upon as a document for one year, will not give the inferences most desirable, which should be drawn from a series of such returns for successive years. Out of the 5,760 deaths recorded, the causes of 5,651 have been obtained, and stand as follow:—1. Epidemic, endemic, and contagious diseases.—Of this class, 345 cases were typhus, 227 measles, 173 whooping-cough, and 72 small-pox. 2. Diseases of the nervous system, 617—304 females, and 313 males; convulsions number 200; paralysis 127, and apoplexy 105; total, 1,032—males, 500, females, 532. 3. Diseases of the respiratory organs.—Of this class were 1,653—884 males, and 769 females; among them the pneumonia cases were 311, and consumption 1,231—662 males, and 569 females. 4. Organs of circulation.—There were of these 34 cases. 5. Diseases of the intestinal canal, gastritis enteritis giving 62 females to 51 male cases; of the pancreas, liver, and spleen, 270—males, 132, and females, 138. 6. Urinary organs, 21, 17 being males. 7. Childbed, 44, disease, 4; total, 48. 8. Organs of locomotion, 31; of these 17 were rheumatism—17 men. 9. Of the integumentary system, 10 cases—7 males. 10. Of uncertain seat, 943; among these last were 242 cases of dropsy, 139 being females; 392 of debility, 209 being males; and 77 of sudden death—46 males. 11. Of old age, 716, 400 being females. 12. Of intemperance, 1; and of violent deaths, 275; of which number only 72 were females. Deaths from accident are frequent in the mines, but many suffer injuries that only prove fatal in the lapse of time, sometimes much protracted. Only one death is recorded from intemperance. The deaths by accident are not so numerous as might be expected in a population of 341,269. In Liverpool, numbering only 218,233, the violent deaths are 240, intemperance 4, starvation 34! In London the violent deaths are more in proportion. In Manchester and Salford, out of only 236,935, the violent deaths are 282; 15 died from intemperance, and 5 from starvation. To the honour of Cornwall, the East and North Ridings of York, and Durham, the tables for those counties show no returns of deaths from starvation within their boundaries! In Durham and the North Division of Lancashire, in a population of 311,356, the violent deaths are 256, about the same as in Cornwall.

As the present subject is interesting to many persons, and comparative tables will best exhibit the state of health in any district, as compared with all England, we shall conclude with presenting one of this kind to the reader. Out of 1,000 persons who die in all England and Wales, and 1,000 who die in Cornwall, the deaths take place at the following ages:—

CORNWALL.				ENGLAND AND WALES.		
	Males.	Females.	Mean.	Males.	Females.	Mean.
Under 1	211.3	168.6	189.9	241	195	218
1 and under 3	105.7	104.0	104.9	131.9	130.2	131.1
3 „ 5	36.3	39.0	37.6	55.2	57.2	56.2
5 „ 10	41.0	49.8	45.4	52.7	52.9	52.8
10 „ 15	22.9	32.5	27.7	25.7	28.6	27.1
15 „ 20	40.7	36.5	38.6	32.2	38.6	35.4
20 „ 25	41.7	38.6	40.2	37.5	42.4	40.0
25 „ 30	34.3	35.4	34.8	33.4	39.8	36.6
30 „ 35	30.3	30.7	30.5	31.2	35.4	33.3
35 „ 40	24.6	35.0	29.8	31.1	34.0	32.5
40 „ 45	27.6	22.4	25.0	29.9	30.9	30.4
45 „ 50	38.3	29.3	33.8	30.2	28.6	29.4
50 „ 55	37.7	32.1	34.9	30.4	28.9	29.7
55 „ 60	38.7	34.3	36.5	30.2	29.7	29.9
60 „ 65	42.4	41.2	41.8	37.4	37.7	37.6
65 „ 70	50.4	50.6	50.5	38.8	39.6	39.2
70 „ 75	52.1	57.8	55.0	41.2	43.4	42.3
75 „ 80	54.8	58.2	56.5	38.5	42.9	40.7
80 „ 85	41.0	52.4	46.7	29.1	34.0	31.5
85 „ 90	20.5	35.0	27.7	15.8	20.0	17.9
90 and upwards	7.7	16.6	12.2	6.5	10.2	8.4

If the nature of the miner's labour before were supposed not to be prejudicial, the appendix to the returns of the Registrar-General prove it very plainly ; for example, in Redruth, the centre of the largest and most populous mines, on a high and healthy site, we find, in a population of 48,063, no less than 236 cases of No. 1, while at Penzance, with a population of 50,100, we find but 154 cases ; and at Truro, but 93 out of a population of 43,137. Then under the head of disorders of the respiratory organs, No. 3, we find, Redruth, 309, Penzance, 253, and Truro, 199 ; and no less than 261 out of this 309 are from consumption, being 90 more than in any other districts, numerous mines existing as well both in those of Penzance and Truro, but still in far inferior proportion to Redruth.

The miners are reported to fall off before 60, and not commonly to attain that age ; and those who live beyond that term find their health infirm, compared to the other part of the population. In comparing Cornwall with Cumberland, so celebrated for instances of extreme longevity, and with the sister county, the diminution of male numbers from 40 upwards will be apparent :—

	Under 10.	10 to 20.	20 to 40.	40 to 60.	60 to 80.	80 to 100.
Cornwall . . .	2,949	2,249	2,569	1,506·10	666·10	58·42
Cumberland . .	2,876	2,088	2,661	1,512·6	686·11	74·11
Devon	2,925	2,143	2,548	1,575·4	743·13	65·6

Here Cornwall shows the falling off, as we conjectured it must do, since—

Cornwall has	7,747	alive at 40 years of age, out of 10,000 living.
Cumberland	7,715	" "
Devon	" 7,616	" "

Up to 40 Cornwall has 32 more alive than Cumberland, and 131 more than Devon. At 60 Cornwall is but 6·4 behind Cumberland, but 68·4 behind Devon. Above 60 the numbers change more seriously :—

Cornwall . . .	724·52	out of 10,000 between 60 and 100.
Cumberland .	760·22	" "
Devon	808·19	" "

As the climate of Devonshire and Cornwall is similar, this difference must be ascribed to the shorter lives of the mining part of the population. Extraordinary instances of longevity occur everywhere ; but this occurrence is no proof of the healthiness of a district, for some Englishmen live to an advanced age in the midst of West Indian pestilence. The estimate of advantage in prolonged life is good, generally, to a certain point alone, beyond which years become a burthen, except in a few favoured instances, and are not to be desired, as the old man of 105 at the Lizard point told Dr. Borlase. (See p. 19.) That climate, then, must be really the best, in which the greatest number, unaffected by artificial causes, live to experience the lesser portion of the ills of senility, and not " mere oblivion," its living death ; and for this reason, that country is most desirable where the deaths are fewest in proportion to the population.

POOR-LAW UNIONS AND PAROCHIAL STATISTICS.

THE PARISHES of the county are here given arranged in POOR LAW UNIONS, exhibiting the annual value of property as assessed to the property tax ; the amount expended for the maintenance of the poor in the year 1838 ; the state of the parochial population for four decennial periods ; the sums expended for the relief of the poor before the passing of the New Poor Law ; and the number of statute acres in each parish.

The total expenditure for the relief of the poor in this county in 1833-4, calculating the population from the census of 1831 at 300,938, amounted to 6s. 2d. per head. The number of pauper lunatics was 57 males, and 49 females ; total, 106, or one in 2,839 : the number of idiots was 57 males, and 38 females : total, 95, or one in 3,168.

The market towns are printed in small capitals ; the letters which follow them indicating on what day the market is held. The letter *A.* denotes an assize town ; the sign *P* a polling place for Members of Parliament ; towns where excise duties are collected are indicated by a * ; sea-ports, with a custom-house, by § ; and *q. s.* that the Quarter Sessions for the county are held there.*

There are markets held in several parts of the mining districts for the convenience of the workmen, and sometimes from ancient prescriptive right. Of the last kind there is one at Wadebridge. A market is held at Port Isaac on Fridays for the use of the quarry-men at De la Bole, and at Heyle on Saturdays. St. Burian, Cargol, Crofthole, St. Germans, Ineeworth, Millbrook, Kilkhampton, Lawhitton, Mitchel, Mousehole, Polruan, Probus, West Looe, and a place called Shepestall, supposed to have been in Ruan Lanyhorne, had once charters for markets according to Lysons. We have given the fairs by themselves, some of which are dwindled to slight observance ; the days, too, are frequently changed.

* The post-towns will be found under the head of Benefices, &c. in the last column.

St. GERMANS UNION.—*Commenced January 14, 1837.*

NAMES OF UNITED PARISHES.	Annual Val. of Property, 1815.	Expend. for the Poor, 1838.	Guardians	POPULATION IN THE YEARS					Average Expend. for the Poor, 1834-5-6.	Area.
				1801.	1811.	1821	1831.	1841.		
1. St. Germans	15,283	1320 13	3	No. 2030	No. 2139	No. 2404	No. 2586	No. 2843	£ 1483	10,050
2. Anthony, St. Jacob . . .	6361	763 10	3	1795	2144	2642	3099	2894	919	2800
3. Botusfleming	1887	175 13	1	210	237	297	279	250	158	1290
4. St. John	1016	106 8	1	110	143	178	150	149	97	640
5. Landrake, <i>w.</i> St. Erney .	5818	404 7	1	613	768	841	872	893	404	3640
6. Landulph	3596	329 10	1	529	590	579	570	550	305	1880
7. St. Mellion	1928	149 14	1	284	326	321	330	395	133	2970
8. Pillaton	2236	193 14	1	336	477	452	413	434	166	3140
9. Quethiock	5756	242 8	1	587	585	684	692	657	265	4220
10. Rame	2372	324 10	2	904	978	807	896	800	304	1200
11. §SALTASH, <i>Sat.*</i> . . .	2473	248 12	2	1150	1478	1548	1637	1541	330	St. Stn.
12. Sheviock	2787	241 19	1	409	428	491	453	567	188	2290
13. St. Stephen's by Saltash	9253	595 3	2	1004	1121	1325	1455	1422	743	4880
<i>Parish in Cornwall & Devon:</i>										
Maker ¹	3465	741 14	3	3305	5247	3018	2637	1725	679	2260
TOTAL	64,231	5837 15	23	13,266	16,661	15,587	16,069	16,120	6174	41,260

LISKEARD UNION.—*Commenced January 16, 1837.*

1. LISKEARD Town,* <i>Sat.</i>	7077	727 14	4	1860	1975	2423	2853	3001	969	2140
2. Liskeard Parish	6153	678 6	2	848	909	1096	1189	1286	648	5600
3. Boconnoc	1252	113 7	1	212	236	253	259	312	140	2230
4. Broadoak	1025	66 4	1	173	188	235	301	303	72	3210
5. CALLINGTON, <i>Wed. Sat.*</i>	4142	604 13	3	819	938	1321	1388	1685	664	2600
6. Calstock	5801	755 17	4	1105	2064	2388	2328	2553	996	5450
7. St. Clare, or Cleer	5448	494 15	2	774	780	985	982	1412	593	9700
8. St. Dominiek	4149	337 1	2	538	534	690	726	825	335	2680
9. Duloe	5094	462 4	2	704	821	779	928	937	524	5900
10. St. Ive	3767	396 5	1	486	535	602	656	768	364	7890
11. St. Keyne	1071	105 1	1	139	157	153	201	194	66	850
12. Linkinhorne	5643	672 7	2	924	1002	1080	1159	1525	701	8270
13. Lansallos, <i>w.</i> part of { POLPERRO, <i>Fri.</i> . . .}	3218	391 9	2	847	804	880	884	828	419	2930
14. Lanreath	3110	370 11	1	478	548	629	651	651	304	1750
15. Lanteglos by Fowey, <i>Fri.</i>	4146	405 9	2	678	859	973	1208	1269	512	3280
16. § EAST LOOE,* <i>Sat.</i> . . .	921	145 2	2	467	608	770	865	926	249	St. Mn.
17. § WEST LOOE, <i>Sat.</i> . . .	563	98 14	1	376	433	539	593	616	43	Tallad.
18. St. Martin	3469	248 10	1	344	343	411	455	476	254	3060
19. Morval	3910	323 13	1	533	574	615	644	733	314	3730
20. Menheniot	10,599	862 19	2	918	1024	1170	1253	1221	1068	6280
21. St. Neot	4635	656 10	2	906	1041	1255	1424	1515	535	14,540
22. Pelynt	4732	383 7	2	630	708	750	804	834	493	4400
23. St. Pinnock	1816	147 18	1	302	316	431	425	421	163	3240
24. South Hill	2622	293 5	1	447	466	534	530	640	316	3089
25. Talland, <i>with</i> part of { POLPERRO, <i>Fri.</i> . . .}	3128	414 19	2	760	801	839	841	834	450	2690
26. St. Veep	4087	322 19	1	506	511	585	697	710	332	2940
TOTAL	101,578	10,488 17	46	16,774	19,175	22,388	24,244	23,475	11,524	108,340

(1) In Maker parish, St. Germans Union; the manor of Vaulsterholme, in which part of Millbrook and Mount Edgecumbe lands are situated, is in the county of Devon, although more than half the parish, the harbours of Hamoaze, and the Tamar, a Cornish river, from high-water mark on both shores, are subject to Cornish jurisdiction. It is supposed, that when Athelstan drove the Cornish from the Ex to the Tamar, and made the counties separate jurisdictions, which were but one before, the owners of lands on both sides were allowed to retain them in the county to which each respectively belonged. The absurdity has, in some measure, been qualified, by the legislature extending the authority of the magistrates of the county, in which such insulated portions are found, over them, and regulating the right of voting; but how much better to settle the bounds by a general act, defining them agreeably to the ancient limit. In some counties, portions of other counties are many miles from that in which they are said to be situated; in one case, we believe, the entire breadth of a large county must be traversed to arrive in that to which the resident is said to belong. The natural boundary of Cornwall and Devon is the best defined of any in England. Of the above, 1,153 inhabitants are in Devon.

REDRUTH UNION.—*Commenced May 13, 1837.*

NAMES OF UNITED PARISHES.	Annual Val. of Property, 1815.	Expended for the Poor, 1838.	Guardians.	POPULATION IN THE YEARS					Average Expended for the Poor, 1834-5-6.	Area.
				1801.	1811.	1821.	1831.	1841.		
1. REDRUTH,* <i>Tu. Fri.</i>	7631	1572 17	6	4924	5903	6607	8191	9305	1440	3770
2. CAMBORNE, <i>Sat.</i>	11,783	1879 3	5	4811	4714	6219	7699	10,061	1709	6900
3. Gwennap, <i>w. St. DAY, S.</i>	18,273	2353 16	6	4594	5303	6294	8539	10,794	2698	7940
4. Gwinear	5185	561 8	2	1651	1952	2383	2728	2862	533	4400
5. Gwithian	1110	186 12	1	329	372	412	539	625	98	2070
6. Illlogan	11,334	915 15	4	2895	4078	5170	6072	7815	1093	8010
7. Stythians	4110	594 12	2	1269	1394	1688	1874	2530	563	4490
8. Phillack	16,393	307 9	3	1475	2119	2529	3053	4055	351	2880
TOTAL . . .	75,819	8371 12 29		21,948	25,835	31,302	38,695	48,047	8485	40,460

LAUNCESTON UNION.—*Commenced February 2, 1837.*

1. St. Mary, <i>¶ LAUNCESTON,* Sat.</i>	3900	640 17	4	1483	1758	2183	2231	2460	712	2180
2. St. Stephen's, <i>w. Newport.</i>	3467	434 13	2	738	896	977	1084	1068	452	3910
3. St. Thomas	2072	95 14	1	173	241	307	248	366	112	2120
4. St. Thomas Street		96 5	1	182	218	301	378	759	139	
5. Alternon	6147	386 8	3	679	784	885	1069	1334	418	13,840
6. Boyton ¹	1477	128 9	1	319	402	406	452	500	128	4460
7. Egloskerry	2195	108 12	2	307	395	436	535	552	192	3060
8. Lawhitton	2717	174 8	1	289	368	435	485	487	193	2570
9. Lewannick	3773	321 12	2	548	563	623	643	733	373	3920
10. Lezant	3303	317 15	2	610	671	853	841	905	401	4660
11. Laneast	851	68 0	1	179	149	229	279	320	92	2600
12. North Hill	5102	406 14	3	782	803	1089	1155	1217	432	7540
13. Stoke Climsland	6010	745 18	4	1153	1237	1524	1608	2073	1168	8880
14. South Petherwin	5005	427 18	2	699	733	914	988	997	522	1940
15. Treneglos	1363	93 1	1	196	200	238	183	192	97	3130
16. Tresmeer, or Tremere	588	38 8	1	129	154	173	171	182	41	1490
17. Tremaine	467	42 9	1	91	122	125	118	107	31	960
18. Trewen	796	78 6	1	193	190	206	213	221	69	970
19. Warbstow	1727	199 7	1	330	323	439	481	503	177	4180
20. North Petherwin (<i>Dev.</i>)	2917	347 15	3	672	828	955	1044	1066	344	7920
21. Werrington (<i>Devon</i>)	2809	218 7	2	489	491	635	661	685	204	5070
TOTAL . . .	56,686	5370 16 39		10,241	11,526	13,933	14,867	16,727	6297	85,400

(1) This parish is partly in Devon, being the hamlet of Northeote, having 100 inhabitants; the whole parish is 500.

TRURO UNION.—*Commenced May 12, 1837.*

1. ¶§ TRURO,* St. Mary, <i>¶ Wed. Sat. q. s. . .</i>	6958	1074 5	3	2358	2482	2712	2925	3043	1011	190
2. ST. AGNES, <i>Th.</i>	9229	1302 8	5	4161	5024	5762	6642	7757	1475	8660
3. St. Allen	2468	224 10	1	360	418	471	637	652	235	3610
4. St. Anthony (<i>Roseland</i>).	1050	68 8	1	163	157	179	144	144	67	710
5. Cornelly	1704	90 6	1	137	151	168	170	119	79	1480
6. Cuby	2402	118 1	1	139	152	140	155	161	109	2410
7. St. Clement's, Truro	7027	692 8	3	1342	1692	2306	2885	3436	686	3520
8. St. Erme	2935	145 14	1	358	431	561	586	552	169	3780
9. Feock	2871	330 2	1	696	968	1093	1210	1476	321	2530
10. Gerrans	3487	327 1	1	771	698	732	766	816	392	2470
11. St. Just, <i>w. St. MAWES, (Roseland) Fri. . .</i>	4714	500 3	2	1416	1639	1648	1558	1488	533	2550
12. Kea	4306	776 17	4	2440	2766	3142	3837	4261	841	6860
13. Kenwyn, Truro	13,296	1546 17	6	4017	5000	6221	8492	9555	1761	7370
14. Lamorran	890	24 7	1	78	94	93	96	99	32	1320
15. Ladoek	4566	283 18	1	542	651	806	761	857	268	5730
16. Merther	2103	144 4	1	305	350	370	411	408	176	2170
Carried forward . . .	70,006	7649 9	33	19,283	22,673	26,404	31,275	34,824	8155	55,360

TRURO UNION—*continued.*

NAMES OF UNITED PARISHES.	Annual Val. of Property, 1815.	Expended for the Poor, 1838.	Guardians.	POPULATION IN THE YEARS					Average Expended for the Poor, 1834-5-6.	Area.
				1801.	1811.	1821.	1831.	1841.		
Brought forward . . .	70,006	7649	9 33	19,283	22,673	26,404	31,275	34,824	8155	55,360
17. St. Michael, Penkivil . . .	847	88	4 1	154	178	167	179	175	93	1240
18. Perranzabuloe	3385	558	0 3	1389	1527	1702	2743	3161	692	10,660
19. Philleigh	2375	125	15 1	315	342	395	432	456	185	2310
20. Probus	9392	683	9 2	1013	1163	1353	1350	1472	742	7400
21. Ruan Lanyhorne	2635	170	7 1	329	328	376	424	444	137	2120
22. Tregavethan Manor	Kea P.	25	14 1	66	59	52	41	740
23. TREGONY,* Sat.	841	151	4 1	937	923	1035	1127	995	214	Cuby.
24. Veryan	6625	757	12 2	1007	1082	1421	1525	1569	1110	5430
TOTAL	96,106	10,209	14 45	24,427	28,216	32,919	39,114	43,148	11,369	85,260

CAMELFORD UNION.—*Commenced February 1, 1837.*

1. CAMELFORD, <i>w. Lante- glos,* Fri.</i>	4141	475	0 3	912	1100	1256	1359	1541	531	3750
2. Advent	1396	102	4 1	170	219	229	244	291	145	4020
3. St. Breward	2561	221	9 2	513	506	554	627	724	223	9180
4. St. Cleather	1998	145	5 1	134	165	175	171	221	110	3540
5. Davidstow	3393	148	7 1	217	262	363	389	408	149	6260
6. BOSCASTLE, part, and Forrabury	859	58	1 1	140	212	223	358	354	67	430
7. St. Juliet	1784	92	16 1	199	208	263	271	267	108	2600
8. Lesnewth	1400	80	4 1	104	105	123	127	137	105	1940
9. Michaelstow	1564	82	14 1	158	181	216	215	225	110	1780
10. Minster, and part of CASTLE	2089	187	1 2	311	396	425	497	573	179	3140
11. Otterham	1186	69	14 1	141	176	212	227	234	46	3300
12. St. Teath	5041	496	12 3	911	857	990	1260	1719	648	5900
13. Tintagel and Bossiney .	3674	322	0 3	649	730	877	1006	1185	359	3960
14. Trevalga	1024	54	3 1	100	112	133	192	184	85	1130
TOTAL	32,110	2535	10 22	4659	5229	6039	6943	8063	2865	50,930

ST. AUSTLE UNION.—*Commenced April 30, 1837.*

1. St. Austle, Fri. . . .	40,628	2168	19 6	3788	3686	6175	8758	10,320	2070	11,540
2. St. Blazey	1878	372	15 3	467	442	938	2155	3234	444	2000
3. Creed	2442	166	1 1	217	226	279	258	265	135	2710
4. St. Denis	1524	255	2 1	318	478	592	721	828	278	3370
5. St. Ewe	4685	652	14 2	1176	1125	1663	1699	1468	781	6100
6. Fowey, Sat.	4856	346	0 2	1155	1319	1455	1767	1643	379	1900
7. Gorran	3487	618	1 2	1009	1116	1203	1205	1232	639	4660
8. GRAMPOUND, <i>Sat.</i>	854	175	18 1	525	601	688	715	607	216	Creed.
9. Mevagissey, Sat.	4589	919	13 3	2052	2225	2450	2169	2310	962	1250
10. St. Mewan	1633	238	3 2	780	626	1174	1306	1146	247	2380
11. St. Michael Carhayes . . .	1114	112	13 1	86	104	174	197	208	93	820
12. Roche	3989	493	13 2	954	1161	1425	1630	2041	471	4930
13. St. Stephen's in Brannel.	6696	846	3 3	1738	1904	2479	2477	2643	976	13,420
14. St. Sampson	1874	158	19 1	164	186	248	314	311	109	1180
15. Tywardreth	4539	539	5 3	727	741	1238	2288	3152	624	2990
TOTAL	84,788	8063	19 33	15,156	15,940	22,181	27,659	31,408	8424	59,250

ST. COLUMB UNION.—*Commenced May 9, 1837.*

1. ST COLUMB, MAJOR, *Th	10,581	923	18 4	1816	2070	2493	2790	3146	1185	11,680
2. St. Breock	6910	460	16 3	962	998	1225	1450	1733	510	7860
3. Colan	1685	61	18 1	191	221	259	261	217	40	1790
Carried forward . . .	19,176	1446	12 8	2969	3289	3977	4501	5096	1735	21,330

ST. COLUMB UNION—*continued.*

NAMES OF UNITED PARISHES.	Annual Value of Property, 1815.	Expend. for the Poor, 1838.	Guardians.	POPULATION IN THE YEARS					Average Expend. for the Poor, 1834-5-6.	Area.
				1801.	1811.	1821.	1831.	1841.		
Brought forward	19,176	1446 12	8	2969	3289	3977	4501	5096	1735	21,330
4. St. Columb, Minor	6238	595 10	3	999	1126	1297	1406	1681	652	5520
5. Crantock	3244	204 16	1	299	358	389	458	450	211	2480
6. Cubert	2552	108 14	1	269	289	322	487	368	121	2320
7. St. Enoder	5303	342 10	2	869	881	833	1124	1127	336	4050
8. St. Ervan	2812	222 7	1	358	331	422	453	477	164	3110
9. St. Eval	2399	112 1	1	288	309	323	354	349	106	2970
10. St. Issey	2050	392 8	2	522	632	660	720	748	374	4440
11. Little Petherick	1357	51 3	1	126	134	217	224	208	49	1720
12. Mawgan in Pydar . . .	4016	297 3	2	543	622	580	745	749	318	5130
13. St. Merryn	4084	345 4	2	425	458	537	576	576	289	3740
14. Newlyn	6663	419 15	2	735	798	1045	1218	1451	372	8340
15. Padstow, Sat.	6934	878 0	3	1332	1498	1700	1822	2145	792	3270
16. St. Wenn	2963	203 11	2	358	452	589	649	725	199	5600
TOTAL	69,791	5619 14 31		10,092	11,177	48,891	14,737	16,150	5718	74,020

BODMIN UNION.—*Commenced May 10, 1837.*

1. Bodmin (parish)	3077	201 0	1	348	383	376	407	892	216	3470
2. Bodmin, Sat.* A. q. s. .	7784	1008 13	4	1951	2050	2902	3375	3751	878	2840
3. Blisland	3643	236 6	1	437	487	637	644	688	198	6800
4. Cardinham	3029	256 15	2	552	662	775	728	802	303	8550
5. Endellion	5215	564 16	2	727	950	1149	1218	1154	621	3530
6. Eglosheyle	6757	539 8	2	781	954	1174	1335	1357	495	6170
7. Helland	1588	58 15	1	221	223	264	285	300	30	2770
8. St. Kew	8598	602 8	2	1095	1113	1218	1316	1429	651	7530
9. Lanhydrock	1213	93 2	1	187	235	251	239	263	82	1680
10. Lanivet	4086	435 18	2	513	687	803	922	1149	322	5540
11. Lanlivery	5232	504 2	3	778	965	1318	1687	1336	423	6670
12. Lostwithiel, *Fri. . . .	1498	303 16	2	743	825	933	1548	1659	304	120
13. St. Minver, Highlands }	376	3 2		788	851	1028	1110	683	410	6890
14. St. Minver, Lowlands }	8354	137 11	1					456	76	
15. St. Mabyn	6051	393 19	2	475	560	715	793	870	324	3570
16. Temple	156	5 10	1	15	18	27	29	37	4	780
17. St. Tudy	4286	329 19	1	502	512	658	658	661	269	3590
18. Warleggan	1127	120 17	1	166	228	296	274	277	149	1930
19. Withiel	2109	138 1	1	283	299	339	406	468	9	2740
20. St. Winnow	4304	422 15	2	671	782	906	1048	1056	424	6840
21. Luxulian	3768	409 2	2	875	1047	1276	1288	1512	385	5400
TOTAL	81,875	7138 16 36		12,108	13,831	17,045	19,310	20,800	6,660	87,410

STRATTON UNION.—*Commenced January 28, 1837.*

1. Stratton, Tu.	3563	385 15	4	960	1094	1580	1613	1959	426	2380
2. St. Gennis	2562	224 9	2	597	658	680	761	689	233	5580
3. Jacobstow	2098	135 12	2	432	489	571	638	585	197	4890
4. Kilkhampton	3959	557 0	3	808	852	1024	1126	1237	640	8120
5. Launcells	3920	395 3	2	647	672	891	848	855	374	6340
6. Marhamchurch	2485	221 12	2	414	448	647	659	659	220	2630
7. Moorwinstow	4201	513 18	3	874	940	1091	1102	1050	605	7780
8. Poughill	1979	145 6	1	297	355	378	360	472	142	2070
9. Poundstock	2984	268 1	2	617	635	744	727	672	339	4420
10. Week St. Mary	3012	209 15	2	566	612	782	769	788	264	5830
11. Whitstone	1832	162 2	1	345	397	466	481	466	188	4080
TOTAL	32,595	3218 13 24		6557	7152	8854	9,084	9432	3,628	54,120

HELSTON UNION.—*Commenced June 12, 1837.*

NAMES OF UNITED PARISHES.	Annual Val. of Property, 1815.	Expended for the Poor, 1838.	Guardians.	POPULATION IN THE YEARS					Average Expended for the Poor, 1834-5-6.	Area.
				1801.	1811.	1821.	1831.	1841.		
1. HELSTON, *Sat.	826 ^{see Wen-} _{dron.}	4 4	2248	2297	2671	3293	3584	852	130	
2. St. Anthony (Meneage)	2095	102 16	1	261	224	330	300	313	159	1410
3. Breage ;	8673	1143 2	5	2534	2888	3668	5149	6166	973	7390
4. Crowan	13,175	890 17	4	2587	3021	3973	4332	4638	1007	7340
5. Cury	2529	102 2	1	304	347	505	523	541	119	3420
6. Germoe	1373	121 1	2	629	735	830	1175	1336	169	1360
7. Grade	1357	166 3	1	320	306	355	306	333	175	2420
8. Gunwallo	1405	106 3	1	216	206	252	284	284	101	1440
9. St. Keverne	10,433	822 6	3	2104	2242	2505	2437	2469	955	9650
10. Landewednack	1187	93 11	1	244	303	387	406	431	89	1300
11. St. Martin (Meneage)	2306	155 4	1	363	391	504	508	565	139	2250
12. Mawgan (Meneage) . . .	3859	231 14	2	785	800	1050	1094	1084	263	5510
13. Manaccan	2711	172 19	1	498	506	591	654	569	157	1430
14. Mullion	2478	222 6	1	529	571	692	733	808	199	4550
15. Ruan Major	845	80 9	1	142	167	187	162	163	81	2520
16. Ruan Minor	538	34 10	1	317	274	293	269	302	51	890
17. Sithney	5839	650 2	3	1420	1552	2238	2772	3362	595	5670
18. Wendron	8870	1462 16	4	3006	3555	4193	4780	5576	1431	13,370
TOTALS	69,673	7384 5	37	18,507	20,385	25,224	29,177	32,024	7,515	72,050

FALMOUTH UNION.—*Commenced June 13, 1837.*

1. § FALMOUTH, *Tu. Th. Sa.	11,534	1226 0	4	3684	3933	4392	4761	4844	959	40
2. Falmouth Parish	10,029	291 6	3	1165	1374	1982	2523	2851	582	1170
3. Budeok	8618	434 17	2	779	1514	1634	1797	1979	418	3320
4. Constantine	6503	439 11	2	1229	1327	1671	2004	2042	526	8470
5. St. Gluvias	3951	448 2	1	624	714	745	969	1147	364	2480
6. Mabe	2383	264 7	1	387	396	457	512	594	257	2410
7. Mawnan	2591	237 16	1	427	397	536	578	578	167	2250
8. Mylor	6724	831 13	3	1665	1897	2193	2647	2569	714	1390
9. Perran-Arworthal	2165	354 2	2	884	1104	1362	1504	1755	309	4030
10. PENRYN*	5117	851 17	4	2324	2713	2933	3521	3337	754	290
TOTALS	59,615	5379 11	23	13,168	15,369	17,905	20,816	21,696	5,050	25,850

PENZANCE UNION.—*Commenced June 10, 1837.*

1. §§ PENZANCE, * Th. Sat.	10,101	1093 10	6	3382	4022	5224	6563	8578	782	Madn.
2. St. Burian	7288	352 9	2	1161	1188	1495	1707	1911	275	6670
3. St. Erth	4708	495 3	2	1122	1317	1604	1922	2452	522	3050
4. Gulval	5170	397 10	2	1076	1224	1353	1467	1941	275	3280
5. St. Hilary	3322	440 19	2	990	1248	1558	1728	1966	470	3380
6. § St. IVES, * Wed. Sat.	5530	900 19	4	2714	3281	3526	4776	5666	895	1850
7. St. Just, Penwith	7776	505 11	4	2779	3057	3666	4667	7047	581	7820
8. St. Levan	2063	87 1	1	400	434	490	515	531	69	2400
9. Ludgvan	5755	408 11	3	1324	1491	1839	2322	3190	410	4560
10. Madern	8454	436 17	2	1564	1817	2011	2058	2566	280	6810
11. MARAZION, Th.	3454	210 2	2	1009	1022	1253	1393	1683	185	St. Hil.
<i>Michael, St. Mt. ex-par.</i>	125	223	161	163	70
12. Morvah	775	43 12	2	282	273	325	377	407	58	2060
13. Perran-Uthnoe	5530	157 4	1	506	626	786	1033	1438	164	1600
14. Paul	7464	520 12	4	2937	3371	3790	4191	4664	483	3530
15. Sanered	3593	208 12	2	782	790	1001	1069	1248	184	4240
16. Sennen	2148	145 11	1	431	495	637	689	659	154	2350
17. Towednack	1483	100 4	1	465	532	582	737	967	86	2880
18. Uny Lelant, or Lelant Uny	3165	305 19	2	1083	1180	1271	1602	..	352	4210
19. Zennar	2137	73 15	1	544	671	715	811	1025	87	4640
TOTAL	89,916	6884 1	44	24,551	28,164	33,349	39,788	48,102	6312	65,400

COUNTY OF CORNWALL, RETURNED IN THE UNION OF HOLSWORTHY,
DEVONSHIRE.

NAMES OF UNITED PARISHES.	Annual Val. of Property, 1815.	Expended for the Poor, 1838.	Guardians.	POPULATION IN THE YEARS					Average Expended for the Poor, 1834-5-6.	Area.
				1801.	1811.	1821.	1831.	1841.		
North Tamerton	£ 2125	£ 222 s. 7	1	No. 403	No. 420	No. 479	No. 517	No.	£ 170	Acres. 5400
Bridgrule (West)	719	95 4	1	191	176	238	250		77	851
TOTAL		317 11								

COUNTY OF CORNWALL, RETURNED IN THE UNION OF PLYMPTON ST. MARY,
DEVONSHIRE.

St. Budeaux ¹	1	40
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(1) So carelessly have the boundaries of counties been looked after, that few persons are aware of the portion of land on the Devonshire side of the Tamar, opposite the town of Saltash, belonging to the county and duchy of Cornwall, carrying a population; it may be that the parish of St. Stephens has a claim to the land in question, as having been originally part of the honour of Trematon Castle; but if not, then the parish of St. Budeaux must be in both counties; the total population is 790. We do not know the number of acres, but the Cornish population is stated to number about forty persons.

TOTAL EXPENDITURE FOR THE RELIEF OF THE POOR AND OTHER CHARGES
IN THE FOLLOWING YEARS, VIZ.

1831.	1835.	1836.	1837.	1838.	1839.	1840.
£109,138.	£99,934.	£89,733.	£82,705.	£77,583.	£80,202.	£84,985.

The population in 1834 was 300,938, and in 1840, 341,269, being an increase of one-seventh; and the expenditure being £24,148 less than in 1834, or 22 per cent. on the population of 1831, it follows, that, with the access of population in 1840 taken into account, the decrease is of a much larger amount than appears in the parliamentary returns.

PETTY SESSIONS.

For the hundred or district of Powder, East Div.	Held at St. Austell.	For the hundred or district of East, North Div.	Held at Launceston.
Powder, Tywardreth Div.	Tywardreth and Bodmin.	East, South Div.	St. Germans.
Powder, South Div.	Ruan-Lanyhorne.	Kirrier, East Div.	Falmouth.
Powder, West Div.	Truro.	Kirrier, West Div.	Helston.
Pyder, East Div.	St. Columb Major.	Lesnewth	Davidstow and Camelford.
Pyder, West Div.	Newlyn.	Stratton	Stratton.
Penwyth, East Div.	Camborne and Penzance.	Trigg	Egloshayle.
Penwyth, West Div.	Penzance.	West	Lanreath & Wadebridge.
East, Middle Div.	Callington.		

CRIME - PRISONS.—The prison for criminal offenders, as well as for the incarceration of debtors, is at Bodmin, where only the assizes are held, and it has the reputation of being very well conducted. The committals for criminal offences appear to be somewhat diminished; in 1805 they amounted to 105 on a population of 188,369; in 1829, they were 378 on a population of 302,440; and in 1839, they were 293 on a population of 341,269. In 1839, out of 293 prisoners, of which 27 were left for trial at the end of the year, 1 admitted evidence, and 1 not prosecuted, the convictions were 180 to 60 acquitted, and against 24 no bills were found, or 84 discharged. Out of 267 committed only 10 could write well. The cost of the prison for the year was 2,414*l.* 8*s.*, including repairs and every expense. The average cost per week each prisoner, dividing all expenses, was 9*s.* $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* Diet per head per annum 6*l.* 18*s.*, or per week 2*s.* 7*\frac{3}{4}**d.*

FAIRS HELD IN THE YEAR.

ST. AUSTLE—Thurs. before Easter, Thurs. in Whitsun-week, Fri. after July 23, Oct. 10, Nov. 30. *St. Blazey*—Feb. 2. *Blisland*—Mon. nearest Nov. 22. *BODMIN*—Jan. 25, Sat. after Mid-Lent Sunday, Sat. before Palm Sunday, Tues. Wed. before Whitsuntide, Dec. 6. *BOSCASTLE* in Minster—Aug. 5, Nov. 22. *Boyton*—Mon. fortnight after Aug. 1. *CALLINGTON*—First Tues. in March, May 4, Sept. 19, Nov. 12. *CAMBORNE*—March 7, Whit. Tues. June 29, Nov. 11. *Camelford*—Fri. after March 10, May 26, July 17, Sept. 6. *ST. COLUMB*—Thurs. after M. Lent Sunday, Nov. 12. *St. Columb Minor*—July 9. *Crofthole*—Lady Day, Easter Tuesday. *ST. DYE*—Easter Monday. *St. Ewe*—Thurs. after April 7, and after Nov. 4. *FALMOUTH*—Aug. 7, Oct. 11. *Five Lanes*, Alternon—Mon. week after June 24, first Thurs. in Nov. *FOWEY*—Shrove Tuesday, May 1, Sept. 10. *St. Germains*—May 28, Aug. 1. *Goldsithney*, Perran-uthno—Aug. 5. *GRAMPOUND*—Jan. 18, March 25, June 11. *HELSTON*—Sat. before Mid-Lent and Palm Sundays, Whit-Monday, July 29, Sept. 9, Nov. 8, Dec. 16. *Hessenford*, St. Germains—Whit-Tuesday. *St. Issey*—First Mon. in Oct. *St. IVE*—Thurs. after April 7, and after Nov. 4. *ST. IVES*—Last Sat. in Nov. *St. Keverne*—Tues. after Epiphany. *Kilkhampton*—Holy Thursday, that day three weeks, and Sept. 26. *Landrake*—July 19, Aug. 24. *Lanreath*—Three weeks after Shrove Tues., Whit-Tues., Nov. 18. *LAUNCESTON*—First Thurs. in March, and third Thurs. in April, Whit-Mon., July 6, Nov. 17, Dec. 6. *St. Lawrence*, Bodmin—Aug. 21, Oct. 29 and 30. *Lelant*—Aug. 15. *Linkinhorne*—Last Thurs. in April, and last in Oct. *LISKEARD*—Shrove-Mon., the Mon. before Palm Sund., Holy Thurs., Aug. 15, Oct. 2, Mon. after Dec. 6. *LOSTWITHIEL*—July 10, Sept. 4, Nov. 13. *St. Mabyn*—Feb. 13. *MARAZION*—Mid-Lent Mon. and Sept. 29. *Marham Church*—Wednesday after March 25, and Aug. 12. *St. Martin*, Meneage—Feb. 13. *Menheniot*—April 23, June 11, July 28. *Michel*—Oct. 5. *Millbrook*—May 1, Sept. 29. *Millingy, or Penhallow*, in Perranzabulo—Easter Tues. *St. Neot*—May 5, Easter Mon. and Nov. 5. *Newlyn*—First Tues. in Oct. and Nov. 8. *Northill*—Sept. 8, but if on Fri. or Sat. the Mon. following; first Thurs. in Nov. *PADSTOW*—April 18, Sept. 21. *Pelynt*—June 24. *Penrose*, St. Ewan—Tues. before Ascension. *PENRYN*—May 12, July 7, Oct. 8, Dec. 21. *PENZANCE*—Mar. 25, Thurs. after Trin. Sunday, June 1, Thurs. before Advent. Thurs. *South Petherwin*—Second Tues. in May, and the same in Oct. *Pillaton*—Whit-Tues. *Polperro*, in Lansallos—June 29. *Port Isaac*, Endelnyon—Holy Thurs. *Poundscross*, Blisland—Last Mon. in Nov. *Poundstock*—Mon. before Ascension. *Probus*—April 5 and 23, July 5, Sept. 17. *Quethioch*—Last Monday in Jan. *Rialton*—June 9. *REDRUTH*—May 2, Aug. 3, Oct. 2. *SALTASH*—Tues. before every quarter-day, Feb. 2, July 25. *St. Stephens*, by Launceston—May 12, July 31, Sept. 25. *Stoke Climsland*—May 29. *STRATTON*—May 19, Nov. 8, Dec. 11. *Summer Court*, St. Enoder—Holy Thurs., July 28, Sept. 25. *St. Teath*—Last Tues. in Feb. and first in July. *Treganatha*, St. Wenn—May 6, Aug. 12. *TREGONY*—Shrove Tues., May 3, July 25, Sept. 1, Nov. 6. *Tresilian Bridge*—Second Mon. in Feb. and Mon. before Whit-Sunday. *Tintagel, or Trevena*—Oct 19, if Mon., if not, the first Mon. after. *Trerule-foot*, St. Germains—Shrove Tues. *Trew*, Breage—Holy Thurs., July 25. *Trewenn*, May 1, Oct. 11. *Trewithian*, in Gerrans—Tues. before Holy Thurs. *TRURO*—Wednes. after Mid-Lent Sunday, Wednes. in Whitsun-week, Nov. 19, Dec. 8, Tues. May 20, and Sept. 14, for cattle. *St. Tudy*—May 24, Sept. 14. *Tywardreth*—July 19. *St. Veep*—Wednes. after June 16. *Wadbridge*—May 12, June 22, Oct. 10. *Wainhouse Corner*, St. Gennis—June 24, Sept. 29. *Week St. Mary*—July 29, Sept. 15, Dec. 10. *West Looe*—May 6. *Wendron*—May 18, July 27. *Withian*—Tues. before Holy Thursday.

Authors who have written, and Works, upon Cornwall.—Norden's “*Speculi Britannia Pars, &c.*” 1584.—Carew's Survey, 1602.—Natural History of Cornwall, by Borlase, 1758.—Antiquities, by Borlase, 1754.—Rev. R. Polwhele's History of Cornwall, 1803—1806.—History of Cornwall, by Hichens and Drew, 1817.—Gilbert's History of Cornwall, 1820.—The Ancient Cathedrals of Cornwall, by J. Whitaker, 1804.—Lysons' *Magna Britannia*, 1814.—Hals's Parochial History, vol. II. folio.—Mr. Davies Gilbert published Hals, and the extant notes of Tonkin, with remarks of his own, in 6 vols., 1838.—Account of East and West Looe, by Bond, 1823.—Some Account of St. Neot's Church and Windows, by the Rev. B. Foster, 1786.—Observations on the Fossils of Cornwall, by M. H. Klaproth, 1787.—Observations on the Scilly Isles, by Dr. Borlase, 1756.—History of Falmouth, by R. Thomas.—Cornwall and the Isles of Scilly, by Robt. Heath, 1750.—Agriculture of Cornwall, by G. B. Worgan, 1811, and also by Frazer.—Excursions in Cornwall, by F. W. L. Stockdale, 1824.—Mineralogia Cornubiensis, by W. Pryce; and *Archæologia Cornubitannica*, by the same, 1778 and 1790.—Daines Barrington, vol. III. and V. of the *Archæologia*.—Laws of the Stannaries, by T. Pearce, 1725.—Specimens of Minerals, by Philip Rashleigh, Esq. 1801.—Dr. Maton's Western Tour, 1797.—Gilpin's Picturesque Tour, 1798.—Shaw's Tour, 1789, and Lipsecomb's Journey through, 1799.—Several Antiquities, and the Beauties of England and Wales, with the Philosophical Transactions, and several periodical works, contain articles on Cornwall. On Mining and Geology may be named *De la Bèche*, 1839; also numerous papers in the Philosophical Transactions and Magazine, in the Geological Transactions, Annals of Philosophy, and Transactions of the Geological Society of Cornwall.

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M I N E S.

BALDU, or Baldew, in	Kea.
Beam	St. Austle.
Botallack Mine	St. Just in Penwith.
Briggan	Kenwyn.
Camborne Vean	Camborne.
Carnwhat	Kea.
Chacewater Mine	Chacewater.
Clinicombe	Linkinhorne.
Consolidated Mine	Gwennap, &c.
Creegbraws	Kenwyn.
Daniel	Kenwyn.
Dolcoath	Camborne.
East Pell	St. Agnes.
Garras, or Gwarnich	Kenwyn.
Godolphin Mine	St. Germoe.
Goonlaze	St. Agnes.
Grambler	Ditto.
Great Pell	Ditto.
Herland Mines	Gwennap.
Herod's Foot	Duloe.
Huel Alfred	South Petherwin.
Beauchamp	Gwennap.
Bassett	Illogan.

Huel Boys	Kenwyn.
— Budnich	Perranzabulo.
— Busy	Chacewater.
— Burnick	St. Agnes.
— Butson	Ditto.
— Clinton	Gwennap.
— Coates	St. Agnes.
— Cupid.	Redruth.
— Damsel	Gwennap.
— Derrick	St. Agnes.
— Falmouth	Kea.
— Fat	Kenwyn.
— Fortune	Gwennap.
— Friendship	Ditto.
— Gorland	Ditto.
— Hope	Ditto.
—	Kea.
— Jewel	Gwennap.
— Kind	St. Agnes.
— Lemon	Mylor.
— Lilly	Redruth.
— Lushington	Illogan.
— Mithien	St. Agnes.
— Music	Ditto.
— Park	Ditto.
— Peevor	Kenwyn.
— Prosper	St. Agnes.
— Ramoth	Perranzabulo.

Huel St. Aubyn	Redruth.	Pink	{ Redruth.
— St. George	Perranzabnlo.	Ditto	{ Gwennap.
— Seymour	Kenwyn.	Poldice	Ditto.
— Spinster	Gwennap.	Polberro	St. Agnes.
— Squires	Ditto.	Polbreen	Ditto.
— Towan	St. Agnes.	Poulgeer	Ditto.
— Tregothnan	Kea.	Polgooth	St. Austle.
— Trevance	St. Agnes.	Scorrier	Gwennap.
— Unity	Gwennap.	Shillstones	Linkinhorne.
— Virgin	Ditto.	Staws End	Ditto.
— Vor	Ditto.	Ting Tang	Gwennap.
Indian Queens	St. Denis.	Tolcarn	Ditto.
Killicor	Kenwyn.	Trefusis Wood	Kenwyn.
Legossic Mine	Wadebridge.	Tresavean	Gwennap.
Maudlin	Lanhydrock.	Trenithick	St. Agnes.
Nanjiles	Kea.	Treskerby	Gwennap.
New Consols	Gwennap.	United Mines	Ditto.
North Downs Mines	Kenwyn.	Withybrook	Linkinhorne.

END OF CORNWALL.



